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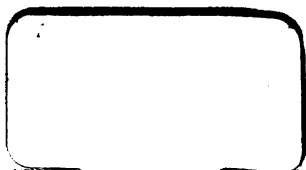
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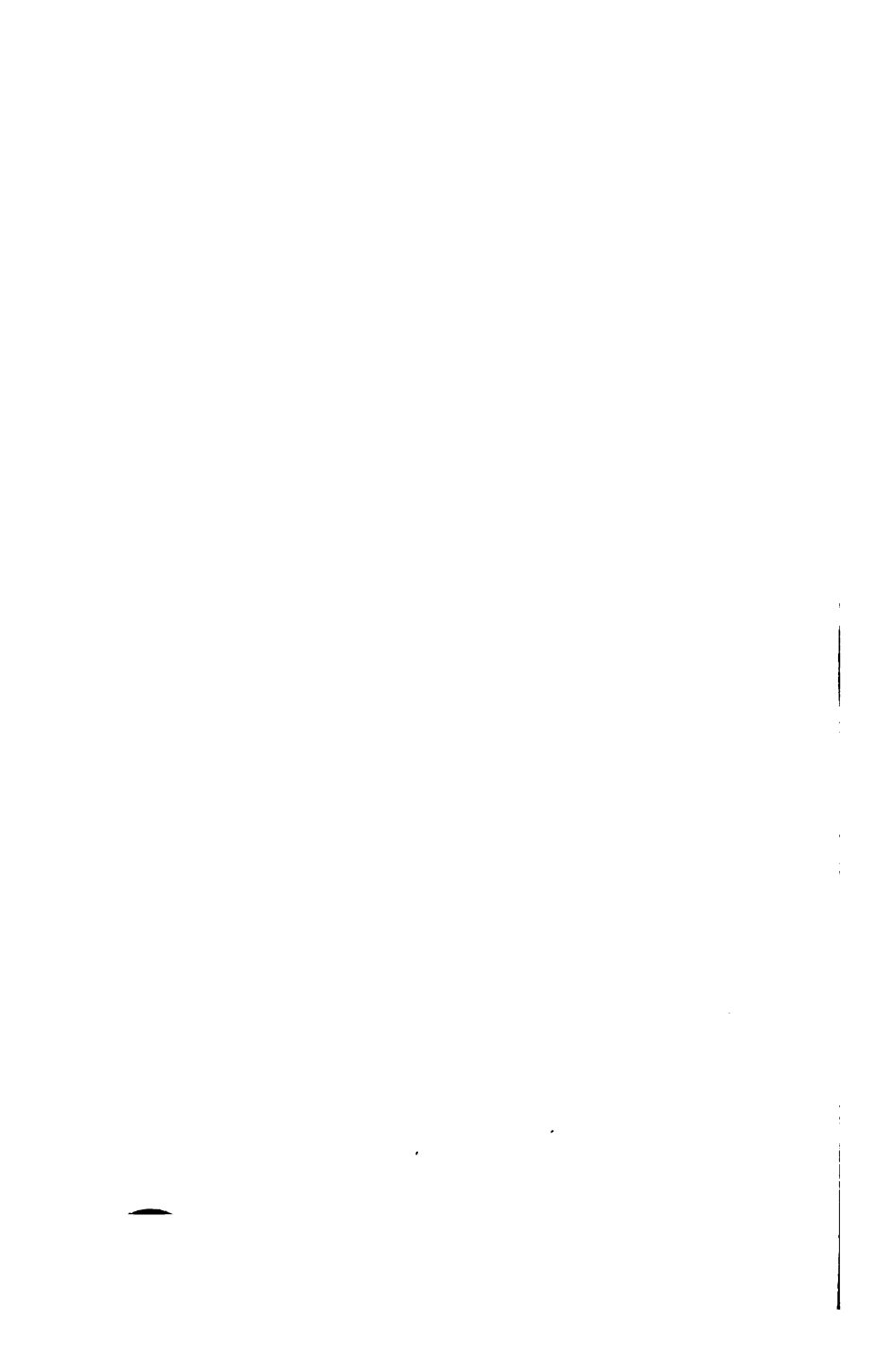


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**THE
DIARIES OF LEO TOLSTOY**

YOUTH

**THE
ONLY COMPLETE TRANSLATION
AUTHORIZED BY THE RUSSIAN EDITOR
VLADIMIR TCHERTKOFF**

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*Count Ilya Andrejevich Tolstoy
Leo Tolstoy's Paternal Grandfather.*

THE DIARIES,,
of LEO TOLSTOY
TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN BY
C. J. HOGARTH & A. SIRNIS

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WITH A PREFACE BY
C. HAGBERG WRIGHT
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INTRODUCTION

WHEN the records of a great man's life are in question it is not so much the culmination—a matter of common knowledge—which interests one, but rather the first steps, the early indications of what he was eventually to prove himself. Of Tolstoy's Diaries, of which only a portion relating to his latter years has hitherto been published, it may be said that the good wine has been kept till now. The vintage of Tolstoy's youth holds in a rare degree the essence of his matured philosophy.

The Diaries, of which the first pages were written in 1846, were, from the beginning, Diaries of thoughts rather than of actions. They express many of the ideas which he was afterwards to expand in his polemical works, and they owe their vital quality not only to intimate, self-revealing touches, but because they voice the cry of Youth in all climes and ages—Youth which is ever in spiritual conflict between the external laws of life and the needs of the inner being.

It was a subject upon which Tolstoy wrote and pondered much in the course of his long life.

His decision to constitute his friend, M. Tchertkoff, editor of the Diaries imposed upon the latter an onerous task. The greater part of the original MSS. being retained by the Historical Museum of Moscow, was not available, so that the editor was forced to rely on the correctness of the copies furnished to him. He was also hampered by the restrictions of the Imperial censorship, in addition to the necessity for considerable excision, owing to the private and personal nature of some of the entries which had been originally intended for no eyes but those of the writer. Manifold difficulties of this nature being eventually sur-

mounted, an edition comprising the years 1895-1899 was published in Russia and arrangements for an English and Continental version were set on foot.

Having been invited by Tolstoy's executors to act as trustee in England, in association with Madame Tchertkoff, I was nominated treasurer of the necessary funds, my responsibility being confined to the publication of Tolstoy's biography and works in this country.

An English lady (Mrs Mayo), a lover of Tolstoy's works and doctrines, was selected to edit the English version, but unhappily the post was rendered vacant by her death in 1914. Since then no new editor has been appointed, but careful translations have been made by Mr Hogarth, assisted by my able and conscientious Russian secretary, Mr A. Sirnis. To both these gentlemen I wish to express my sincere gratitude for the care and zeal they have exercised in their work and for their adherence to the rules relating to the strict accuracy of the translations, as laid down by the executors, as far as was possible with due regard for the exigencies of the English idiom. The Diaries cover, in all, a period of sixty-four years, which may be divided into three sections, corresponding to youth, middle life, and old age. In normal conditions Tolstoy seldom failed to make a daily entry, relating usually to his thoughts and emotions and the prickings of a super-sensitive conscience, but also throwing light on his surroundings, the progress of his writings, and kindred subjects. There are breaks of considerable length at various periods, such as the first years of his married life and when he was absorbed in the composition of his great novels *War and Peace*, *Anna Karenina* and *Resurrection*.

With these exceptions, however, Tolstoy's diaries reveal to us step by step the gradual evolution of his spirit.

The volumes, which include the period of youth (1846-1861), picture him as a pleasure-seeker, a man of fashion, even a rake. But there are also evidences from the earliest page of a dual personality in the writer. The devotee of pleasure was never free from the probings of

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the moralist ; selfish gratification was invariably followed by remorse ; religious scepticism was only the precursor to devout and unwearyed seeking for light. From first to last these pages bear witness to fearless truthfulness and dauntless moral courage. In a full and complete version of the entire diary we shall eventually possess a human document of exceptional interest and worth.

C. HAGBERG WRIGHT

July 1917

NOTE

THERE is an *Alphabetical Index* at the end of the volume, consisting of two sections: Part I. contains all proper names which figure in the text of the *Diary* as well as in the Appendices and Footnotes; Part II., the Subject Index, contains a list of Tolstoy's conceptions and thoughts on various subjects.

Double square brackets, [[], indicate passages omitted because of their *intimate* nature, as desired by Tolstoy himself. The number enclosed in the brackets indicates the number of *words omitted* in each case.

The *dates of the entries and the titles of Tolstoy's works* referred to in the *Diary* have been italicized by the Editor for the convenience of the reader. In other places, comparatively few in number, only those words are italicized which were underlined by Tolstoy himself in the original.

PREFACE TO THE RUSSIAN EDITION

THE *Diary* of L. N. Tolstoy's youth, covering the years 1847-1861 inclusive, is the earliest *Diary* of which we have knowledge. We publish this *Diary* as a separate series bearing the general title, *Diary of his Youth*; there are to be three volumes of a similar size and renumbered. The present volume contains entries from March 18, 1847, to the end of 1852; the second volume will embrace the period 1853-1855, and the third the years 1856-1861.

I consider it necessary to warn the readers, especially such as are accustomed to seek chiefly spiritual food in Tolstoy's writings, that the *Diary* of his *youth* should not be confused with the series of volumes of his *later years*, the first of which we have already published under the title *L. N. Tolstoy's Diary for 1895-1899*. The *Diary* of his "later years" reflects, of course, the more significant and matured period of Tolstoy's spiritual development, whereas the *Diary* of his "youth," which relates to the period when his life conception was less balanced and had not become settled, when he was passing from youth to maturity, gives one an idea only of the spiritual demands which were springing up in his consciousness. Generally speaking, in the *Diary of his Youth*, side by side with thoughts surprisingly profound as emanating from a young man, and with his elevated moods (which indicate in embryo his later enlightened life conception), we find a large number of entries which are quite trivial and often contradictory; infrequently we find entries concerning actions and moods which Tolstoy himself considered "evil," to use the term he himself employed at the time.

When reading such entries we find it hard to believe they were written by Tolstoy himself. Hence many of those readers who are accustomed to derive spiritual support from Tolstoy will find much less "daily bread" in the *Diary of his Youth* than they might naturally expect to derive from one of Tolstoy's writings. In addition, they will find many things which do not at all coincide with their idea of his pure and spiritual visage, and which many would perhaps prefer not to read at all sooner than to blur the bright image of their beloved teacher.

Nevertheless I regard it as my moral duty to issue the *Diary of his Youth* in extenso, with only such insignificant omissions in the present edition as, apart from censorial conditions, are necessitated by the ordinary demands of printed matter or by their being of too intimate a nature to be published.

I take this course chiefly because Tolstoy himself desired that this *Diary* should become known to the public ; concerning this he made a definite statement in an entry posted in his *Diary* on March 27th, 1895, which has already appeared in print :

"I pray that the *Diary* of my single life be destroyed after anything worthy of being retained has been selected from it. I pray that the *Diary* of my single life be destroyed, not because I wish to hide my bad life from men—my life was the habitual worthless life of young men devoid of principles ; but I express this wish because my *Diary*, in which I have entered only that which tormented me with a consciousness of sin, produces a false, one-sided impression and represents . . .¹ Well, never mind ; let the *Diary* remain as it is ; it will show, at least, that in spite of all the banality and vileness of my youth I was not deserted of God, and that in my old age I have, at least to a certain extent, come to comprehend Him and to love Him."

To the end of his life it remained Tolstoy's desire that the *Diary of his Youth* should be preserved.

¹ This sentence ends abruptly and the dots are the author's.—ED.

But knowing that his Diaries might be published later (after his death), in discussing this question with me Tolstoy expressed the desire that when issuing them I should deal with them as I might deem expedient. This permission has been indirectly confirmed in Tolstoy's "Explanatory Note" to his last will of 1910 as follows: ". . . that all manuscripts and papers . . . diaries and so on . . . be handed over to V. G. Tchertkoff that the latter . . . may sift them and publish what he may deem desirable."¹

As I have not in my possession the original of the *Diary of his Youth*, I have been compelled to publish it from a copy made at my request from the *first copy* which the Countess Sophie Andreyevna Tolstoy had made from the original, and which, for this purpose, she placed at my disposal for a short time in August, 1907.

The Countess Sophie Andreyevna Tolstoy omitted in her

¹ *Vide* Appendix II.

Owing to the fact that the *Diary of His Youth* contained certain details, Tolstoy more than once requested me to edit these Diaries, as he considered it undesirable that his own children should do it. For this purpose he intended to hand over to me the original folios of this *Diary*. Certain circumstances, however, prevented him from carrying out his intention. During his life-time the Diaries were placed in the Historical Museum at Moscow by Countess Sophia Andreyevna Tolstoy.

After his death Tolstoy's Diaries of his *Youth* and some folios of his *Later Years*, which were in Countess S. A. Tolstoy's possession were not handed over to me. This I was obliged to point out in the preface to Vol. I. of the *Diary of His Later Years*, wherein the reader will find more detailed information concerning Tolstoy's posthumous manuscripts.

Vide Appendix II., which deals more fully with "Tolstoy's Testamentary Dispositions."

In undertaking the publication of this new series of Tolstoy's posthumous works, I am forced, against my will, to point out the fact that it has been impossible to finally compare the text of the present volume with the originals, owing to Tolstoy's will not having been carried out by some of the members of his family. However painful it may be to me to say this, I am obliged to do so, that the readers should not remain in ignorance of the true cause of some of the defects, unavoidable under the circumstances, in those works of Tolstoy which I am now issuing.

copy many words which she had been unable to decipher in the original, and merely indicated them by dots; others, though copied, had obviously been incorrectly deciphered, wherefore the meaning of such passages remains obscure. Some obvious mistakes in the first copy were corrected by the Editor, as has been mentioned in footnotes. Since the copy which the Editor was compelled to use was so unsatisfactory, there may be involuntary mistakes both in the body of the *Diary* and in the footnotes. . . .

The notes, as in the *Diary* of his later years, are adapted to a wide circle of readers. . . . They, however, contain only what the Editor regards as the more essential biographical and bibliographical information.

The incompleteness of the comments is due to the fact that the Editor was practically unable to have recourse to contemporaries who witnessed the years 1840-1860 of L. N. Tolstoy's life, as scarcely any of them are now living, and there are few printed sources which would throw light upon the earliest periods—either childhood or youth—of his life.

The difficulties with which the Editor had to contend in his work, as well as his desire to correct any involuntary errors he may have made, induce him to address an urgent request to all those who are either acquainted with, or related to, the author of the *Diary*, to point out any such places that he may make additions or corrections in subsequent editions. The Editor would be glad, even if the most insignificant mistake or omission in the comments were pointed out, and grateful for any remark which would furnish a correct and exact explanation of any doubtful passage in the *Diary*.

In connection with the present edition of the first volume of the *Diary of his Youth* the Editor deems it incumbent upon him to express his deep gratitude to all those who helped him with advice in the preparation of the volume for the press. We are especially indebted to Vsevolod Izmailovich Sreznevsky, custodian of the Manuscript De-

partment of the Library of the Academy of Sciences, and to Alfred Ludvigovich Boehm, assistant-librarian of the same department and bibliographer, for the highly valuable information received. We have also been rendered substantial aid by private individuals related to, or acquainted with, old friends of Tolstoy during the period of his youth, namely, Sergey Alexeyevich and Maria Vasilyevna Beer, Nikolay Vasilyevich Davydov and Alexander Petrovich Mertvago. To all these we offer our heartfelt thanks.

We also deem it necessary to mention that in the actual preparation of this volume for the press the following friends took an active part : N. N. Gusev, A. M. Hiryaov, K. S. Shokhor-Trotsky, and A. K. Tchertkoff, the last of whom has rendered most valuable assistance, having done the most difficult and minute research work in the compilation of the notes.

V. TCHERTKOFF

7 LEFORTOVSKY PEREULOK
Moscow, *January*, 1917



THE DIARY OF LEO NIKOLAYEVICH TOLSTOY

1846 or 1847¹

March 17th, Kazan.—It is six days since I entered the hospital, and six days since I became almost contented. *Les petites causes produisent les grands effets.*² [20].

Yes, I have mounted the step on which I long ago set foot, but on to which I had hitherto failed to wriggle my body (probably because, thoughtlessly, I had kept putting my left foot before my right). Here I am entirely alone, and have no one to disturb me. Here I have no servant, no one helps me. Consequently nothing extraneous is able to influence my judgment and recollection, and my mental activity cannot but develop.

The chief advantage is the fact that I have come to see clearly that the irregular life which the majority of fashionable people take to be an outcome of youth is, really, an outcome of early spiritual corruption. The man living in society³ finds solitude as beneficial as the man not living in society finds social intercourse. Let a man but withdraw from society, and retire into himself, and his reason will strip off the spectacles through which he has hitherto seen everything in a corrupt light, and cause his view of things to undergo such a clarification that he

¹ In the copy at the [Russian] Editor's disposal, made by Countess S. A. Tolstoy, there stands here the heading "1846." But as a matter of fact, Tolstoy himself could not remember which of the two years comprised the entries in this *Diary*. Our calculations in regard to the date of this *Diary* are given below in connection with the question as to the time of the writing of the second folio of the *Diary*. (*Vide* Footnote on pp. 26-29).—ED.

² "Small causes produce great effects."—ED.

³ In my opinion there is no community wherein more good than evil exists. Crossed out in the original.—(Copyist.)—ED.

will be at a loss to understand how he had failed to perceive things as they are. Only let reason do its work, and it will point out to you your destiny, and furnish you with rules with which to enter boldly into society. Everything conformable with man's prime faculty, reason, will be conformable with everything else existent. For the reason of the individual human being is a portion of everything else existent : and a portion cannot disorganize the whole. Yet the whole can annul a portion : wherefore fashion your reason so as to conform with the whole, the source of all things, and not with the mere portion represented by human society. That done, your reason will fuse with the whole, and society, the portion, will be powerless to exercise upon you influence. It is easier to write ten volumes of philosophy than to put a single precept into practice.

March 18th.—I have been reading Catherine's *Nakaz*¹ ;

¹ The *Nakaz* (literally, "Injunction") was composed by the Empress Catherine II. in 1766, for the benefit of a Commission of State officials of various views which she was then convoking. The document's aim was (1) to guide the Commission in framing a new *Ulozheniye*, or Code of Laws, which should establish a number of "fixed" permanent statutes, as a guarantee both that the citizens should not take legal dispensation into their own hands and that all citizens should be placed on an equality in respect of rights and responsibility before the law ; (2) to express the Empress's personal views on rights, whether State, criminal, civil, or otherwise. In framing new laws, the Commission was empowered to exclude from the *Nakaz* whatsoever it might deem unsuitable to the then conditions of Russian life : and, accordingly, it excluded over one-half. In particular did it revise views of Catherine's regarding the freedom of the peasantry and the separation of legislative authority from judicial. In origin, more than half the *Nakaz* was borrowed from Montesquieu's *Spirit of the Laws* and Beccaria's *Crimes and Penalties* ; and, as printed in 1767, it was divided into twenty chapters and an introduction.

Originally the greater portion of the document was written in French, and the remainder in Russian ; but in the edition issued in 1770 by the Imperial Academy of Sciences the text was printed parallel-wise in four languages—in Latin, Russian, German, and French. The original of Tolstoy's *Diary* quotes the text in Latin ; but for the reader's convenience we have appended also a Russian translation, having taken the corresponding passages from the version of the *Nakaz* issued by the Imperial Academy of Sciences in 1770.—Ed.

and inasmuch as I have made it my rule to think over any serious work which I may be engaged in reading, and to transcribe thence any more notable thoughts, I will here record my opinion of the first six chapters of this very remarkable production.

Beginning the *Nakaz* with instruction, Catherine writes :

"Religio Christiana docet nos ut alter alteri mutus tantum boni faciamus, quantum quidem ius-que nostrum viribus situm est." "The Christian religion teaches us to do good to one another so far as lies within our capacity."

From which she deduces the following conclusion :

"Unumquemque probum et honestum virum viventem in civitate vel teneri, vel certe incensum iri desiderio, conspiciendi totam quanta est, patriam suam in summo fastigio felicitatis, gloriæ, beatitudinis et tranquillitatis." ". . . It is, or it should be, the desire of every honourable man in the State to see the whole of his country enjoying the utmost possible degree of happiness, glory, prosperity, and peace."

This strange incongruity transcends my understanding, seeing that, according to the ideas of the Christian religion, glory is an object meet for denunciation rather than for man's desire.

Catherine's second deduction, that *every man should desire to see his neighbour living in peace under the protection of the laws*, is justifiable enough.

In Chapter I. there is included a demonstration that Russia is a European power.

In Chapter II. there is demonstrated the necessity of monarchical rule: and the demonstration is the more persuasive in that it treats of the monarch in the abstract. No matter how great a woman's intellect, always there will be found in its manifestations a spice of pettiness and inconsistency. For instance, among her proofs of the necessity of one sovereign power Catherine includes the dictum :

"Altera haec est ratio. Melius obedire legibus sub uno domino, quam obsequi pluribus."

"Another reason is that it is better to obey laws under a single ruler than to be subservient unto many."

Again :

"Monarchini regiminis scopus et finis est gloria civium, imperii et imperantis."

"The scope and purpose of autocratic rule is the glory of the citizens, of the State, and of the ruler."

Chapters III. and IV., "De Tuitione Constitutionum Imperii," "Concerning the Security of Constitutions of State," contain reflections merely of an ordinary kind.

In Chapter V., "De Statu Omnium Regni Incolarum," "Concerning the Standing of all the Inhabitants of a Realm," we see for the first time the philosophical notion that only he is happy whose will, though subject to the influence of external circumstances, overcomes his passions. In reading that chapter I imagined that it would next proceed to deduce the idea that law itself is an external circumstance able to influence the will, and to cause man to become happy through submission to the law ; but Catherine passes to the idea of equality possible in the State, *i.e.* of the subjection of all to the same laws.

The following are Catherine's notions of freedom under monarchical rule :¹

"Freedom is man's power to do whatsoever he ought to do, and to leave undone whatsoever he ought not to do."

I should like to know what Catherine understands by the phrases *ought* and *ought not*. If by the phrase "whatsoever he ought to do" she means a right of nature, it follows that freedom can exist only in a State the legislation of which draws no distinction between natural right and positive. In which respect her ideas are correct.

In support of her opinion, Catherine adduces an extremely ingenious proof. Freedom is the right to act

¹ Catherine expresses her conception of freedom by the term *volnost*, and defines it as follows in the *Nakas* :

Chapter V. Article 37. . . . "Freedom can lie in nought else than in the possibility of doing what one ought to do, and in not being forced to do what one does not wish to do."

Article 38. "Freedom is the right to do whatsoever the laws permit of. But wheresoever a citizen were able to do that which is forbidden by the laws, there would exist no freedom, in that others would in equal measure be possessed of the same licence."

according to laws, but, should a citizen act illegally, he will, by the circumstance, confer upon others a right to act in similar fashion, and so infringe freedom !

" *Libertas politica in civibus est tranquillitas animi quæ oritur ex opinione : unumquemque eorum priva frui securitate. Ut autem, possideant homines ejusmodi libertatem, leges ita oportet esse comparatas, ne civem civis timeant, timeant autem omnes solam vim legum.*"

" Political freedom in citizens is the peace of mind arising from the belief that each of them is in the enjoyment of personal security. But if men are to possess this freedom, the laws should be proportioned so that one citizen may not stand in fear of another citizen, but all may stand in fear of the same laws."

In Chapter VI. there is some theorization on laws in general—Catherine beginning by treating of the contents of laws, and subsequently offering some lofty reflections on the character of legislation :

" *Ut immotæ semper serventur leges, necesse est eas tam bonas esse, tam que omnibus refferas modis ad attingendum summum, quod mortalibus habere licet, bonum ; ut quisque parens illis in ea versetur persuasionem, contendendum sibi esse pro viribus suæ ipsius utilitatis ergo, ne quis leges has loco suo moveat subruat ve.*"

" For the inviolable observance of laws, it is necessary that they should be so good, so charged with every means conducive to the attainment of the greatest good for all, that each man shall feel beyond doubt assured that, for his own benefit, he must endeavour to preserve the laws inviolate."

Further, in speaking of the influence bound to be exercised upon legislation by religion, nature, laws, fundamental rules, manners, customs, and history, the *Nakaz* remarks that the characters of peoples are made up of virtues and vices, and that union of these two categories of qualities is what constitutes the happiness or the unhappiness of peoples.

Next, she adduces some examples. In particular is her idea of custom a notable one, for she says : A law is the enactment of a single legislator : custom is the enactment of a whole people. Would you effect a revolution in the legislation of a people, you must annul a law with

a law and a custom with a custom. Again: The proper means for the extirpation of crime is a legal penalty. The proper means for the extirpation of custom is example, in that it is through intercourse with other peoples that custom is affected. And, lastly, she remarks:

"Verbo: omnis poena, quæ imponitur non urgente necessitate est tyrannica."

"In short, every penalty not imposed of an urgent necessity is tyrannical."

March 19th.—There is beginning to manifest itself in me a passion for the sciences. Yet, though this is of all human passions the noblest, I am determined not to surrender myself to it exclusively, with total suppression of sentiment, neglect of application, and constant endeavour to educate my intellect, and to charge my memory, with nothing else. For exclusiveness is the prime cause of human misery.

To continue my analysis of Catherine's *Nakaz*:

Chapter VII., "De Legibus Particulatim," "Concerning Laws in Detail," opens with a paradox:

"Leges quæ intra mensuram boni non consistunt, in causa sunt, ut nascatur inde malum immensum."

"Laws exceeding a certain standard of good bring it about that there is born immeasurable evil."

Next, Catherine says that moderation, not severity, is what has the power to rule mankind. I would add the words, "in monarchies."

Next, she remarks that a penalty ought to be derived from the nature of its crime. (I would again add the words, "in monarchies.") History shows us that, though the laws of Draco and Lycurgus were in the highest degree harsh, and incompatible with the nature of crime, they were put up with; and inasmuch as—as Montesquieu¹ truly remarks—the people in a republic is at once subordinate and supreme, it follows that, since laws in such a case represent an expression of the people's will, they are

¹ *Esprit des Loix*. Livre ii. 5.

tolerated by the people, since the people rules itself, and there is no need for penalties to be derived from the nature of crimes, seeing that in republics the will of the citizens serves as the standard of punishment. Further, Catherine divides crime into four categories—into offences against religion,¹ offences against manners, offences against peace and tranquillity, and offences against the security of the citizens; and, in doing so, she specifies what penalties ought to be applied to the several classes of crime, and so arrives at the complex conclusion that a penalty should be derived from the essence of its crime. For example, she says of the last-named class of crime, that penalties should be either banishment, a life for a life, or a monetary mulct—if the offence has been alienation of property; but also she says that, inasmuch as, for the most part, those who make attempts upon the property of others possess no property of their own, the pecuniary penalty should be replaced with the penalty of death. It is an idea altogether unworthy of the great Catherine. For how would a delinquent's death compensate a complainant? Surely the State should both render compensation for loss to the complainant and preserve to the community a member who may yet prove useful to it.

The same fallacious idea is refuted throughout the ensuing chapter, which contains a very true demonstration of the necessity of moderation in penalties. Also, Catherine goes on to speak of the errors sometimes committed by a legislator; remarking that for the abolition of an abuse a legislator will employ severity, the usual effect of which is to leave behind, when the given abuse has been abolished, a corresponding vice created by the severity. But further on she contradicts herself by saying both that it is the height of injustice equally to punish murderers and

¹ There is no such class of crime in existence.—*Footnote by the author.*—In the copy at the Editor's disposal there is no indication to which word precisely the author's second remark refers. One can only infer that it refers to one of the four kinds of crime indicated by Catherine; obviously it must refer to the first of them, i.e. to "crime against religion."—ED.

thieves and that penalties disfiguring the human body ought to be abolished.¹ For how can one accept the death penalty without also accepting bodily disfigurement? The greatest bodily disfigurement is separation of the body from the soul.

Also the chapter contains a few ideas on criminal police.

Chapter IX, contains some rules for judicial procedure in general.

She demonstrates the necessity for governments or institutions by the fact that thereby there is maintained the security of the citizens, and that for this purpose the reference of cases to the sovereign in person has been made, to use Catherine's own words, as difficult as possible.

The only reason for placing difficulties in the way of an appeal to the sovereign could be either that the sovereign lacked all desire for the security and happiness of his citizens¹ or that he recognized his incapacity to justify his own laws.

Next, in setting forth the causes of diversities of opinion among judges, the *Nakaz* says that these arise from the circumstance that cases identically similar may be defended well or ill, as well as that into everything which passes through human hands there must creep abuses. But why should citizens suffering from abuses not at least have open to them a way of access to the monarch?

In the same chapter is a large number of other notable reflections: for instance:

"If we review the judicial formalities encountered in respect of the difficulties bound up with every attempt to establish rights for the citizen, we find these formalities to be over many. On the other hand, if we review the same formalities in respect of the civil security bound up with them, we find those formalities to be over few, and the said difficulties to constitute the measure of the citizen's security." Again, take Catherine's opinion on the abolition of torture: that torture ought to be employed only

¹ Judges may decide cases irregularly.—Footnote by the author.

when the offender makes neither a confession nor a denial of guilt ; or her opinion that kissings of the cross ¹ ought seldom to be resorted to, and her definition of when this may be done.

The idea that criminals arraigned on the graver charges ought to be allowed to choose their own judges reveals in Catherine a desire to justify monarchical rule, and to show that freedom can exist only if laws emanating from the monarch are obeyed. Catherine forgets that, if coupled with obedience to laws not emanating from the people, freedom is not freedom at all.

The last two articles are borrowed from Montesquieu's *L'Esprit des Lois*. In the former Catherine refutes the old Roman ordinance that judges may accept gifts on condition that the sum of money received does not exceed one hundred *efims*. And she does so on the ground that those to whom nothing is tendered desire nothing, whereas those to whom aught is tendered desire more, and, finally, much.

The second article treats of the point that confiscation of acquired property to the monarch ought to be resorted to only when insult has been offered to the imperial majesty. But, in my opinion, confiscation to the sovereign is *never* justifiable; in that, apart from the injustice of punishing children for the fault of a father, the monarch is everything in a State, not a plain citizen, and offences against the majesty are therefore offences against the sovereign, not against a private individual, and, since Catherine's division of crime into four classes places offences against the imperial majesty in the fourth class, the class of infringing the security of the citizens, the penalty for crime against the imperial majesty ought, if we desire penalties from the essence of offences, to be deprivation of rights, removal from the community, and, in general, abrogation of all privileges which the offender has hitherto enjoyed under the protection of the laws—these rather than confiscation of property to the sove-

¹ The swearing of an oath.—*Trans.*

reign, and the more so in that such a penalty tends to breed in the people murmuring, and to invite them to see in every decree¹ of the kind covetousness rather than equity.

March 21st.—In Chapter X. are set forth certain fundamental rules and dangerous errors connected with criminal law procedure.

As a beginning, Catherine propounds to herself the question, "Whence proceed penalties, and whence the right to punish?" To the first portion of the question she returns the reply that penalties proceed from the necessity of safeguarding the laws; while to the latter she returns an equally circumspect answer—namely, that the right to punish belongs to the laws, which none but the monarch, as the representative of the State, may make. Indeed, all through this section of the *Nakaz* we see presented to our notice two mutually contradictory elements which Catherine vainly endeavours to reconcile. The elements are: recognition of the need of constitutional rule, and self-love, *i.e.* a desire to figure as the unlimited ruler of Russia. For example, while saying that, in a monarchical administration, none but the monarch should possess legislative authority, Catherine accepts the existence of such authority as an axiom without giving a thought to its origin. No subordinate administration, she says, can impose penalties, since it is no more than a portion of a whole. Only a monarch can possess such a right, since a monarch is representative of the citizens at large.

But, in unlimited monarchies, is representation of the people by the sovereign really an expression of the free and individual wills of the citizens in combination? No; in unlimited monarchies expression of the common will is a later stage, a lesser evil; for if one did not tolerate the evil of the monarchy one would be subjected to a greater evil.

Question II. concerns the powers needed for keeping

¹ The word "crime" stands in the copy; evidently it is a slip of the pen.—Ed.

an accused person in custody, and for detecting crime. In deciding the first section of the question, Catherine says that the keeping of an accused person in custody is the penalty preceding judgment: yet she is conscious of the falsity of the idea, of the injustice of the custom, even though she attempts to justify herself by saying that a person accused is a person bound to be guilty. But why should not a person who, though a hundred times more guilty than an accused, has not also been arraigned, merely for the reason that he possesses no enemies, not suffer an equal penalty? In my opinion, to keep an accused person in custody is never justifiable: it is a supreme injustice, a subjection of innocent and guilty to like punishment, and a distinction between rich and poor (for it is easy for the rich to find bail, but seldom so for the poor).

In the same chapter occurs a purely republican idea: namely, that hearings of cases should be held in public, in order that the citizens may recognize that they, the citizens, are secure under the protection of the laws.

But can there exist security of citizens under the protection of laws when not only judicial decrees, but the very laws themselves, are alterable at the discretion of an autocrat?

Later there occurs a notable proposition that condemned criminals should be allowed to plead on their own behalf: which ordinance, though possessing the high moral aim of granting the accused every possible facility for justification of himself, is impossible in positive legislation for the reason that it would lead to the two grave abuses of criminals tendering false evidence and of criminals attempting to defer the hour of their condemnation.

"Fides testis eo minoris est ponderis, quo gravior est malefictum, et res id circumstantes minorem præ se ferunt verisimilitudinem."

"The testimony of a witness will be of the less weight according as the offence be graver, and the circumstances less worthy of belief."

The decision of Question III., as to whether torture

violates equity and opposes the aims of laws, would in our own age be a foregone conclusion : but, in view of the then prevalence of gross ideas, its decision during Catherine's period does credit to her great intellect and exalted sentiments.

In general, the purpose of torture was either to force the accused to confess, or to wring from him the names of his accomplices, or to extort particulars of former offences, or to obtain explanations of contradictions uttered during the course of examination. Concerning cases where torture is applied, Catherine says of the first that, though the aim of torture is differentiation between innocent and-guilty, it blurs all difference between the two (in point of punishment). Of the second she says that the man self-accused will find no difficulty in accusing others, and that to punish one person for the crimes of several is unjust. Of the third she says that torture of this class constitutes merely punishment for the fact that the offender might have been worse than he is. And of the fourth she says that, under examination, innocent and guilty alike are apt to stumble over their own words.

In all these demonstrations there is evidence of abundant acumen.

In connection with Question IV., as to whether penalties ought to conform with crimes, Catherine includes among her other practical remarks the following :

"Quamquam leges non possunt punire consilium seu propositum, dici tamen nequit, actionem, per quam crimen incipit existere quæque revelat voluntatem criminis patrandi, non mereri poenam, quamvis minorem constituta ad puniendum crimen jam re ipsa perpetratum."

"Although the laws may not punish intention, it cannot be said that conduct wherewith an offence is begun, and wherein there becomes revealed a will to carry that offence into action, does not deserve punishment, even though it be punishment less than that appointed for the same offence when actually perpetrated."

March 22nd.—In my opinion intention is a mental activity not superficially expressed—therefore, never con-

trary to juridical law, since it is never subject to that law. Only to the will is mental activity subject : and the will is an unlimited faculty. Catherine says that acts which evince criminal intent ought to be punished, but I say that such acts ought not to be punished, in that it is not they that are harmful, but the intention of the same, and that always it is open to the will to convert an evil intention into a good intention before the former attains substantiation. Usually the moment immediately preceding the commission of an evil deed is the moment when the human conscience emerges most clearly into prominence.

Next, Catherine says that, as a rule, criminals, if they combine, seek to equalize among themselves the risk of the offence, and that, for the prevention of such equalization, principals in a crime ought to be awarded a heavier penalty than accomplices. Which is true enough.

On the other hand, Catherine's remark that, even when the committer of a crime receives a payment for its commission, the penalty ought to be equal for all, is inapplicable in positive legislation, however morally just.

For, from the standpoint of morality, the man who bribes a fellow to commit a crime is guiltier than the man who plans a crime ; and the man¹ who agrees to commit a crime for payment is not so guilty as the man whom desire to commit crime has incited to the perpetration of a criminal deed.

On the other hand, from the standpoint of positive law, the penalty ought to be commensurate with the advantage gained through the crime.

Catherine's opinion that it should be enacted that an informer against his accomplices be not punished is, in my view, unjustifiable, however great the advantages conferred by such an enactment. For, in the first place, the man who betrays his word is not virtuous—and always a government ought to maintain virtue ; and in the second

¹ Provided that we take into consideration the degree of criminality of the will, and the circumstances under which the will has acted.—Footnote by the author.

place, never ought there to figure in laws an injustice (non-punishment of a criminal is an injustice); while in the third place, positive law, to be perfect, should coincide ever with moral law.

March 24th.—I have passed through several phases, yet hitherto failed to attain the degree of perfection (in my pursuits) which I should like to achieve. In other words, I always fail to do that which I have set myself. And even what I do, I do indifferently, through omitting to whet my memory. Wherefore I will jot down a few rules which, if followed, will help me to that end.

(1) What you have set yourself, carry out without fail and at all costs.

(2) What you do, do well.

(3) Never refer to a book for what you have forgotten, but strive to remember that something for yourself.

(4) Force your intellect to work always with its greatest vigour.

(5) Always read and think aloud.

(6) Be not ashamed to tell people who are hindering you that they are standing in your way. Give them a hint; and, should they not take the hint (to the effect that they are hindering you), beg their pardon and tell them so outright.

Conformably with my second rule, I will without fail complete my commentary upon Catherine's *Nakaz* as a whole.

Question V., as to the measure of penalties, is decided thus by Catherine. The ill done to a criminal by a penalty ought to exceed the benefit gained from the crime.

I do not agree with this. A penalty ought to be commensurate with the crime. Some might object that nothing will ever restrain men from committing crimes, in that what a criminal may gain through deciding upon a crime will always balance what he may lose thereby. And suppose this to be so. If the principle of virtue be dominant in a man, that man will desire to avoid committing a crime more than he will desire to commit it: but if the

principle of evil be dominant in him, he will follow that principle always, in that it will be the principle natural to his character.

In connection with Question VI., whether the death penalty is required in a State, Catherine says: "In a well-ordered State there is no need to impose death upon wrong-doers; but in anarchy this is indispensable." Why so? Again, she declares the death penalty to be necessary when the criminal, though deprived of his freedom, may prove dangerous to the State.

But how can a criminal deprived of his freedom prove dangerous to the State? Catherine herself demonstrates the futility of the death penalty by quoting the fact that strong impressions, such as the spectacle of an execution, are never lasting, whereas a certainty that for every crime there will follow a penalty is capable of preventing crime.

Question VII. treats of the penalties to be imposed upon the several species of crime.

Among other remarks, Catherine specifies certain penalties which should be imposed upon the crazy, upon fanatics, while saying that care should be taken lest upon this class of offenders there be inflicted punishment of a corporal nature, in that such punishment only serves to feed the offender's pride and fanaticism. Which is true.

Apropos, it has occurred to me that in a State based upon abuse (nor only based upon abuse, but itself existent as an abuse) ¹ justice cannot exist.

Justice is, with regard to crimes, commensuration of a crime with the penalty of that crime: but inasmuch as human ideas and sentiments differ among themselves, what may prove a most severe punishment for one person will prove positively a benefit for another.

Complete justice, therefore, cannot exist. But what are the abuses which Catherine mentions? They are:

(1) The fact that the multiplicity of a body of citizens

¹ This is the reason why we see the legal enactments of every State filled with iniquities.—*Footnote by the author.*

obliges all crimes¹ among them to be identical, despite the sentiments and the ideas of individual citizens.

(2) The fact that, in modern States, attention is coming more and more to be paid to granting citizens powers able to render the latter useful to the State, despite the direction liable to be taken by those citizens in the utilization of those powers.

(3) The fact that, whereas the sole sovereign may err in allotting to an offender a particular penalty, the people, if possessed of supreme power, cannot so err, in that to the people is known every member of its body.

In the decision of these questions some of Catherine's theories are worthy of note: for instance, that it is at once equitable and expedient that judicial decrees should be pronounced as quickly as possible—equitable because then the criminal is not tortured with uncertainty, and expedient because the penalty follows hard upon the crime.

Or: the milder penalties may be, the more superfluous mercy and pardon will be, in that the laws themselves will contain the spirit of mercy.

Again, she says that, if the laws allot equal punishment to grave offences and to trivial, there will result thence the dreadful contradiction that the laws will be punishing offences created by themselves.

With regard to the duel, Catherine justly says that the best means of abolishing this class of crime is to punish the challenger, and to look upon the challenged as innocent.

With equal justice does Montesquieu declare: "*Le principe du gouvernement monarchique est l'honneur.*"²

Also, Catherine treats correctly of the penalty to be imposed upon persons purveying forbidden wares. Yet I disagree with most of what she says concerning trade defaulters, to the effect that bankrupts who can show their deficits to be due to adverse circumstances rather than to personal remissness ought not to be punished; for, in my opinion, all offences are due to circumstances

¹ Probably a slip of the pen which should read "penalties."—ED.

² "The principle of monarchical rule is honour."—ED.

more or less adverse, though justice demands that the offenders shall be punished.

Question VIII., concerning means of prevention of crime, contains fragmentary reflections whereof only a few are worthy of note. For example :

"Vultis ne antevenire crimina? Facitote, ut leges non tam variis inter cives ordinibus favellant, quam cuique civi singillatim."

"Would you prevent offences? Then cause the laws to favour diverse ranks among the citizens less than to favour citizens individually."

Chapter XI. contains remarks on the subject of labour ; the most notable being a passage wherein Catherine declares a State to be a well organized community containing those who command and those who obey, and a passage wherein she declares it to be impossible to abolish slavery at a blow, since it is necessary first to issue ordinances concerning the property of slaves.

In Chapter XII. is mentioned an increase in population ; and Catherine truly says that the chief cause of such an augmented tendency is poverty.

As a remedy, she would effect an agrarian apportionment to all who lack land, and grant them also the means of tilling and working it. Excellent too is her dictum that it is unjust to award premiums—as is done in other countries—to persons who rear from ten to twelve children, since this is only a granting of rewards for exceptions, and that attention ought, rather, to be paid to the bettering of citizens' conditions, that they may be assisted to rear children. For why should a father be rewarded? For having been dowered with a special fecundity? For the fact that a fortunate combination of circumstances has preserved his twelve children alive? Or for the fact that he has fulfilled the plain duty of a father in fending for his offspring?

In the same chapter Catherine treats of the products of home industries and trading, and truly remarks that agriculture is the source of all commerce, and that men will care more for chattels actually belonging to themselves

than for chattels of which at any moment they may be deprived.

For this reason, agriculture and trade will not flourish in our own country as long as slavery exists. Not only can the man subservient to another never feel assured of permanently possessing his property, but also he can never feel assured of his own personal fortunes. Later Catherine says that to skilled agriculturists and industrial craftsmen there should be awarded premiums.

In my opinion, a State needs to punish evil rather than to reward virtue.

March 25th.—It is not sufficient merely to turn men from evil. It is necessary also to incite them to good. According to Catherine, nations rendered slothful by climate must be trained to activity through the method of depriving them of every means of subsistence save labour. Also she declares that such nations are prone to arrogance, and that that same arrogance may serve to extirpate sloth. But nations rendered slothful by climate are usually gifted with a fiery temperament; and, were they likewise to be active, their State would be in a worse position than ever.

Catherine would have done better to say "men" than "nations"; and indeed, if her remarks be applied to private individuals, they will be found to be true. Further on she says that, in thickly populated countries, machines replacing manual labour are unnecessary and even prejudicial, but that for the manufacture of goods for export it is extremely important to utilize machinery, since, otherwise, the nations to whom we sell such goods would purchase them of other nations. But my view wholly contradicts Catherine's. Machinery for manufacturing goods for consumption within the Empire is of vastly more use than machinery for manufacturing goods for export, in that machinery for manufacturing goods of general utility greatly cheapens those goods, and improves the condition of the citizens at large; whereas goods for export advantage none but individuals. Thus

I take the cause of the poverty of the lower classes in England to be: (1) the fact that those classes have no landed property, and (2) the fact that in England attention is devoted wholly to foreign trade.

But very truly does Catherine say that a monopoly is a grave evil for trade. It is, in my opinion as in hers, an evil restricting alike commerce, the mercantile class, and the citizens at large. For commerce it is an evil in that, did no such monopoly exist, there would be employed, not the one person, or the one company, engaged in the monopoly's particular province, but a large number of traders. For the mercantile class it is an evil in that it deprives that class of all participation in the particular trade concerned. And for the citizens at large it is an evil in that always it imposes its own laws. Unfortunately in our own country the evil has taken deep root.

Further, Catherine says that it would be well to organize a bank, but that, to prevent the citizens from doubting the integrity of that bank, the institutions ought to be established under the auspices of some charitable organization. Many other ideas of Catherine's are equally curious. For instance, she keeps seeking to show that, though a monarch is limited by nothing external, he is limited at least by his own conscience. Yet a monarch who, despite nature's laws, was to look upon himself as unlimited would, *ipso facto*, lack a conscience, and be limited by what he did not possess!

Next, Catherine attempts to show that neither a monarch nor his nobles ought to engage in commerce. That a monarch ought not to engage in commerce is clear enough, seeing that, even without trading, he is able to possess himself of everything that the State contains—if such be his desire.

But why should our Russian nobles not trade? If our aristocracy were one that limited the monarchy, that aristocracy would have work to do without trading; but, as it is, we possess no such aristocracy—our aristocracy is a stock disappearing, almost disappeared, through

poverty, and that poverty is come of the fact that always our nobles have been ashamed to engage in trade.

God grant that even in our day our nobles may come to understand their high calling: which is to strengthen themselves. For what supports a despotism? Either lack of enlightenment among the people or lack of strength on the part of the oppressed portion of the population.

Further on in the chapter are notable reflections on the fact that the law adopted by the monarchs of certain states for empowering themselves to seize the property of a foreigner deceased within their dominions, or the cargo of a ship wrecked within the same, is inhuman and unjust; also on the fact that a government ought to assist its sick and aged craftsmen, with their orphans.

In Chapter XIV. there is nothing in particular save a few remarks on the family—one of them to the effect that a State ought to be organized like a large family whereof it is a portion. Personally, I should say *vice-versâ*.

In Chapter XV. mention is made of the nobility, which Catherine defines, with its duties. The latter she takes to be the defence of the country and the administration of justice.

As the order's two fundamental principles she selects virtue and honour.

Montesquieu recognized only honour as the basis (*principe*) of a monarchical administration; but Catherine adds to this virtue. True, virtue might be adopted as the basis of a monarchical administration; but history shows us that this has never been done.

Remarkable, also, is Catherine's idea that no one can deprive a nobleman of the rights of his order if he be worthy of the same. In conclusion, she says of the nobility that the right to enjoy honours and eminence belongs to none but those whose forefathers have been worthy of honours and eminence.

After Krylov's¹ fable of the geese, there remains nothing to be said in answer to this fallacious idea.

¹ Ivan Andreyevich Krylov (1768-1844), writer of fables.—Ed.

Chapter XVI. treats of the middle class: to which belong (1) craftsmen, (2) traders, (3) scholars, (4) civil and military officials who do not rank as nobles, and, in general, all who are neither nobles nor agriculturists.

Chapter XVII. treats of towns. In it there is nothing remarkable.

Chapter XVIII. contains some ordinary ideas on succession. The following, perhaps, is worthy of note. According to Catherine, rights of succession ought to be limited by law, lest otherwise a portion of the citizens should come to a poverty which might prove dangerous to the State: to which end the best law would be equal division of property, when "tillage of the land would attain its best possible condition."

In the same chapter is a remarkable theory that if a State devotes its chief care to the welfare of children it should appoint mothers guardian over minors, but that if a State devotes its chief care to the property of minors, it should appoint nearest heirs as guardians. Personally I believe that in any case it were better to appoint mothers, and not heirs, since to meet a man free from avarice is as rare a thing as to meet a woman able to understand business, and to administer property; and whereas a man of avarice might act to the detriment of his ward, a woman ignorant of business might meet with a man whose aid might be enlisted for administering a minor's heritage.

In Chapter XIX. are discussed the style and *format* of the proposed compendium of laws.

Such a compendium, Catherine declares, ought to consist of three portions: (1) of laws, (2) of temporary regulations, and (3) of decrees. The division is wholly without meaning, though Catherine's notion that "laws ought not to be vicious, in that they are fashioned to punish vice," is lofty enough. Also, it is true that laws which prescribe monetary mulcts should periodically be changed, in that the value of money itself keeps undergoing change: but, in general, it may be remarked that, from Chapter XII.

onwards, the *Nakas* is replete with words more than ideas.

March 26th.—Chapter XX. comprises various articles calling for explanation. At first, Catherine's subject is crime in contumely of the imperial majesty—a class of crime constituted of conjunction of words with action aspiring to do injury to the monarch or to the monarchy. For example, if a citizen repairs to the market-place, and there stirs up the populace with exhortations, he will be punishable, not for the words, but for the action whereof those words represent either the inception or the result. Yet the difficulty of obtaining actual proof in this class of crime renders speeches adverse to the government meet to be punished, not with death—as, in general, are offences against the imperial majesty—but with a correctional penalty. On the other hand, writings of similar tendency should be awarded the capital penalty.¹

¹ In view of the illegibility of the copy of the *Diary* at the Editor's disposal, as well as of its non-reliability in the matter of accuracy, it might be well to adduce here the corresponding passages from Chapter XX. of the *Nakas*.

Chapter XX. Article 480. "Words combined with action assume the character of such action. A man entering a place of public assembly, and inciting the subjects to revolt, will be guilty of contumely of the imperial majesty, in that his words, combined with action, will borrow of the latter. In such a case punishment should be, not for the words, but for the action produced by, and accompanying, the words. Never should words be imputed for crime save when they prepare, or are joined with, or follow upon, unlawful action. He who of words fashions a crime meet for the penalty of death does but pervert and refute: for words should be taken only for evidence of a crime meet for that penalty."

Article 481. "Nought renders crime in contumely of the imperial majesty more dependent upon import and the will of another than when its content is indiscreet words. So much are utterances subject to interpretation, so great is the difference between indiscretion and malice, so small is the distinction between terms used out of indiscretion, and terms used out of malice, that never should the law subject words to the penalty of death—at least not without defining the words for which that penalty is awarded."

Article 482. "Words are not a matter constituting crime. Frequently they signify nothing in themselves save as regards the tone in which they are uttered. Frequently, also, in repeating the same words, men impart to those words different meanings.

The ordinance shows us plainly that in a despotic administration the monarch cannot depend upon the loyalty of his citizens. Why so? Because, since a despotism does not include an agreement whereby a single person may possess rights, and the citizens corresponding obligations, or *vice-versâ*, while authority is wielded solely by the one person through the medium of force; since, I say, this obtains, there cannot, in that a despotism does not include an agreement of the type named, exist obligations on the part of the citizens. Hence, for the support of authority which rests upon superior force, upon abuse, the best means is force, abuse—or, as Catherine here expresses it, the imposition of a penalty for expression of thought.

Very remarkable is the idea contained in the same chapter, that freedom of the press tends to develop the spirit of the people. And in this chapter [XX.] I find also two curious items which I should hesitate to ascribe to Catherine herself: namely, (1) that she seems to recognize the existance of witchcraft, and (2) that she says that the Orthodox Faith is the only true faith, and all other Christians are wandering sheep.

Next we encounter a reflection which, taken from Montesquieu direct, refers to the stage when a republic undergoes dissolution. That stage is reached, according to Catherine, when the substance of individual citizens ceases to belong to the people at large, and the individual citizen comes to care more for his property than he does for the

Meaning is dependent upon the link which unites words with other matters. Sometimes, also, silence expresses more than any utterance. Nought is there wherein so much double import can lurk as in all this. How, then, shall there be fashioned of words an offence so great as *lèse-majesté*? And how shall words be punished even as is action? True, I would not attempt to lessen the displeasure bound to be felt against all who would defile the fame of their sovereign; yet still will I say that, in such cases, a correctional penalty will be more seemly than will an indictment for *lèse-majesté*, which is a matter terrible even for the innocent."

Article 483. "Writings are matters of less swift passage than words. Yet when they lead not to crime in contumely of the imperial majesty they cannot be a matter constituting crime in contumely of the imperial majesty."

property of the State. This reflection, I say, Catherine borrows and applies to a monarchy in complete forgetfulness that the causes which incite citizens to prove themselves useful to monarchical States are not general, of State, but private, in that the citizens, through lacking any share in the administration, lack also any desire to serve the government; still more, to sacrifice the individual to the general.

Next follows a wonderful comparison of State administration with a machine. The simpler it be, says Catherine, the better.

Later she says that only the sovereign ought to possess a right to pardon, but that a definition of those who should be pardoned is an impossibility—it is a point which must be determined by the monarch's own feelings. In my opinion . . .¹ are never justifiable. In the first place, they offer to offenders a hope of escaping punishment: in the second place, they constitute a cunning device of the Supreme Power for legalizing its action against the laws.

In a very simple conclusion to the *Nakaz* Catherine declares that she will expire of disappointment if the compendium of laws which she is commanding to be composed shall fail to be completed, or, in the future, there shall exist any nation happier and more glorious than the Russian.

In an appendix to Chapter XX. is mentioned the question of police, and Catherine very properly draws a distinction between crimes and police offences. The former, she says, should be subject to the power of the law, but the latter only to the law's authority, since the chief aim of punishing the former category is to rescue society from the criminal, and the chief aim of punishing the latter is to correct the offender, and thus to preserve to society a good citizen.

Chapter XXII., the last section of Catherine's *Nakaz*, and one of the best passages in the work, treats of State

¹ Dots in the copy at the Editor's disposal.—ED,

incomings and outgoings, and begins: "Every man should say to himself: 'I am a human being, and nothing human looks upon itself as alien.'" In other words, (1) Man should never disregard his fellow, and (2) everything that is done in the world ought to be done by man for man's benefit.¹

From the same idea Catherine deduces that, every man possessing needs, great indeed must be the needs of the State; also, that citizens should refrain from murmuring against a government which takes upon itself the duty of serving the people's common needs—that, on the contrary, they ought to thank that government.

Among State outgoings Catherine places pomp of the imperial throne. Yet, though we may suppose it the citizens' duty in a monarchical realm to support the throne, pomp of throne should exist in none but a despotism, seeing that in the latter alone does the monarch represent an earthly god, and the distance between autocrat and people needs to be made as great as possible, if the despotism is to continue to exist.

Next Catherine propounds questions regarding the State's income, and includes the remarkable question of how it may be brought about that the citizens shall find tax-payment no burden. She decides it thus. Taxes should be distributed equally among all the citizens, and increase *pari passu* with luxury in the State. At the same time, nothing so causes taxes to weigh upon the citizens as monopolies. The property of the State she divides into theoretical and actual, natural and acquired; such actual property she subdivides into movable and immovable; and these, again, she subdivides into property of State and property of individuals.

Next, Catherine divides financial administration into political and economic, with, as object, in the case of political administration, knowledge of the standing, calling, and occupation of each person, with utilization

¹ In the text of the *Nakaz* this thought is expressed in slightly different words.—ED.

thereof by the State, and, in the case of economic administration, acquisition of revenue, direction of expenditure, and supervision of the relation between the two.

In general we may say of Catherine's *Nakaz*, as I have said already, that it contains, throughout, two contradictory principles: that of the revolutionary spirit to which, at that period, all Europe was subject, and that of the despotic spirit which Catherine's vanity would not permit her altogether to renounce. True, at least she recognizes the excellence of the former; but it is the latter that predominates in the *Nakaz*; and though she borrowed republican ideas largely from Montesquieu, she used them (as Meyer¹ truly remarks) as a means of justifying despotism, and for the most part unsuccessfully. Hence the *Nakaz* contains numerous ideas deficient in or altogether destitute of proof, republican ideas allied to ideas of the most autocratic nature, and deductions wholly anti-logical.

The very first glance shows the *Nakaz* to be the fruit of a woman's intellect which, for all its acumen and lofty notions and love of truth was powerless to suppress the petty vanity which obscures its high merits.

In short, the production contains more littleness than fundamentality, more wit than reason, more vanity than love of verity, more selfishness than love of the people.

The latter tendency is prominent throughout the *Nakaz*, which contains only ordinances affecting public right, *i.e.* the relations of the State (of Catherine herself, as representing the State), but not affecting civil right, *i.e.* the relations between one and another citizen.

In conclusion it might be said that the *Nakaz* confers upon Catherine more fame than it conferred upon Russia advantage.²

¹ Dmitry Ivanovich Meyer (1819-56), from 1845 to 1855 professor of civil law, and, from 1853, dean of the faculty of law, in the University of Kazan.—Ed.

² In the copy of the original utilized by the Editor there begins here a new folio, marked, "Year not specified. Leo Nikolayevich himself used to refer it to the same year—1846.—Copyist."

April 7th, 8 a.m., 1847.—Until recently I never kept a diary, for I never could see the use of one; but, now that I am developing my faculties, a diary will help me to judge

This, the first folio of the *Diary*, with the earlier portion of the second (to April 19th) must have been inscribed during Tolstoy's residence as a student in the University of Kazan; and for further elucidation of the question of the period of inscription of the two folios let us turn first to details given in N. N. Thirsov's article, "L. N. Tolstoy at the University of Kazan" (*The Golos Minushavo*, No. 12, 1915; the author made use of the archives of the Kazan University).

"Documents belonging to the Governing Body of the University and dated October 5th, 1844, render it clear that Count L. Tolstoy's reception into the first division of the faculty of philosophy, section of Arabic-Turkish literature, took place on October 3rd." . . . Later we read in Thirsov that "in October of the Academic year 1845-46 L. N. Tolstoy passed into the juridical faculty, and, at the close of the same year—according to L. N. Tolstoy's own later account—'began for the first time to work in earnest.'"

While in this faculty, Tolstoy embarked upon his first purely scientific exercise upon a theme set him by Meyer, professor of civil law: that of "comparing Montesquieu's *L'Esprit des Loix* with Catherine's *Nakaz*." And in advanced old age Tolstoy declared that the work "very greatly interested me."

In his memoirs, Count L. N. Tolstoy and his *Student Days*, Zagoskin points out that according to Tolstoy's last examination report (rather his non-success in the half-yearly examination of January, 1847) Meyer, professor of the history of Russian Civil Law, must have been on the list of preceptors in Course II., but not, apparently, on that of lecturers in Course I., which affords us a certain basis for supposing that it was in Course II., *i.e.* during the academic year 1846-47, that Tolstoy studied the *Nakaz*; and inasmuch as his analysis of the document is marked in the *Diary* "March" it is most probable that the entries therein refer to March 1847: whereas if we suppose his scientific labours upon the *Nakaz* to have been carried out in 1846 (*i.e.* before the examination for passage from Course I. to Course II.) we should be forced to set back the analysis of Catherine's production to a later period, and to represent that analysis as having been a wholly independent piece of work.

Also, if we reckon up in the *Diary* the three months March-May, it will become additionally evident that the second folio was inscribed in the same year as the first, and constitutes a direct continuation of the latter. The entry for April 17th records Tolstoy's return from the hospital, which institution he appears to have entered on March 10th, while the entry for April 7th, to the effect that "never have I possessed a diary," would have found no place in the *Diary* had the first folio been separated from the second by an interval so large as a year; and since the commentary on the *Nakaz* was carried out in compliance with Tolstoy's rule "to

of that development's progress. Hence the diary must contain a table of rules. Also, it must define my future activities.

transcribe any notable thoughts" from serious works perused by him (*vide* entry for March 18th) his first reading of the *Nakas* must have been performed at an earlier period, and possibly, in pursuance of an injunction from Professor Meyer—though only as regards the "reading" itself, seeing that no mention is made of any previous scriptory work done for the Professor. Again, the circumstance that originally Tolstoy proposed to limit his commentary to the first six chapters of the *Nakas* is explainable by the supposition that herein alone lay the scope of the university exercise already set, since the six chapters in question are devoted to general questions of State, State authority, legislature, and custom, and, therefore, present a theme suitable for the energies of a student just entering upon the study of Russian law. However, so much was Tolstoy's interest caught by his labours on the *Nakas* that he ceased to limit himself to the six chapters set apart, and, in passing to the seventh, remarks on the "passion for sciences" awakening in him (entry for March 19th). Yet another passage in the *Diary* sheds a peculiar light upon the reason why the original limits of the commentary became extended: to the effect that, desirous of attaining perfection in his pursuits, Tolstoy, while he was at the hospital, worked out a series of rules, such as: "to do well whatsoever I may carry out": after which he declares that "conformably with my second rule, I wish to complete my commentary upon Catherine's *Nakas* in its entirety." (Entry for March 24th.)

A few years later there occurs among the entries in the *Diary* of the Caucasus (January 4th, 1854) another mention of the *Nakas*. Noting, at the close of the day, his errors and "digressions" from his rules of conduct Tolstoy says: "I lied when I related that I had presumably composed a dissertation on Catherine's '*Nakas*'" (the italics are the Editor's). Which confession confirms our assumption that his labours in that connection were neither a dissertation nor the usual student's task, but an independent analysis of a work which happened to have caught his fancy. In point of time, the close of Tolstoy's labours on the *Nakas* coincided with his decision to leave the University for his country estate, since the petition for permission to retire from the former institution was presented on April 12th, 1847. (*Vide* Appendix, "A Brief Survey . . .")

Concerning his pending departure from the University further testimony is to be found in his intention "a week hence" to go into the country (April 7th), but evidently for a prolonged period, since he asks himself the question, "What is to be the aim of my life in the country during the next two years?" and sets himself the task of "studying the whole course of the juridical sciences required for the final examination at the University." (Entry for April 17th—the italics are the Editor's.) Also, his retirement into the country seems to him to be going to be "a passage from the life

A week from the present time I shall be leaving for the country. What am I to do during that week? I must study English, Latin, and Roman Law and ordinances. In particular will I read *The Vicar of Wakefield*,¹ and lay to heart all the unfamiliar words therein, and also go through the first part of the grammar. Likewise I will read, to my profit, and as proposed—both for the sake of the language and for the sake of Roman law—the first portion of the *Institutions*.² Also I will complete my rules for inward development, and replay the game of chess lost to L.

April 8th, 6 a.m.—Hope is bad for the happy man, and good for the unhappy. I have gained much since the day when first I began to occupy myself. Yet I am greatly dissatisfied, for the further one goes in the task of perfecting oneself, the more faults are detected. Well has Socrates³ said that the supreme stage in man's of a student to the life of a landowner" (the same entry); while additional support of the theory that Tolstoy's departure from the University took place during the year of the compilation of the second folio of his *Diary* is found in the coincidence of the last entry in that folio—that for April 19th—with the date of the official document authorizing his departure; the date of the document also being "April 19th."

All these considerations have led us to presume both the first and the second folio to refer to 1847.

Only if it were admitted that a resolve to leave the University first arose in Tolstoy's mind during the year 1846, but failed to attain substantiation for the reason, perhaps, that, contrary to his fears, there then befell him an opportunity of passing into Course II., could both folios be referred to 1846. But it is an assumption admissible only with an effort.

For the rest, the absence of any decisive indication in favour of the one year or of the other has decided the Editor to retain at the head of the *Diary* both the one and the other of the disputed dates.—*Ed.*

¹ *The Vicar of Wakefield*, a novel by Oliver Goldsmith, and a work which Tolstoy valued his life long, and was now, probably, reading in English.—*Ed.*

² *The Institutions*. In the copy at the Editor's disposal there stands at this point the word *Instruktsiya*, evidently in error. The *Institutions* form the first portion of Justinian's code of laws (*Corpus Iures Civiles*), and the work with which acquaintance with Roman jurisprudence usually begins.—*Ed.*

³ Socrates (469-399 B.C.), a philosopher of ancient Greece in

perfection is knowledge that there is nothing of which he has knowledge.

April 9th, 6 a.m.—I am much pleased with myself on account of yesterday. I am beginning to acquire a physical will, though the mental is still very weak. Patience and application, and I am sure I shall attain all that I desire.

April 17th.—Of late I have failed to conduct myself as I should wish ; of which the cause has been, in the first place, my removal from the hospital, and, in the second place, the company in which I am beginning increasingly to move. Hence I conclude that any change of position ought to lead me very gravely to consider how external circumstances may influence me under new conditions, and how best I can obviate that influence.

If my removal from the hospital could influence me to such an extent, what will be the influence of my removal from the life of a student to the life of a landowner ?

Some change in my mode of life must result ; yet that change must not come of an external circumstance—rather, of a movement of spirit : wherefore I keep finding myself confronted with the question, "What is the aim of man's life ?" and, no matter what result my reflections reach, no matter what I take to be life's source, I invariably arrive at the conclusion that the purpose of our human existence is to afford a maximum of help towards the universal development of everything that exists.

If I meditate as I contemplate nature, I perceive everything in nature to be in constant process of development, and each of nature's constituent portions to be unconsciously contributing towards the development of others. But man is, though a like portion of nature, a portion gifted with consciousness, and therefore bound, like the

whose personality and doctrines Tolstoy took a great interest, and for whom, in old age, he felt deep sympathy.

In 1885, in the belief that the diffusion of Socrates' views would prove of great benefit to the people, Tolstoy eagerly collaborated in the composition of a pamphlet on Socrates for the "Posrednik" publications. It is not yet out of date and still commands considerable success amongst the common people.—Ed.

other portions, to make conscious use of his spiritual faculties in striving for the development of everything existent.

If I meditate as I contemplate history, I perceive the whole human race to be for ever aspiring towards the same end.

If I meditate on reason, if I pass in review man's spiritual faculties, I find the soul of every man to have in it the same unconscious aspiration, the same imperative demand of the spirit.

If I meditate with an eye upon the history of philosophy, I find everywhere, and always, men to have arrived at the conclusion that the aim of human life is the universal development of humanity.

If I meditate with an eye upon theology, I find almost every nation to be cognizant of a perfect existence towards which it is the aim of mankind to aspire.

So I too shall be safe in taking for the aim of my existence a conscious striving for the universal development of everything existent. I should be the unhappiest of mortals if I could not find a purpose for my life, and a purpose at once universal and useful—useful because development will enable my immortal soul to pass naturally into an existence that will be at once superior and akin to this one. Wherefore henceforth all my life must be a constant, active striving for that one purpose.

Next I would ask : of what is my life's purpose to consist during the coming two years in the country ? (1) of studying the entire course of juridical science as required for the final examination at the University ; (2) of studying practical medicine, with a portion of theoretical ; (3) of studying languages—French, Russian, German, English, Italian, and Latin ; (4) of studying rural industry, practical as well as theoretical ; (5) of studying history, geography, and statistics ; (6) of studying mathematics, the gymnasium course ; (7) of writing a dissertation ; (8) of attaining the highest possible perfection in music and art ; (9) of framing a list of rules ; (10) of acquiring knowledge of the natural

sciences; and (II) of writing treatises on the various subjects which I may be studying.

April 18th.—I have drawn up a number of rules which I should like to follow in their entirety if my strength be not too weak. However, I will set myself one rule, and add to it another when I shall have grown used to following the first. Rule No. 1 shall be: *Fulfil everything which you have set yourself.*—Hitherto I have failed to keep this.

April 19th.—To-day I rose very late, and only at two o'clock decided what I should do during the day.

June 14th, Yasnaya Polyana.—After nearly two months I resume my pen to continue my diary. How difficult it is for a man who is under the influence of what is bad to develop into that which is good! Suppose there existed, neither good influences nor bad: in every human being the spirit would rise superior to the material. But the spirit develops in different ways, or else its development in each separate being constitutes a portion of the universal development, or else its decline in individual human beings reinforces its growth in the universal development.

June 15th.—Yesterday I was in a very good humour indeed, and should have remained so until evening had not the arrival of Dunechka¹ and her husband produced upon me an impression which caused me involuntarily to rob myself of the happiness of feeling contented.

¹ A ward of Tolstoy's father, and the illegitimate daughter of a wealthy bachelor landowner named Temyashev, a distant kinsman of the Tolstoy family through the Gorchakovs.

Tolstoy has described her in his "Reminiscences of My Childhood" (chap. vii., p. 275, vol. i., Tolstoy's Complete Works, edited by P. Biryukov, 1913). P. I. Biryukov assumes that this same Dunechka is described in the story "Childhood and Boyhood" in the person of Katenka (*vide* Tolstoy's *Life*, vol. i., p. 76). But the biographer's assumption in this case appears to us erroneous and contradictory to what Tolstoy himself said concerning this Dunechka Temyashev in his "Reminiscences of My Childhood" from which an extract is given in Biryukov's *Life* (*vide* vol. i., p. 79): "She was not a clever, but a simple, good, girl and, above all, chaste to such a degree that we boys never had any other relations with her than those of a brother."—Ed.

June 16th.—Shall I ever reach the point of being dependent upon no extraneous circumstance? That would be, in my opinion, immense perfection, since in the man independent of any extraneous influence the spirit necessarily takes precedence of matter, and he attains his destiny.

I am becoming familiar with my self-appointed rule 1 : wherefore to-day I will set myself another rule—as follows : Regard feminine society as an inevitable evil of social life, and, in so far as you can, avoid it. From whom, indeed, do we learn voluptuousness, effeminacy, frivolity in everything, and many another vice, if not from women? Who is responsible for the fact that we lose such feelings inherent in us as courage, fortitude, prudence, equity, and so forth, if not woman? Woman is more receptive than man, and, during the ages of virtue, was better than we were; but now, in this age of corruption and vice, she has become worse.

1850¹

June 14th, 1850, Yasnaya Polyana.—Again I betake myself to my diary—again, and with fresh ardour and a fresh purpose. But for the what-th time? I do not remember. Nevertheless, even if I cast it aside again, a diary will be a pleasant occupation, and agreeable in the re-reading, even as are former diaries.

So many thoughts enter my head, and some of them appear very remarkable; they need but to be scrutinized to issue as nonsense. A few, however, are sensible, and it is for their sake that a diary is required, since a diary enables one to judge of oneself.

¹ In the copy a note is made at this point to the effect that here begins a new folio, *i.e.* folio 3.

After spending the summer of 1847 at Yasnaya Polyana, Tolstoy departed for St Petersburg, where, early in 1848, he entered for his graduate's examination. Concerning this period of his life he has related as follows to Loewenfeld (a German translator and biographer): "I found life in the country with my Aunt Ergolsky very pleasant: yet soon a vague longing for knowledge drew me away. This was in 1848. Nevertheless I was in doubt as to what I should undertake. In Petersburg there lay open to me two roads: either I could enter the army, and share in the Hungarian campaign, or I could bring my university studies to a close and, subsequently, obtain a post in the Civil Service. Ultimately my hunger for knowledge overcame my ambition, and once more I fell to work upon my studies, and passed two examinations in criminal law. But with that all my good intentions came to an end. Spring broke, and again the charm of a country life drew me to my estate" (Biryukov's *Life*, vol. i., pp. 159-60). Concerning this period of his life at St Petersburg, *vide* his letters to his brother S. N., dated Feb. 13—May, 1848 (Complete Works, vol. xxi., pp. 101-3). Biryukov writes: "In the Spring (1848) he returns to Yasnaya Polyana and brings with him from St Petersburg a talented musician, a German who drinks; Tolstoy had made his acquaintance at Perfiyev's, his friend's, and gave himself up passionately to music. This German's name was Rudolf" (*Life*, vol. i., p. 163).—ED.



*Prince Nikolay Sergeyevich Volkonsky
Leo Tolstoy's Maternal Grandfather.*

Also the fact that I find it necessary to determine my occupations beforehand renders a diary additionally indispensable. Indeed, I should like to acquire a habit of predetermining my form of life not merely for a day, but for a year, several years, the whole of the rest of my existence. This, however, will be too difficult for me, almost impossible. Nevertheless I will make the attempt—at first for a day in advance, then for two. In fact, as many days as I may remain loyal to my resolutions, for so many days will I plan beforehand.

By resolutions I mean, not moral rules independent of time and place, rules which never change and which I compile separately, but resolutions temporal and local, rules as to where and for how long I will abide, and when and wherewithal I will employ myself.

There may arise occasions when these resolutions may need to be altered; but if so, I will permit myself to make deviations only in accordance with rule, and, on all such occasions, explain their causes in this diary.

For June 15th. From 9 to 10, bathing and a walk; from 10 to 12, music; from 6 to 8, letters; from 8 to 10, estate affairs and office.

At times the three years past which I have spent so loosely seem to me engaging, poetical, and, to a certain extent, useful: wherefore I will try frankly, and in as much detail as possible, to recall and record them. This will constitute a third purpose for a diary.

June 15th.—Yesterday I carried out all that I had set myself.

For June 15th. From 4.30 to 6, out in the fields, estate affairs, and bathing; from 6 to 8, continuation of my diary; from 8 to 10, a method of music¹; from 10 to 12,

¹ Tolstoy's note *On Music* first printed in the *Tolstoy Annual* for 1913 (published by the Tolstoy Museum Society at St Petersburg, pp. 12-14). We reprint it in toto as Appendix No. I. (at the end of the book).

The author further expressed his ideas on music in a chapter of the story *Childhood*, which he himself deleted. Appendix: Passages contained in the original version of the story but deleted by the author.—Ed.

the piano ; from 12 to 6, luncheon, a rest, and dinner ; from 6 to 8, rules and reading ; from 8 to 10, a bath and estate affairs.

June 16th.—Yesterday I carried out badly what I had set myself ; but why I will explain later.

For June 16th. From 5.30 to 7, to bathe and be afield ; 7-10, the diary ; 10-12, play ; 12-6, luncheon, a rest and dinner ; 6-8, write on music ; from 8 to 10, estate management.

June 17th.—Rising at 8 o'clock, I did nothing until 10. From 10 to 12 I read and posted my diary ; from 12 to 6 I had luncheon and a rest—then reflected on music, and dined ; 6-8, music ; 8-10, estate affairs.

This is the second day when I have been indolent and failed to carry out all that I had set myself. Why so ? I do not know. However, I must not despair : I will force myself to be active. Yesterday, in addition to leaving undone what I had set myself, I betrayed my rule. [27].

I have noticed that when I am in an apathetic frame of mind a philosophical work never fails to rouse me to activity. At the moment I am reading Montesquieu. I think that I grow indolent because I have undertaken too much, and keep feeling that I cannot advance from one occupation to another so long as the first one ~~be~~ undone. Yet, not to excuse myself on the score of having omitted to frame a system, I will enter in my diary a few general rules, with a few relating to music and estate management.

One of my general rules : *That which one has set oneself to do, one should not relinquish on the ground of absence of mind or distraction, but, on the contrary, take in hand for the sake of appearances.* Thoughts will then result.

For example, if one shall have planned to write out rules, one should take one's notebook, sit down to the table, and not rise thence till one has both begun and finished one's task.

■ Rules with regard to music.

■ Daily to play (1) the 24 scales, (2) the whole series of chords

and arpeggios in two octaves, (3) the turns, (4) the chromatic scale. Also, to study a piece, and not to go further so long as there remains a single passage over which one stumbles. Also, to transpose each cadenza into the remaining keys, and then to study it, and daily to play at least four pages of music, but not to go further so long as there be not discovered the true doigté of the same.

Rules with regard to estate-management :

To think over every order in point of utility or harm. Daily to exercise personal supervision over every department of the establishment. Always to be slow in issuing orders, in censuring, and in punishing.

To remember that in estate-management nothing is so requisite as patience.

Never to cancel an order—not even an order likely to prove harmful—save after personal inquiry, and in case of extreme necessity.

NOTES

This is the third year that I have spent the winter in Moscow without holding any office, and living a futile, useless life devoid of occupation or aim. And I have lived so, not because, as is often said and written, everyone in Moscow lives thus, but because a life of that kind has pleased me. The position of a young man in Muscovite society partially tends to predispose him to idleness. I say "a young man" in the sense of one who combines in himself such qualifications as education, good family, and an annual income of from ten to twenty thousand roubles. Yes, the life of a youth who possesses these qualifications is very pleasant—in it there is not a single care. But if he does not hold some office (in real earnest) he is a mere cipher, and loves to indulge in idleness.

All drawing-rooms are open to him, and he may aspire to any damsel he pleases. No young fellow could stand higher in general opinion than he. Yet let the same man

visit St Petersburg, and he will find himself at a loss to divine why S. and G. Gorchakov should go to Court, and not he, or how he is to gain the *entrée* to the Baroness Z.'s¹ evening party, to the Countess A.'s² "rout," and so forth. Nor will he attain the *entrée* to those salons if he have not the support of a countess, or have been reared in those salons, or be able to bear humiliation, and to seize every possible opportunity of worming his way along with difficulty, but without honour.

June 18th.—It was 7.30 when I rose, and until now, 11 o'clock, I have done nothing. 11-12, music; 2-5, estate affairs; 6-8, music; 8-11, toilet, music, and reading.

June 19th.—Yesterday the day went well enough, for almost everything in it was carried out. With one point only am I feeling dissatisfied: and that point is the fact that I cannot overcome my sensuality, and the less so in that it is a passion which has now become in me a habit. However, my resolutions for two days having been carried out, I will make plans for a similar period.

June 19th.—5-8, estate affairs, meditation on music; 8-10, reading; 10-12, fair copying of my thoughts on music; 12-6, rest; 6-8, music; 8-10, estate affairs.

June 20th.—5-10, estate management and the diary; 10-12, music; 12-6, a rest; 6-10, estate management.

General Rules.—When one remembers an unpleasant occurrence yet cannot think it out thoroughly, one's mood is apt to become spoilt. Hence,

Every disagreeable thought ought to be pondered over, in order that, first and foremost, one may discern whether or not it is likely to have consequences. If such be probable, one

¹ Probably Maria von Zeddeler (1825-68), at that time a maid of honour and the daughter of Baron Ludwig Iv. von Zeddeler (1791-1852), lieutenant-general of engineers, and editor of the *Military Encyclopedia* (published by the Society of Military Litterateurs, St P., 1852-56). They belonged to the highest aristocratic circles.—Ed.

² Probably either Countess Apraxin or Countess Adlerberg. Both of them belonged to high society and were attached to the Court. In the forties under Nicholas I., and under Alexander II., the Counts Adlerberg were in close touch with the Court.—Ed.

should forestall them ; or, if that cannot be done, and the circumstance be already past, one should, after careful consideration, attempt either to forget or to grow accustomed to the circumstance.

1850. *December 8th, Moscow.*—I kept this diary only for five days. Now it is five months since last I took it into my hands !

However, let me try to remember what I have done meanwhile, and why I evidently wearied of my then pursuits. During the past period a quiet life in the country has wrought in me a great revolution : my old follies, my old need to interest myself in affairs, have shed their fruit, and I have ceased to frame castles in Spain, and plans which no human capacity could execute. Above all—and it is a conviction most favourable to me—stands the fact that I no longer place reliance upon my own judgment alone, I no longer despise the forms generally accepted of mankind. There was a time when everything ordinary seemed to me unworthy of my notice : whereas now I accept as good and true but few convictions which I have not seen applied and practised by many. It is strange that I should have despised that which constitutes man's greatest asset, his power of comprehending the convictions of others, and observing in practical execution those convictions ! And it is strange that I should have given rein to my judgment without in the least verifying or applying that judgment ! In a word, and to put it very simply, I have now come to my senses, I am grown a little older. To this change my very conceit has contributed. For always, when plunging into the life of profligacy, I remarked that men below me in all else could surpass me in this particular sphere, and the fact hurt me, until I came to the conviction that the profligate life was not my destiny. And perhaps two other shocks contributed to this. The first was a pecuniary loss of mine to Ogarev¹—an occurrence which so threw my affairs

¹ Ogarev, neighbour, landowner (Government of Tula). Tolstoy, in his *Reminiscences of My Childhood*, when recalling his early

into disorder that there seems to be no hope of righting them ; and the second was a fire which forced me involuntarily to bestir myself, while at the same time my activities received encouragement from a revenge at card play. One thing I think : and that is that I have grown cold. Only at rare intervals, mostly when I am retiring to rest, does my feeling crave expression. Also, during hours of intoxication—though I have promised to *eschew drunkenness*.

These notes, however, I need not continue, for I am preoccupied with affairs in Moscow, and, should I find time, intend to write a story of gipsy life.

Another important change which I have remarked in myself is the fact that I am grown more self-assured. I have ceased to feel shy. This I presume to be due to the fact that only one aim (interest) is mine, and that, in striving to attain that aim, I am coming to value myself, and to acquire that sense of personal dignity which so facilitates intercourse with one's fellows.

Rules for card-playing in Moscow until January 1st.

(1) To risk what money is in my pocket on one evening only, or on a few.

(2) To play with none but men of wealth who possess more than I do.

(3) To play alone, not with a partner.

(4) To reckon as a gain the sum which I have set aside for losses when the former shall come to amount to twice

childhood, says : " Scarcely anyone save the Ogarevs, our near neighbours, and our relations . . . visited Yasnaya Polyana." (*Vide* L. N. Tolstoy's Complete Works, vol. i., p. 260). Tolstoy also mentions him several times in his letters to Mme. T. A. Ergolsky, and always in connection with his gambling debts. Now he loses a large sum to Ogarev, and this debt weighs on him, now he wins it back, and writes to T. A. Ergolsky, amongst other things : " I also sent word to Ogarev that I had arrived and would like to see him. He came at once and brought with him my two promissory notes : he made many excuses but did not return the money he owed me." (*Vide* letter from Moscow, Dec. 9, 1850, etc., Complete Works, vol. xxi.)—Ed.

as much as the latter. That is to say, if I have set myself to lose 100 roubles, and shall win 300, I will reckon the 100 roubles as a gain, and not permit myself to retrieve them. But if I should have the luck again to win, I will not reckon the sum set aside for losses as a gain save when such gain shall amount to three times the sum set aside. And so on, *ad infinitum*.

With regard to sittings at play, I intend to reckon as follows: If I win a stroke, I will add it to my losses; and if my winnings should double themselves, I will use, twice over, the sum set aside. And so on, and so on. But if, after winning, there should occur a loss, I will cast up the total of my losses, and divide the remainder of my latest winnings into two portions, and subsequent winnings into three. Also, I will begin play by dividing the sum set aside for losses into a number of equal portions. In the present instance I will divide 300 roubles into three.

Remarks.—A sitting I will reckon as a sitting when I shall have come to the end of—won or lost—such sum as I may prescribe. Before each sitting I will call to mind what I have written down here, nor lose sight of it. And I will not remain seated from one sitting to another without giving myself an interval wherein to rectify my accounts.

As I acquire more experience these rules may have to be altered; but until I have framed new ones I will keep the old.

Also, after reflection, I may make exceptions in these rules when I have won from 9000 to 29,000 silver roubles.

Rules with regard to process of play.

Always to deal the cards myself. To reckon the points¹ (20 and 40) as 120, and as 20-10-80—when three points have been lost if they shall amount to three times the middle number. On winning, to make a new calculation, and to increase my stake as much as possible. Always to carry in my head a reckoning of the game's results.

¹ Probably in a card game of the nature of "hazard."—ED.

Rules for Society.

Always to choose difficult positions ; always to endeavour to lead in a discussion ; always to speak roundly, low, and distinctly ; always to endeavour both to begin and to close a conversation ; always to seek association with men higher in the world than myself, and, even before I have set eyes upon them, to determine in what relations towards them I will stand ; never to be afraid to speak before a third person ; to avoid constant change of conversation from Russian into French, and from French into Russian ; to remember that, when one finds oneself in company of which one feels shy, it is necessary at once to put pressure upon oneself ; to ask for dances at a ball only of the most important ladies ; if a mistake be made, not to trouble myself about it, but to continue behaving as before ; to keep as cool as possible ; lastly, never to express my feelings.

Occupations for to-day 11 a.m.—To remain at home, to read, and in the evening to write out rules for society, and a synopsis of the tale.

Occupations for December 8th. From early morning, to read ; then, until luncheon, to post this diary, with a list of visits and engagements for Sunday ; after luncheon, to read, and to take a bath ; in the evening, if not too tired, to work at the tale. Also, in the morning immediately after coffee, to write letters to the office, to my aunt,¹ and to Perflyev.²

December 13th.—For December 12th I made no entry in this diary, yet spent the day well enough—i.e. not in

¹ Pel. II., Yushkov. (*Vide* footnote on p. 79.)

² Stepan Vasilyevich Perflyev (*ob.* 1878), a general of gendarmery. His wife, Anastasiya Sergeyevna (*ob.* 1891), and their son, Vasily Stepanovich (1826-1890) ; he married Praskovya Fedorovna, *née* Countess Tolstoy (*ob.* 1887). V. S. was of the same age as Tolstoy and was his companion. In the 'seventies he was the Governor of Moscow. Tolstoy mentions "Vas. P." in his *Diary* for 1896 (*vide Diary of L. N. Tolstoy*, vol. i. (1895-1899), edited by V. G. Tchertkoff, published in Moscow, 1916, p. 66). *Vide* also footnote on p. 46.—ED.

idleness. Amongst other things, I visited the dignitaries and the Club, and came to the conclusion, firstly, that disposed as I am now, I shall be a success in society, and that, seemingly, I am almost ceasing to play—my old passion for cards appears to have gone out of existence, though for that I cannot altogether answer, seeing that it needs to be put to the proof. Not that I intend to seek an occasion for so doing. Merely I will not let one pass.

Occupations for December 13th.—To have a talk with Peter¹ on the subject of the petition to his Imperial Majesty and my chances of being admitted into the Civil Service at Moscow; to write letters to my aunt and Perfiyev; to pay visits to P. S. D.² and Kryukov³; to read, to make some purchases (of galoshes) and music books; to dine, to read, and to occupy myself with the composition of music or a tale.

December 14th.—I am dissatisfied with myself on account of yesterday; firstly, because I listened to the Countess's⁴ abuse of Vasenka, whom I love; and secondly, because a foolish delicacy led me to waste the evening.

¹ Evidently one of Tolstoy's influential relatives in St Petersburg, though the identity of the person in question cannot be determined.—Ed.

² Undoubtedly Prince Sergey Dmitriyevich Gorchakov (1794-1873), a distant kinsman of Tolstoy's who was the son of a cousin of his (paternal) grandmother, Pelageya Nikolayevna, *née* Gorchakov. His name occurs fairly frequently in the following pages of the *Diary*. He was the son of Dm. P. Gorchakov, the "Free-thinker," and the brother of Michael, the defender of Sebastopol. (Vide *Reminiscences of My Childhood*, by L. N. Tolstoy, Complete Works, vol. i., p. 264). In the 'fifties he was a member of the Council of the Moscow Palace Office.—Ed.

³ Either Peter Ivanovich Kryukov, president of the English Club, or Ivan Vasilyevich Kryukov (1794-1857), a landowner of Krapivna, or Peter Ivanovich Kryukov (1793-1857), also a landowner, of Tula, and a participator in the war of 1812. One of them is mentioned in a letter to Mme. T. A. Ergolsky in connection with some business concerning Tolstoy's brother, Sergey Nikolayevich: "As regards Serezha, tell him that I have not yet called on Kryukov," etc. (Moscow, Dec. 9, 1850, *vide* Complete Works, *xxi.*, p. 104.)—Ed.

⁴ Evdokia (or, as Tolstoy used to call her, Avdotya) Maximovna Tolstoy, mother-in-law to "Vasenka," *i.e.* to Vas. Step. Perfiyev.—Ed.

To-day I must give orders for my petition to be drawn up. Also, I must call upon Vasenka, lunch with Gorchakov, and, in the evening, fulfil a portion of what I have begun. Above all, I must write some letters.

December 15th.—I am much dissatisfied with yesterday. To begin with, I did nothing with regard to the Board of Guardians; secondly, I wrote nothing; thirdly, I have begun to weaken in my convictions, and to yield to other people's influence. To-morrow I must rise very early, spend the morning in reading, busy myself with this diary, with other writing, and with letters; at 12 o'clock attend the council at Evreinov's¹ house, then call upon Kryukov, Madame Anikeyev² and Lvov,³ dine at home, resume my writing, visit the theatre, and busy myself at home again.

Rules for Society.—Not to keep ringing the changes upon a person's name, but always to address him in the same manner. Also, to allow no one to offer me the smallest insult or sarcasm without paying double for it.

December 16th.—I did everything except the writing. Always I must rise early. In the morning I must write letters and the tale, visit the *Kalymazhny Dvor*⁴ and the

¹ Probably Paul Alexandrovich Evreinov, who was married to Princess Sophie Alexandrovna Obolensky, sister of Prince Dmitry Alexandrovich Ob., a good friend of Tolstoy's. Tolstoy used to visit him at his estate, "Berezichi" (near the Optin Convent), government of Kaluga. He mentions it in his *Letters to his Wife* (vide June 1877). In the 'fifties Evreinov evidently served on the Board of Guardians in Moscow which Tolstoy mentions in this entry (information supplied by N. V. Davydov).—Ed.

² Landowner of Tula.—Ed.

³ Prince Lvov. Unfortunately the Editor did not succeed in establishing his name and patronymic. It is the greater pity because in his letters Tolstoy speaks of him as an intimate friend. In his letter to Mme. T. A. Ergolsky, dated Dec. 9, 1850, Tolstoy wrote: "The day before yesterday I sent word to Prince Lvov that I had arrived and was unwell. He came at once, and although changed in many respects I still found him the same good friend . . .". Perhaps it was Prince Georgiy Vladimirovich Lvov (1821-1873).—Ed.

⁴ The Coaching Club, formerly situated in the Tverskoy Quarter, the fourth Quarter, between the Grand Theatre and the University. Later it was closed down and turned into a place for incarceration;

baths, send messages to the council and Lvov, dine at home, play cards at Prince Andrey Ivanovich's,¹ and make love to the Princess. After dinner, also, must purchase some cloth and music.

December 17th.—To-day I must rise early, set to work upon a letter to Dyakov² and the tale, at 10 o'clock attend mass at the Zachatyevsky Convent,³ and, lastly, call upon An. Petr., Madame Yakovlev, and Koloshin.⁴ Also I must send for some music, draft a letter to the office, lunch at home, occupy myself with music and rules, and, in the evening [3] repair to the Club. On the 18th I shall be in the great world at Lvov's, Evreinov's, and Prince Andrey Ivanovich's, and canvass them in connection with a post.

General Rules.—When nothing urgent detains me, to go to bed at 12, and to rise at 8. Daily to spend four hours over serious music practice.

December 18th.—To-morrow I must rise at 9.30, read until 10.30, write and entertain Volkonsky⁵ from then

towards the 'nineties there was nothing but a vacant space, but at the present time there stands on this site the Emperor Alexander III. Museum of Fine Arts.—Ed.

¹ Prince Andrey Ivanovich Gorchakov, a general of infantry (1768-1855). He was a second cousin of Pelageya Nikolayevna, *née* Gorchakov (Tolstoy's grandmother). Tolstoy says of him in his *Reminiscences of My Childhood*: "Andrey Ivanovich was a general in command of something in the active army (in 1812) and my father was appointed one of his adjutants." (Vide *Reminiscences of My Childhood*, Complete Works, vol. i., p. 261.)—Ed.

² Dmitry Alexeyevich Dyakov (*ob.* 1891), a friend of Tolstoy's youth. "The material for describing friendship (between Nikolenka Irtenyev and Nekhlyudov in the story *Boyhood*) was furnished by my later friendship with Dyakov during my first year as a student at Kazan." (Vide *L. N. Tolstoy's Notes to Birykhov's Life.*—Ed.)

³ The Convent of the Immaculate Conception at Ostozhenka. In olden times it was called "Women's Convent of the Immaculate Conception."—Ed.

⁴ Sergey Pavlovich Koloshin (1823-1868), a friend of Tolstoy in his youth.—Ed.

⁵ It is not known which Volkonsky is here meant. In *Reminiscences of My Childhood* Tolstoy mentions a certain Volkonsky as follows: "Mlle. Hénissienne (a friend of Tolstoy's mother in her young

until 12, go for a stroll from 12 to 2, then write and write until evening, and dine at home.

December 19th.—All that I set myself to do on the 18th I duly carried out.

December 20th.—At 10 I must visit Volkonsky; at 11, and until 2, write letters, and work at the tale. From 1 to 3.15, work at music; until 9 visit the Dyakovs; then return home to write again on music.

It is now 11 o'clock, and as yet I have not put pen to paper. Also, I am dissatisfied with myself for evincing shyness at the Dyakovs'.

December 21st.—From 8 to 10 I must write; from 10 to 2 go for some money, and practise fencing; from 2 to 6 lunch somewhere; from 6 to midnight write at home, and entertain no one. Also, inquiry must be made of Lvov concerning Serezha's¹ post in the Service. Also, I must call upon Avdotya Maximovna.²

days) married a cousin of my mother's, Prince Michael Volkonsky, grandfather to the present writer of that name."—Ed.

¹ Tolstoy's brother Sergey Nikolayevich (1826-1904). We adduce here a description by Tolstoy himself of the terms on which he was with his brother:

"With Mitenka I was on friendly terms, Nikolenka I respected, but Serezha I admired, imitated, loved, and tried to become. Yes, I admired his handsome exterior, his singing—he was always singing—his drawing, his high spirits, above all things, strange though it be to state, the outspokenness of his egotism. Yes, I was fond of Nikolenka, but Serezha I admired as something different from myself, something beyond my understanding—his life was, in my eyes, a life full of beauty, but a life wholly unintelligible: a life mysterious, and, therefore, boundlessly attractive." (*Reminiscences of My Childhood.*)—Ed.

² Countess Avdotya Maximovna, née Tugayev (1796-1861), was married to Count Theodore Ivanovich Tolstoy; she was a gipsy by birth; Tolstoy sometimes calls her simply "the Countess" (*vide Dec. 14 and 25, '50 and Jan. 14, '51*). Her daughter Praskovya Fedorovna was married to V. S. Perfiyev, a friend of Tolstoy's. Tolstoy was closely related to them and addressed them by their Christian name, "Vasenska" and "Polenka." Further on (Dec. 25) Tolstoy calls her "Perfiyev." Their father, Theodore Tolstoy, is the one mentioned by Griboyedov in his *Came to Grief through Being too Clever*: "He was exiled to Kamchatka but returned via the Aleutian Islands." After having fought a duel he went to America where he spent a considerable time; when he returned

Also I must read no novels.

December 22nd.—Until 12 write on music, and analyze—then go to the Countess's for luncheon. Should I obtain no money, must send notes to Libir¹ and Peter Evstratov. Also I must write letter no. 1.

December 24th.—I must rise at 12, and write a letter to the office, with orders to have an account furnished; then lunch at home with Laptev. Before luncheon must attend the shrine of the holy relics and, in the evening, study thorough-bass and a sonata. Also, if in heart to do so, must write letter no. 1.

Rules.—To play cards only on exceptional occasions. To say as little as possible about myself. To speak roundly and distinctly.

Rules.—Daily to take exercise at home. In accordance with the law of religion, to eschew intercourse with women.

December 25th.—To visit Prince Sergey Dmitryevich Gorchakov, Madame Yakovlev, Zakrevsky,² Prince

he was nicknamed "Tolstoy, the American" to distinguish him from the other Tolstoy. (According to D. Blagov's book, *Tales of a Grandmother, Reminiscences of Five Generations*, p. 305, St P., 1885.)—ED.

¹ Libir is probably a slip of the pen; possibly it is Libin, secretary of the Tula Assembly of the Deputies of the Nobility in the 'forties and 'fifties; by the way, it was he who had signed a copy of the protocol in the journal of the Tula Assembly of the Deputies of the Nobility, "which was issued on April 19th, 1841, to Leo Tolstoy, minor, son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel and Knight Count Nikolayevich Tolstoy." This extract bore evidence that the children of Count Nicolay Ilyich Tolstoy had been entered in Part V. of the Tula Genealogical book, and had to be submitted when the children entered educational establishments. . . . Tolstoy probably wrote to him in connection with some documents relating to his birth.—ED.

² Count Arseny Andreyevich Zakrevsky (1783-1865), from 1848 to 1859 Military Governor-General of Moscow, and distinguished by his arbitrary regime and his desire to interfere in everything, family relations not excepted; he justified his action by referring to secret instructions of the Emperor Nicholas I., who saw signs of revolution everywhere. After 1855, when the question of the liberation of the peasants became the order of the day, Zakrevsky forbade that this reform be even mentioned in Moscow, expecting that the government of Alexander II. "would come to its senses and that everything would remain as before." He married Countess

Andrey Ivanovich Gorchakov, the Countess Av. Max. Tolstoy, Madame Perfiyev Praskovya Fedorovna, Volkonsky, and the Dyakovs. To send cards to Gorchakov, Lvov, Ozerov,¹ Koloshin, and Volkonsky.

December 26th.—Yesterday I spent my time badly, for I visited the tziganes.

December 27th.—Must rise at 9 and, until 12, attend the Kalymazhny Dvor, and call upon Chertov² and A. Petr.³ Then home, and, should there be sufficient money in hand, invite the two Volkonskys, Ozerov, and Sollogub⁴

Agrafena Fedorovna Tolstoy (1800-1880), Tolstoy's cousin once removed.—Ed.

¹ The Editor has not succeeded in obtaining detailed information about this person. In N. V. Davydov's book *From the Past* (Moscow, 1914) we find the close circle of Obolenskys and their relations . . . Davydovs, Ozerovs, Volkonskys, Evreinovs, and others mentioned (*vide* p. 139). Undoubtedly L. N. had intimate or at least frequent relations with this Ozerov, for his name occurs many times in the pages of the *Diary* though without any details defining these relations.—Ed.

² Probably Paul Apollonovich Chertov (1782-1871), a senator and general of infantry.—Ed.

³ The Editor had difficulty in establishing who is meant by "A. Petr." Is it perhaps Anna Petrovna Yakovlev? (*Vide* entry for Dec. 17th, '50.) We did not succeed in securing any information concerning this person.—Ed.

⁴ Count Vladimir Alexandrovich Sollogub (1814-1882), a well-known writer. He was well educated after the French fashion and was employed at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, but he had no career in spite of his good connections and wealth. Literary and artistic interests had preference with him. S. was a kind man, responsive to another's grief and sincerely rejoiced at another's success when deserved. He was free from the prejudices of fashionable society, yet was a welcome guest in aristocratic *salons*, where he was liked as an interesting conversationalist and for his knack in getting up plays and entertainments; at the same time he was quite at home in the circle of the young writers who grouped around the "Otechestvenniya Zapiski" of the time of Belinsky. Of his works the novel *Fashionable Society* met with special success. In it he depicted this milieu showing its emptiness and glitter, but individuals of the middle class were depicted as being true to their sense of duty and as having sincerity of feeling. His most successful work, *Tarantas*, represents a talented mixture of belles-lettres and essay writing. In 1852 S. was attached to Prince M. S. Vorontsov (in the Caucasus) and his rank was that of a chamberlain.

Undoubtedly L. N. was intimate with Sollogub for many

to lunch. Then to the tziganes. Before dinner, and after getting myself ready, Gotier's¹ and Chulkov's.²

December 28th.—I am displeased with myself, and the more so because, being unwell, I had to-day to keep my rule that *if one is ill, one need not fulfil* what one has set oneself, yet must do nothing else. I must visit the Gorchakovs. I re-read my diary, and did what I had left undone. I must go to the Neskuchny Gardens and make love to the Princess.³ Towards evening must accompany Nik. Gorchakov⁴ to the tziganes, and then pack my things.

December 29th.—I am leading the life of a brute, a life practically to no purpose, for I have abandoned nearly all my pursuits, and am feeling out of spirits. To-morrow I must rise early, and, until 2 o'clock, neither receive any-one nor go out for a drive. At 2 I must repair to Chulkov's and the Dyakovs', lunch with the Prince⁵ and agitate

years. In the group of writers taken in the 'fifties Count V. A. Sollogub is photographed together with L. N. Tolstoy and others.

There was another Count Sollogub, Leo Alexandrovich (1812-1852), a diplomat. He was married to Maria Fed. Samarin. (His son, Count Theodore Lvovich, poet and artist, died in 1890.)—Ed.

¹ A French bookshop on the Kuznetsky Bridge in Moscow. At that time it was owned by Margaret Ivanovna Gotier.—Ed.

² Chulkov (?)—a landowner of Tula. We were not successful in establishing his name and patronymic. The Tolstoy family appears to have had fairly frequent intercourse with him, judging from L. N.'s letters. Thus, for instance, he writes to T. A. Ergolsky from the Caucasus, June 26, 1852, asking her to send him Rousseau's book *La Nouvelle Héloïse*: "Please send Serezha (my brother) to look for it at Chulkov's." And still earlier from Moscow (Dec. 24, 1850): "Recently I met Chulkov at the bank and yesterday he paid me a visit and assured me that he has settled all his business at the bank, but I think he lies. He urged me much to go and see him, but you understand that neither his nor his wife's society has the least attraction for me; therefore, I shall not go."—Ed.

³ "To make love to the Princess." Probably Princess Shcherbatov is meant here. (*Vide* footnote on pp. 49-50.)—Ed.

⁴ Nikolay Gorchakov. Inquiries made show that there were two Gorchakovs: (1) Prince Nikolay Mikhailovich (1823-1874), but we have no information concerning him, and (2) Nik. Pavlovich (1830-1884?), second-lieutenant of the Podol Jaeger regiment, who took part in the Crimean campaign.—Ed.

⁵ Prince Alexander Alexeyevich Shcherbatov (1829-1902), son of Prince Alexis Grigoryevich, Governor-General of Moscow, and of Princess Sophie Stepanovna, who at that time was president of

with him for a post.

Also, I must take thought at my leisure concerning my future conduct in any new situation. In the morning will work at the tale, read, and either play the piano or write something on music; while in the evening I will frame further rules, and visit the tziganes.

December 30th.—A rule. To seek *position* tr . . . [left undeciphered]. To rise and to retire early, to prepare everything beforehand, to enter a daily record of my stay in Moscow, to request Koloshin to make inquiries concerning a post, and, at 3 o'clock, to go for a drive.

December 31st, Y.P. (?).—I have been travelling, visiting Shcherbatov, and have determined to take a posting-house.¹ True, I have been to see the Postmaster-General, but have not yet had a serious talk with Shcherbatov.

the Board of Guardians of the Poor. The Prince was a social worker and a rich landowner. Later in the 'sixties he was mayor of Moscow. We have reason to believe that L. N. was, at that time, fascinated by the Princess Shcherbatov (wife of Prince A. A. S.). Biryukov mentions Tolstoy "falling in love with the fashionable S." who probably knew little about this feeling, as Tolstoy was always timid and bashful in these matters. In the following entries in the *Diary* we see some hints of this falling in love: "To make love to the Princess" (Dec. 16, '50), and so on. Then in the subsequent entries, where he mentions Prince Shcherbatov, there are slight hints of relations being somewhat strained, for instance: "*Was weak* with Shcherbatov" (the italics are the author's, Apr. 3, '51). It is very likely that the entry for Jan. 25, '51, refers to this falling in love: "I have fallen in love, or imagine myself to have done so."—Ed.

¹ Tolstoy had the intention of renting a posting-station.—Ed.

January 1st, Yasnaya Polyana.—I have been staying at Pokrovskoye¹ for the purpose of meeting Nikolenka,²

¹ The estate of Count Valerian Petrovich Tolstoy, the husband of Maria Nikolayevna, Tolstoy's sister.—Ed.

² Tolstoy's eldest brother, Nikolay Nikolayevich (1823-1806), graduated at the University of Kazan in the second division of the faculty of philosophy and mathematics, in the year 1844. Tolstoy never failed to acknowledge that N. N. exercised upon him in his childhood a strong and beneficent influence in the direction of striving after perfection; in his *Reminiscences of My Childhood* Tolstoy devotes the whole of chapter ix. to his eldest brother N. N. Amongst other things he says of him: "My eldest brother, Nikolinka, was six years my senior. . . . A remarkable boy, he became, later, a remarkable man." Recalling in detail the strong impression which the eleven-year-old Nikolenka produced upon him, the five-year-old writer, through the narration of tales concerning the "ant brotherhood" and the "green wand" that was buried at the edge of a wooded ravine (the old Zakaz) and had incrimed upon it a secret of which the discovery was to render all men happy, Tolstoy states: "I have since formed the opinion that Nikolinka had probably either read or heard of the Freemasons, of their desire to render humanity happy, and of the mysterious rites of reception into their order. It is probable also that he had heard of the Moravian Brothers, and that, in his lively imaginativeness and love for mankind and virtue, he combined the whole of these items into one, and invented the stories both because he himself delighted in them and because he could use them for our beguilement."

Writing from Tiflis to Madame T. A. Ergolsky on November 12th, 1852, Tolstoy says concerning his brother N. N.: "So accustomed have I grown to being always with Nikolinka that I have found the parting with him, though only for a short time, hard to bear. Yet—and I confess it to my shame—it is only recently that I have learnt to value, respect and love this splendid brother of mine according to his deserts. Often your good advice, dear auntie, returns to my memory, and the fact that again and again you used to check me when speaking lightly of Nikolinka. You did rightly, for without false modesty I can say that Nikolinka is in every respect better than us all!"

Writing to her a little later he says: "Nikolinka is getting on

who has in no way changed, though I have done so very greatly. Were he not so strange, I might exercise upon him a certain influence. But either he has ceased to pay me attention, or to love me, or he is pretending not to pay attention to, or to love, me.

January 2nd.—The christening.¹ To meet my relatives, then to call upon the Dyakovs, and then to go, for a night, to Tula, where I am to enter into an agreement with Shcherbatov. Returning to Yasnaya on the night of the 3rd, I shall stay at Yasnaya until evening, then go to Moscow for a night on the 4th. At Tula, also, I am to deposit a power of attorney and a petition, as well as to call upon the President.

January 12th, Moscow.—Moscow. To-morrow I must rise at 8, go to the Iversky Chapel, read up everything concerning a posting-station, think the matter over, make notes, and call upon Tatishchev.

January 13th.—I have given up thinking of the posting-house, for I could not sustain the part. The train of provisions has arrived from the country. I have seen off Nikolay, and comported myself badly.

Rule.—To make copies of all letters, and to keep them in due order.

splendidly, for both his superiors and his brother officers love and respect him, and, in addition, he has the reputation of being an officer of courage. For myself I love him more than ever, and, whenever in his company, am happy, and, whenever deprived of him, sad." (Tiflis, Dec. 24, 1851, Complete Works, vol. xxi.)

In the *History of the 20th Artillery Brigade* Yanzhul repeatedly mentions Lieutenant Count N. Tolstoy as a participator in many military expeditions in Chechenia, 1851-53. (Vide *Eighty Years of a Life of Fighting and of Peace of the 20th Artillery Brigade*," Part II.)

Evidently Tolstoy mentions in this entry his meeting with his eldest brother at Pokrovskoye, who had come home on leave from the army of the Caucasus. We retain throughout Tolstoy's old-fashioned spelling of his brother's name: "Nikolinka," but in those places where we have completed it we spell it in the generally accepted way: "Nikolenka."—Ed.

¹ Probably of Countess Maria Nikolayevna Tolstoy's first-born child, Nikolay Valerianovich, Tolstoy's godson, who was born in 1851 and died in 1879.—Ed.



*Count Nikolay Ilyich Tolstoy
Leo Tolstoy's Father.*

January 14th, 1851.—Since the 14th my conduct has been unsatisfactory, for I did not attend the Stolypins' ¹ ball. I have lent some money, and I am sitting here without a groat. And all because I have weakened in character.

Rule.—*Never to play eralash for stakes of less than 25 kopecks.* As a matter of fact I have no money, and the dates for repaying many promissory notes are past. Thus I am beginning to notice that my sojourn in Moscow is in no way advantaging me, and that I am living much above my income.

Rule.—*To call things by their right names. Not to conceal from persons who speak lightly of financial matters the state of my affairs, but to endeavour to engage their attention, for the purpose of leading them to the subject.*

Of the three methods of righting my affairs which have occurred to me, I have let nearly all escape me : namely,

1. *That of falling in with a circle of gamblers, and, so long as I have the money, playing with them ;*
2. *That of entering high society, and, under certain conditions, marrying ; and*
3. *That of obtaining an advantageous post in the Service.*

But there presents itself to me a fourth measure : which is to borrow money of Kireyevski.²

¹ Stolypins, landowners of Tula, old friends of the Tolstoy family. Arkady Dmitryevich, general of artillery and writer (1822-1899). A comrade of Tolstoy's in the Crimean campaign. He wrote *A History of Russia for People and Soldiers*, and articles. He was the father of P. A. Stolypin, the Prime Minister (ob. 1911).

There was another Stolypin, Dmitry Arkadyevich (1818-1893), son of the senator and writer Arkady Alexeyevich.—Ed.

² At the time Tolstoy knew two Kireyevskys. Nikolay Vasilyevich, a rich landowner of the Government of Tula and Orel. Tolstoy in his *Reminiscences of My Childhood* when speaking of his father says : " His chief companion when shooting was his friend Kireyevsky, a rich old bachelor " (*vide* Tolstoy's *Complete Works*, vol. 1., p. 262). Tolstoy in his *Letters to his Wife* says of him : " He is very amiable, quiet, and is simple in every sense, treats everyone alike ; obviously he was honest, kind, and a man of common sense, for whom it was easy to be honest, owing to his position and his wealth." And further : " He was limited, honest and firm, a sportsman exclusively. . . ." (June 28, 1865). In the

No one of these resources contradicts the rest, and it is necessary for me to *act*.

I must write to the estate for instant remittance of 150 roubles. Also, I must seek out Ozerov, and offer him a horse, in addition to having it advertised in the papers. Also, I must call upon the Countess, and await my opportunity. Also, I must make inquiry concerning the invitations to the Zakrevskys' ¹ ball, and order a new frockcoat.

Before the ball to do plenty of thinking and writing.

Also, I must visit Prince Sergey Dmitriyevch, and discuss with him the question of a post, and Prince Andrey Ivanovich, whom I must ask for a post.

I must pledge my watch.

I must find out from Evreinov Kireyevsky's address, and call upon the latter. At 1.30 to Evreinov's and thence, whatever his reply, to Ivan Vasil Kireyevsky's.

January 18th.—My conduct has been neither bad nor good. Rather, I lack elasticity. On the 19th the post.

Engagements.—To visit the riding-school, Madame

present case, however, it is more correct to suppose (*vide* entry further on) that it was another Kireyevsky, namely, Ivan Vasilyevich (1806-1856), an eminent noble of the Belev district, Government of Tula, and one of the originators of Slavophilism. At one time he was editor of the journal *Moshvityanin*; he also wrote religious and philosophical articles in the *Moskovsky Sbornik*, *Russkaya Beseda*, and in other publications of the Slavophil circle. In the 'thirties he was editor of the journal *Evropeyets* which was soon suppressed and K. was placed under supervision as a suspect. He was very much upset at his ill-success and left for the country where he became engaged in farming. A second edition of his works, edited by M. O. Gerschenson, was published at Moscow in 1910. A. B. Goldenweiser's *Diary (Russkiye Propiley, vol. ii, p. 342, Moscow, 1916)* contains the following remark by Tolstoy regarding I. V. Kireyevsky, which he made on Aug. 29, 1908: "One could merely say of him that the aim of his life consisted in living with God."—Ed.

¹ Probably A. A. Zakrevsky, Governor-general (*vide* footnote on p. 47) and his wife, Aграфена Федоровна, *née* Countess Tolstoy (1780-1879), daughter of Theodore Andreyevich Tolstoy, Tolstoy's first cousin. It is known that A. S. Pushkin was fascinated by her in her youth.—Ed.

Chertov,¹ the Gorchakovs, and P. I. M.(?).² Towards evening, the bank. To write a history of mi . . .³

January 25th.—I have fallen in love, or imagine myself to have fallen in love. It happened at an evening party. I quite lost my head. I have bought a horse which I do not need.

Rules.—*Never to offer anything for that which I do not require. On arriving at a ball, to invite some lady to dance, and to take with her one turn in a polka or a waltz.*

This evening I must think out ways and means, and set my affairs in order. Meanwhile, stay at home.

February 28th.—I have lost much time. At first worldly pleasures led me away; then a void opened in my soul, and I abandoned all these pursuits, or such of them as had for their object only my own personality. Long it tormented me that I harboured not a single heartfelt thought or sentiment which would condition for me everything . . . in life. I always seem to act at random. But now I seem to have hit upon the heartfelt thought, upon the permanent aim, for which I have long been striving, but which only now I have recognized not merely as an idea, but as an idea having kinship with my soul.

Programme for to-morrow.

To rise at 9; to occupy myself with the Encyclopædia of Law; to make an abstract; to attend requiem mass,

¹ Barbara Evgrafovna Chertova, who had been given a title (the widow of a general, *vide* footnote on p. 48). She formerly lived at Kazan where she probably made the acquaintance of the Tolstoy family. In her youth she had the reputation of being a great beauty. K. N. Bulich mentions her in his *Memoirs* (*vide* the *Vestnik Evropy*, No. 8, 1903). She was known in Moscow as the president of the Board of Guardians of the Poor and of the Moscow Council of Infant Schools. She was 100 years old when she died (1803-1903).—Ed.

² P. I. M. (or P. N. M.?). Judging by the similarity of this entry with others of Tolstoy the letter P indicates "Prince." The other two letters probably indicate the name and patronymic of a person he knew well. Possibly it is Prince N. M. Volkonsky (*vide* footnote on p. 45).—Ed.

³ These dots are as in the copy. Evidently the copyist could not decipher the word begun.—Ed.

then the gymnasium ; to dine ; from 6 to 12, to spend the time either alone or with the Colonist ; *not to smoke.*

To remember that fulfilment of that which I have proposed for myself constitutes the whole happiness of life, or vice versa.

March 1st.—Rule. In difficult circumstances, always to act on one's first impression.

Rise at 8.30, and work till 12 ; from 12 to 1, music ; from 1 to 2 other occupations ; from 2.30 to 6, rest.

Not to go in search of acquaintances. Spend the evening at home, at work.

March 2nd.—The chief reason why I have begun to slacken is that I am beginning to realize that, much as I work at myself, nothing results from it. And this idea I have come to hold also through occupying myself exclusively with will-exercise, regardless of the form in which the will be manifested. This error I must try to correct. Now I wish to prepare for my graduate's examination. Wherefore here lies the form wherein my will should find manifestation. Yet it is not sufficient merely to take up a notebook and read. It is necessary also to prepare for this by working systematically, to procure for myself questions on all subjects, and, with their help, to frame abstracts. It is necessary also to enlist the help of some graduate who can coach and expound.

To-morrow morning, from 8 to 12, I will begin reading through the *Encyclopædia*, with Nevolin's¹ comments ; at 12 go in search of a graduate ; at 2 do my gymnastics ; from 6 to nightfall, occupy myself with the *Encyclopædia*, or some such work, and devote also an hour to music.

Rule.—*In any affair, to remember that the first and only condition upon which success depends is patience, and that what most hinders any affair, and has done great harm to myself, is haste.*

March 3rd.—From 8 to 1.30, the *Encyclopædia* ; from 1.30 to 4, the riding-school and dinner with Prince Andrey Ivanovich ; in the evening, work.

¹ Professor Constantine Alexeyevich Nevolin (1808-1855), author of *An Encyclopædia of Jurisprudence* and other works.—ED.

No entries for the 3rd, 4th, 5th, and 6th.

March 7th.—I have found a useful purpose for my diary besides definition of my future activities. Which purpose is an estimate of each day from the point of view of such weaknesses as I should like to amend.

To-day.—Not for long this morning did I arise: I, as it were, shrank from it, deceiving myself; I read novels when I had other work to do; I said to myself, "First I must drink my coffee," as though to apply myself to anything before that coffee had been drunk was impossible. When speaking to Koloshin I did not call things by their right names, since though both of us realize that our preparation for the examination is waste of time, I did not express the fact openly.

I received Poiret¹ over familiarly, and allowed myself to yield to his being a stranger, to the presence of Koloshin,² and to a misplaced grand-seigneurish sort of feeling; so that I did my gymnastics hurriedly. Out of *fausse honte*, I failed to make anyone hear at the Gorchakovs'; while, at the Koloshins' I made an awkward exit from the draw-

¹ Yakov Viktorovich Poiret (1826-1877), a French citizen, professor of gymnastics and of the art of fencing. He had a gymnasium in the Petrovka until 1874. Tolstoy, who was very strong and adroit by nature, was very fond of all kinds of physical exercises; as can be seen from the last entry he evidently received Poiret for the first time on this day; Poiret later on instructed him in fencing. There was also a "Hotel Poiret" in the great Dmitrovka; the house belonged to Ladyzhensky.—ED.

² Paul Ivanovich Koloshin (1799-1854), a Decembrist, land-owner and translator of military works, and his wife Alexandra Grigoryevna, *née* Countess Saltykov, granddaughter of Count Stepan Fedorovich Tolstoy (a remote relation of L. N. Tolstoy). His eldest son Sergey was a friend of Tolstoy's (concerning him *vide* footnote on p. 45). Of the other sons, Dmitry was an official, and Valentine, who took part in the Crimean Campaign, was killed at Sebastopol in 1855. (He is mentioned in the subsequent volumes of the *Diary*.) Their daughters were Alexandra Pavlovna, who died of cholera in 1848, and Sophie Pavlovna. . . . Undoubtedly Tolstoy was acquainted with the whole Koloshin family, but more intimately with Sergey Pavlovich and his youngest sister "Sonechka," a friend of Tolstoy's childhood and also the object of his first child's love, as he himself confessed.—ED.

ing-room—showed too much haste, and in trying to say something *very amiable*, bungled it.

Again, at the riding-school I yielded to *mauvaise humeur*, and allowed the presence of a lady to lead me to forget the matter in hand. At Begichev's¹ I tried to show off and, to my shame, fell to imitating Gorchakov. Lastly, the same *fausse honte* proved the cause of my failing to remind Ukhtomsky² of the money.

At home I vacillated from the piano to a book, and from a book to a meal and a pipe. Never a thought did I devote to the peasants. I cannot remember whether I lied. Probably I did.

Through carelessness I failed to go and see both the Perfileyevs and the Panins.³ All of which mistakes may be referred to one or another of the following tendencies :

(1) *Indecision*, want of energy ; (2) *self-delusion*, i.e. a tendency to overlook in things the bad when anticipated ; (3) haste ; (4) *fausse honte*, i.e. a fear of doing something unbecoming, due to taking a one-sided view of things. (5) *My evil frame of mind* proceeds for the most part : (1) from hastiness, (2) superficiality of outlook ; (6) *confusion of thought*, i.e. a tendency to overlook near and useful aims in order to appear something different ; (7) *imitativeness* ; (8) *want of stability* ; (9) *want of reflection*.

Engagements for to-morrow.—From 8 to 9, letters to my aunt, Nikolinka concerning a cards' loss, to Zagryazhsky⁴

¹ Vladimir Petrovich Begichev (born at Tula in 1828 and died at St Petersburg in 1891), author of a series of humorous works, vaudeville, etc.—Ed.

² Prince Ukhtomsky ? The Editor is not certain what Ukhtomsky is mentioned here.—Ed.

³ It is possible that Tolstoy here mentions the Countess Alexandra Sergeyevna Panin (1800-1873), *née* Tolstoy, who was married to Alexander Nikitich Panin. Her father, Sergey Vasilyevich Tolstoy, was a lieutenant-captain of the Guards (1771-1831). This branch of the Tolstoys (who do not bear the title of Count) springs from Andrey Vasilyevich Tolstoy, father of Peter Andreyevich—the first Count (*vide* the genealogical table at the end). The A. S. Panin mentioned was related to Tolstoy in the seventh degree.—Ed.

⁴ Probably Nikolay Sergeyevich Zagryazhsky (1824-1906), a landowner of the Tula district, to whom Tolstoy repeatedly made cordial reference in his letters to T. A. Ergolsky.—Ed.

and to the office concerning the money and its division ; from 9 to 10, gymnastics ; from 10 to 11, music, the scales, the waltz and adagio ; from 11 to 1, Poiret ; from 1 to 2.30, visit to the stud, Volkonsky, Lvov, and Gorchakov ; then gymnastics, lunch, a novel, guests and my diary.

March 8th.—Yesterday it was late before I opened my eyes, but eventually I got the better of myself. Then I wrote (*hurriedly and without reflection*), a letter to Niko-linka, and also one, in the stupid form which I have now adopted, to the office (*self-delusion*). My gymnastics I did carelessly, and with too little balancing of myself against my strength. This failing, a deviation from actuality, I shall term in general *presumption*. Frequently I looked at myself in the mirror, which is a foolish thing to do ; it is physical self-love which can result in nought but what is bad and ridiculous. Also, I made a fresh display of shyness before Poiret (*self-delusion*). At the stud I did nothing to speak of beyond take the initiative in bowing to Golitsin¹ instead of continuing in the direction whither

¹ Prince Sergey Mikhailovich Golitsin (1774-1859), president of the Moscow Board of Guardians, curator of the Moscow Education District, chamberlain, member of the Council of State, a prominent Moscow gentleman universally respected. His wife, Princess Evdokia Ivanovna, *née* Izmailov, was a writer on mathematical questions ; in society she was called : "La princesse nocturne" and "La princesse minuit" (the midnight princess). Their house was situated in the Volkhonka, Moscow, and is the property of the School of Art and Agriculture (now occupied by the "Golitsin School of Rural Economy"). The Prince was the owner of immense wealth and, amongst other things, owner of the estate "Kuzminki" near Moscow, and of several tens of thousands of serfs ; at the time mentioned (1851) he already held high rank.

Tolstoy's annoyance with himself that he "bowed first" to the old Prince Golitsin—strange at first sight—is explained by his strict attitude towards himself at all times—by his constant verification of his feelings and actions. Here evidently he was troubled by the thought : does not this action imply servility ? Might not the prince think that he, young Tolstoy, is trying to get into his favour ? An echo of this mood and perhaps of his relations with the prince S. M. G. can be found in the novel *Cossacks* (chap. ii.), where it is stated of Olenin, the hero : "He had known long that honours and rank were nonsense, but he experienced an involuntary pleasure when Prince Sergey approached him at the ball and said pleasant things to him." (*Vide Complete Works*,

I was bound. *Want of self-possession.* At gymnastics I showed off (*boastfulness*). Also I tried to impart to Kobylin¹ my candid opinion of myself (petty vanity); at luncheon I overate myself (gluttony); I went to Volkonsky's without first finishing what I had to do (lack of continuity); I gorged myself upon sweets; I sat up too late; and I told several falsehoods.

Engagements for the 9th.—From 8 to 10, calculate my debts, and write letters to my aunt and Ferzen²; 10 to 11, do gymnastics; 11 to 12, music; 12 to 3, call upon Panin, the Perflyevs, the Beers,³ Madame Anikeyev, Begichev, vol. ii., chap. ii.). This information, which confirms the supposition that this is the Golitsin mentioned in the *Diary*, has been communicated by N. V. Davydov.—Ed.

¹ Nikolay Evgrafovich Kobylin (1827-1865), a landowner of the Krapivna district, Government of Tula.—Ed.

² Possibly Count Paul Karlovich Ferzen, subsequently master of the hounds to Alexander II. It is probably he who is mentioned in Tolstoy's letters to his brother Sergey Nikolayevich as a St Petersburg acquaintance.—Ed.

³ The Beers were related to the Counts Tolstoy. . . . Anastasia Vladimirovna, *née* Rzhevsky, a cousin of Tolstoy's father, was the head of the Beer family which Tolstoy visited at Moscow in the 'fifties (near the Red Gate). Anastasia Vladimirovna was married to Andrey Andreyevich Beer, who had died before the beginning of the 'fifties. She was noted for her oppressive, despotic character; she held in fear the whole family and anyone calling at the house: we draw attention to this fact as a possible cause of Tolstoy's "timidity" mentioned in his *Diary*. (*Vide* entry for March 12th further on.) At that time only her daughter Natalia Andreyevna (1809-1887) and her two nieces Rzhevsky were living with her at Moscow. The Beer family was distinguished by the exceptionally high level of its mental development; the Bakunins, Stankevich, Granovsky, the Kireyevskys, and others were on friendly terms with the Beers. The members of this Beer family now living (the grandchildren of Anastasia Andreyevna) possess a family archive in which is preserved extensive biographical material relating to the nineteenth century, already partially published. Extremely interesting and detailed information concerning the Beer family and the friendship and falling in love of Natalia Andreyevna in her youth with young Nikolay Vladimirovich Stankevich (1835) and later with Michael Alexandrovich Bakunin, who was still quite young at that time, are given in A. A. Kornilov's monograph: *Michael Bakunin's Young Days; from the History of Russian Romanticism*, published by Sabashnikov, Moscow, 1915. Chapters viii. and xiv. are wholly devoted to the Beer family. (*Vide* also footnote on p. 182, *Beerska*.)—Ed.

and the lawyer ; see about money ; lunch with the Gorchakovs, and inquire about a post ; at home, read and write whatsoever shall come into my head ; make an abstract of what has been read, or even write it out ; compose a journal of my failings (Franklin).¹

March 9th.—Yesterday it was long before I arose, for I lacked energy. Wrote a letter (a harmless one) to Islavin.² Then went for a drive in dirty gloves and minus

¹ Benjamin Franklin (1706-1790) . . . was a very humane and virtuous man who worked tirelessly all his life at educating himself ; he kept a regular journal which represented " Rules for Conduct " which he followed strictly. In a special notebook he marked each evening with a cross the point in which he had transgressed during the day. For this purpose he had each time to think over and consider all his actions during the day. As he was aware that one cannot acquire all good habits at a blow, he each week turned his special attention to one such habit, putting it at the top of the page. Here is one of the pages of his notebook as an example, probably in imitation of which Tolstoy provided himself with a similar notebook in his youth.

A PAGE FROM FRANKLIN'S JOURNAL ABSTENTION

	Sun.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thurs.	Fri.	Sat.
Taciturnity . . .	+	—	—	+	—	+	—
Order . . .	+	—	—	+	+	+	—
Resoluteness . . .	—	—	+	—	—	+	—
Economy . . .	—	—	+	—	—	—	—
Honesty . . .	—	—	—	—	+	—	—
Truthfulness . . .	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Righteousness . . .	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Moderation . . .	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Tidiness . . .	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Calmness . . .	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Humility . . .	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

Franklin wrote in his 79th year : " I am indebted to my notebook for the happiness of my whole life." (According to P. Korsunsky's booklet *Benjamin Franklin*, publication No. 59 in "Booklet after Booklet"). A similar *Journal of Failings* was kept by Tolstoy for several years, as we can see by further entries, in which he mentions the *Franklin Journal* and the *Franklin Table* (vide the Alphabetical Index).—Ed.

² Probably Constantine Alexandrovich Islavin, illegitimate son of A. N. Islenyev ; he was the uncle (through his mother, *née* Islavin) of Sophie Andreyevna Bers, later L. N. Tolstoy's wife. Further on Tolstoy calls him " Kostinka."—Ed.

a fur coat (want of thought, haste). Told Panin of my building scheme (desire to show off). Visited Olivier's¹ and the Beers, and (at both showed indecision and shyness). At the Gorchakovs' (false shame, and desire to show off). Called upon Kireyevsky without any reason (want of solidity, shyness).

Engagements for the 10th.—Rise at 8; from 8 to 9, letters; from 9 to 11, music; from 11 to 1, fencing; from 1 to 2.30, the Anikeyevs and a walk; gymnastics, dinner with Lvov, in the evening, reading and this diary.

March 10th.—Again did not rise till late. Spoke amiss to Ozerov, and pressed upon him a horse. *Meanness.* Poiret. Deception and haste. Lied to Begichev that I was acquainted with the Siberian Gorchakovs. Left my fur coat behind (*haste and want of solidity*). At the Council showed *diffidence*; at gymnastics, *vanity*; at the Lvovs' *presumption and affectation*. Omitted to make any transcriptions—*sloth*. Even my journal of failings am writing hastily and without care.

Occupations for March 11th.—Arrange about an under-jacket and the horse. Until 10 o'clock, this diary, the Franklin journal, and letters; from 10 to 11, gymnastics; from 11 to 12, music; until 6, a walk, and dinner; from 6 onwards, notes and reading.

March 11th.—Wrote a good letter, though rather hastily, and did gymnastics hurriedly. At Islenyev's¹ showed lack of *dignité*; and again at the riding-school (*absence of*

¹ Osip Antonovich Olivier. He was a hairdresser in the Petrovka and also keeper of a restaurant "Ermitage."—Ed.

² Alexander Mikhailovich Islenyev, uncle (through her mother) of Countess Sophie Andreyevna Tolstoy (Bers), or one of his sons. Tolstoy in his *Reminiscences of My Childhood*, when speaking of his brother Dmitry says: "It was the youngest son of Islenyev who seduced him; he had a very attractive appearance but was a thoroughly immoral man" (*vide* Complete Works, vol. i., p. 290). In a letter to T. A. Ergolsky from Moscow (Dec. 24, 1850), Tolstoy writes: "Why are you so incensed at Islenyev? If it is with the purpose of separating me from him it is useless because he is no longer in Moscow." (L. N. Tolstoy's Complete Works, vol. xxi., p. 105). Tolstoy's *Letters to his Wife* (Moscow, 1915) contain a series of scathing remarks concerning Islenyev.—Ed.

mind). Waited for dinner—*diffidence*. Too frank with Begichev (desire to show off). At Mitikov's (?) showed *shyness*, a desire to show off and disregard of my rules.

For the 12th. From 10 to 11, business in connection with horses: from 11 to 3, concert and Poirer—no, from 11 to 3, *concert*, the Volkonskys and dinner; in the evening, notes and reading. Concert and reading. Early to bed.

March 12th.—Badly, badly, badly did I spend yesterday! To-morrow I will explain how it was. It came of the fact that I lay down at 3 o'clock, and Zubkov¹ called.

Engagements.—From 8 to 9, the diary; from 9 to 10, gymnastics; from 10 to 12, reading and notes; from 10 to 2, Beers, the Muromtsevs, and the Dyakovs; from 2 to 4, gymnastics and dinner; from 6 to 10, reading and writing, or else Zubkov.

Yesterday.—Was not, throughout, myself (1) because I had not had my sleep out, (2) because my stomach was upset. Shall I ever come to realize what I can do—*i.e.* to know beforehand just what I can bear, and what I cannot?

Rule.—When desirous of anything, physical or moral, consider whether the fulfilment of it will not afford more labour than advantage. If so, do not translate it into action.

Yesterday, after rising, I fenced, lost my head, went to see Mlle. Beer, failed to speak to her of the business—*shyness*. Was too much in a hurry, omitted to make the acquaintance of her brother² (*shyness*), left the Beer's house, expecting something extraordinary to occur without any reason, and went to *play cards in a mood of over-self-reliance*.

At the Volkonsky's fell asleep—*weakness*. Went home without my fur coat—*absence of mind*. From the concert

¹ Zubkov. In one of Tolstoy's later letters, to Mme. Ergolsky this name is mentioned amongst the number of Tolstoy's acquaintances in Moscow who evidently were not intimate friends. "You will think that I am playing and will play again; have your mind at ease—it is an exception I have allowed myself only in regard to Mr Zubkov." (Complete Works, vol. xxi., p. 107.)—Ed.

² Probably Alexis Andreyevich Beer, brother of Natalia Andreyevna. (Constantine, another brother, died in 1847. See footnote on p. 60.)—Ed.

to *Chevalier's*.¹ At the concert expected something special. Did not go up to Per. when I had a great mind to.

In life it is a faculty of great importance that one should be able swiftly to transfer attention from one subject to another. This I have remarked more particularly after spasms of joy or grief.

A rule.—When a matter which has been occupying you ceases to call for effort, turn your attention to another subject or occupation.

March 13th.—Yesterday morning I forgot to write to Zubkov, and felt too lazy to do transcription. *Sloth.* Zhdanov² arrived and I went to see Islenyev when I had other affairs to attend to. *Faint-heartedness and thoughtlessness.*

At gymnastics wrestled with Bilye³—*lack of pride, of fierté.* Went to a confectioner's—*gluttony.* At home proved too lazy to make notes. When with Islavin, wanted to show off, and the same at Beer's, while evincing shyness.

Engagements for the 14th.—From 8 to 9, reading, notes, and other business; from 9 to 10, gymnastics; from 10 to 11, Poiret; from 11 to 12, writing; from 12 to 3, visits to Muromtsev, the Dyakovs, and the stud; from 3 to 5, dinner; from 5 until evening, reading and writing, Zubkov, or the concert. Read up subject of fencing.

March 14th.—Rose reluctantly—*sloth.* Was too *slothful* to copy out extracts—*absent-mindedness*; too *slothful* to read. Told Koloshin and the Dyakovs lies—*falsehood.* At Lvov's said much, but did not call things by their right names—*self-deception.*

For the 15th. From 8 to 9, reading and writing; from

¹ Hippolyte Chevalier's hotel and restaurant (fashionable at that time) in Staro-Gazetny Lane. In a fragment of his unfinished novel *The Decembrists* (chap. ii), Tolstoy describes with a fair amount of detail this restaurant and its rôle in the life of the gay, rich young aristocrats of the 'fifties.—ED.

² Rich landowner related to the Beers; there were four brothers: Ivan, Orest, Vasily, and Nikanor Grigoryevich. There was another Zhdanov, Nikolay Mikhailovich (1812-1879) a Tula nobleman.—ED.

³ A well-known strong man and gymnast.—ED.

9 to 10, gymnastics and other affairs; from 11 to 1, concerning sale of the stud . . . , a walk, gymnastics, and dinner; until evening, reading, writing, and Zubkov.

A bath.

March 15th.—Rose reluctantly—*sloth*. Wrote nothing at all—*sloth*. In thoughtlessness invited Koloshin to attend the sale of my horse at auction. Showed diffidence, *shyness*. At gymnastics proved satisfactory. At dinner displayed *gluttony*. At home did nothing—*sloth*. When with Kostinka,¹ spoke with too much abstraction, and showed *insufficient firmness*, both moral and physical.

To-morrow. From 8 to 9 reading and writing; from 9 to 10, gymnastics; from 10 to 11, a note to Zubkov and letters to Andrey² and Volkonsky; from 11 to 1, visits to the Beers and Islenyev; from 1 to 2, the Gorchakovs; from 2 to 4, a ride; in the evening, writing.

I have sat up till 1 o'clock.

March 16th.—Rose reluctantly—*sloth*; wrote nothing, partly because I had nothing to write, and partly owing to *sloth*, to want of thoughtfulness. At the Beers' showed *diffidence*, *absence of mind*; at Morel's³ *diffidence*, *absence of mind* and *gluttony*; in the evening, *lack of fortitude*.

To-morrow shall be the last time that I allow myself to play—in the morning with Kulikovsky, and, in the evening, with Zubkov.

¹ K. A. Islavin. (*Vide* footnote, p. 61.)—ED.

² Andrey Ilyin, steward of Yasnaya Polyana, evidently the man to whom Tolstoy in *Reminiscences of My Childhood* (1903) refers as follows: "As we children were returning from a walk with our tutor, we met, near the barn, the fat steward, Andrey Ilyin, and we were struck by the sad appearance of Kuzma who walked behind him; Kuzma was a married, elderly man. One of us inquired of Andrey Ilyin whither he was going, and he replied calmly that he was bound for the barn where he was to flog Kuzma. I cannot describe the horrible feeling produced in me by the words, coupled with the sight of the good, despondent Kuzma."—ED.

³ Hotel and restaurant in the Arbat (in the district of the church of St Boris and St Gleb). The proprietress was distinguished for her beauty (according to the tales of old inhabitants of Moscow). We have reason to suppose that Tolstoy not only visited this restaurant but that he knew the proprietress personally.—ED.

Engagements for the 17th.—Rose at 9.30 ; until 11, fencing ; from 11 to 12, read through the rules of play, and send invitations for the evening to Begichev, Ukhtomsky, and Talyzin¹ ; from 12 to 2, either play cards, keep engagements with the Beers and Islenyev, or read ; then gymnastics ; dinner at the Gorchakovs' ; in the evening, rules of play and of life, with remarks thereon ; later, until 12, play.

March 17th.—*Sloth, absence of mind, lack of firmness, want of character, rashness in play.*

For the 18th. From 12 to 1, give orders ; from 1 to 2, Ozerov, Beer, Islenyev, Morel's, Volkonsky ; from 2-4, a ride and Kulikovsky. Dine (cheaply) at home ; in the evening, and until 8, gymnastics, reading, and writing. From 4 to 12, play.

For the 19th. From 9 to 11, gymnastics and fencing ; from 11 to 3, sleep ; from 3 to 5, a walk and a ride ; from 5 to 7, dinner and a rest ; from 7 to 11, writing in this diary.

March 19th.—Throughout these two days I have been indolent. *Apathy and a tendency to vanity.*

For the 20th. From 8 to 9, read ; from 9 to 10, gymnastics ; from 10 to 11, Islenyev ; from 11 to 1, a walk and Sollogub ; from 1 to 2, a ride ; from 2 to 3, gymnastics ; dine at home ; in the evening, read and write.

March 20th.—Rose late. Failed to make anyone hear at Islenyev's, and went down the steps again. Lack of *fiercé*. Did not call upon Sollogub either. Not that it was necessary to do so, what was necessary was that I should do what I had set myself. Visited Kulikovsky and Hop. (?) in aimless fashion and with a view to possible play. *Expectancy and the passion for gambling.* Showed myself slothful in writing my letters. During the evening wrote nothing at all. *Sloth.*

Engagements for the 21st.—From 8 to 10, to read Lamar-

¹ Alexander Stepanovich Talyzin (1795-1858) and his wife Olga Nikolayevna (*née* Countess Zubov) ; their children were : Anatole, Stepan, and Peter, and five daughters.—Ed.

tine,¹ my own writing, and to write. From 10 to 11, fencing; from 11 to 2, visits to Beer, the office of the chief of police, Ozerov, and Beklemishev. From 2 to 4, to ride. From 4 to 6 to dine. In the evening, to read and to write.

Two principal passions which I have noted in myself are a passion for play and vanity; which latter is the more dangerous in that it assumes a countless multitude of different forms, such as a desire to show off, want of reflection, absence of mind, and so on. This evening I will read over my diary from the day of my arrival in Moscow, make some general notes, and audit my debts and expenses in Moscow.

I have come to Moscow with three aims: (1) to play, (2) to marry, (3) to obtain a post.

The first of these is mean and low, and, thank God, after reviewing the position of my affairs, and renouncing my prejudices I have decided to correct and to set in order those affairs by the sale of a portion of my property. The second, thanks to the wise advice of my brother Nikolay, I have hitherto left to the time when I may be constrained either by love or by convenience or even by fate—which latter cannot be opposed in everything. The last will be impossible until after 2 years' service in the Province; and, to tell the truth, I have no desire for it, but desire many other things . . . [*an undecipherable word*]. Hence I must wait until fate itself shall set me in such a position.

Of late I have had many weaknesses. Above all, I have paid but little attention to moral rules, and been led away by rules necessary for success. Next, I have been taking too narrow a view of things. For instance, I have been setting myself many rules which might all have been conjoined into one—to have no vanity; forgetting that an indispensable condition of success is reliance upon oneself, and a contempt for trifles which cannot proceed otherwise than from moral non-exaltation.

¹ Alphonse de Prat de Lamartine (1790-1869), a well-known French poet and politician, and author of *A History of the Girondins*, which Tolstoy was then engaged in reading.—ED.

*March 20th.*¹—This morning I spent in reading and writing. I wrote little, for I was not in the right humour to do so, and felt disinclined even to correct what I had written.

Rule.—*It is better to attempt a thing capable of repetition and to spoil it, than to do nothing at all.*

With Poirot did good work. Then went for a walk, and visited the Chancellory. At the Beers' was for showing off, and the same again at the riding school. Also, through *absence of mind* forgot to take luncheon. In the evening felt idle, and called upon the Volkonskys, where I comforted myself well, save that I addressed an impertinent remark to Volkonsky?—"Fertile Rural . . ."²

For the 21st. From 8 to 10, reading and writing; from 10 to 11, gymnastics; from 11 to 2, visits to Beklemishev³ and Ozerov, on the subject of money in general; also, to the Arbat Quarter and to Volkov⁴; from 2 onwards, accounts and expenses in Moscow; from 2 to 4, gymnastics; from 4 to 6, dinner; from 6 to 12, study.

I have spent about 1200 roubles; lost in hard cash about 250; and failed to repay to date 1750. I have received from the posting-station about 150 roubles, and lost about 200 quarters of oats. Total, 3650.

March 21st.—I spent the time not altogether amiss, save for lack of firmness, which led me to itch to show off. Dined at home; did and thought nothing about the

¹ Second entry for the same date.—ED.

² Evidently an unfinished quotation.—ED.

³ Either Dmitry Ivanovich Beklemishev (1818-1893), a land-owner of Tula, or Sergey Ivanovich Beklemishev, who died in 1865.—ED.

⁴ Possibly Alexander Alexandrovich Volkov, a general of gendarmery, and his wife Sophie Alexandrovna, *née* Rimsky-Korsakov, the daughter of the well-known Maria Ivanovna R.-K. (*née* Naumov, the widow of a chamberlain of the time of Catherine II.), in her time was known throughout the whole of Moscow as a hospitable hostess and a "great hand at arranging parties and festivities. . . ."

Another Volkov, A. S., is mentioned by Tolstoy in his letter from the Caucasus to T. A. Ergolsky (1851): Alexeyev, commander of the battery, reminds him of "A. S. Volkov, but he is not such a hypocrite as the latter."—ED.

money. *Self-delusion*. Also, wrote too hurriedly extracts, remarks, and this diary.

I may write a good book, a life of Tatyana Alexandrovna.¹

To-morrow must rise at 8; from 8 to 10, read and

¹ Tolstoy regarded her life as a model of self-sacrifice and service of others. In his *Reminiscences* Tolstoy thus begins the chapter on T. A.: "After my father and mother, the third most important person in the sense of influencing my life was Tatyana Alexandrovna Ergolsky—'Auntie' as we used to call her. She was a remote relation of my grandmother through the Gorchakovs." Chap. i. of Tolstoy's *Reminiscences of My Childhood*, written in 1903, is devoted to her. . . . To characterize the touching filial relations between Tolstoy and T. A. Ergolsky we permit ourselves to quote from his letters to her from the Caucasus, which contain, for instance, lines like the following: "Your letter made me shed tears. All your letters for some time act upon me in the same way. I have always been Lyova the cry-baby. At first I was ashamed of my weakness, but the tears I shed when thinking of you and of your love to us, are so joyful that I let them fall without any false shame. You ask God to send you death, the greatest misfortune which might overtake me (this is not a phrase, but God be my witness that the two greatest misfortunes which might overtake me would be your death and that of Nikolenka—of the two people whom I love more than myself). . . . When I make plans for my personal happiness the thought that you will share it with me and profit by it never forsakes me. When I do something good I am satisfied with myself because I know that you will be satisfied with me. When I act badly what I fear most of all is to grieve you. I am afraid you may think I am exaggerating, but I am shedding bitter tears as I write to you. . . ." Tiflis, Jan. 6th, 1852. . . . And further: "Again I am shedding tears; whatever misfortunes may overtake me I shall never regard myself as quite unhappy as long as you live. Do you remember our parting at the Iversky chapel, when we were leaving for Kazan? At that time, as if by inspiration, at the very moment of parting I grasped all you were to me and, although still a child, with tears and a few fragmentary words I managed to convey to you what I felt. The present feeling is much more powerful and more elevated than it has been at any other time. Formerly, when I read your letters in which you spoke of your feeling for me it seemed to me that you exaggerated. Only on re-reading your letters I understood your boundless love for us and your lofty mind. . . . You know that perhaps my only good quality is delicacy of feeling. The happiest moments of my life are indebted to this quality." Mozdock Sta., Jan. 12, 1852. (*Vide* Tolstoy's *Complete Works*, vol. xxi., pp. 120-121.)

After having lived for many years, with the Tolstoy family, T. A. died at Yasnaya Polyana on June 20, 1874, aged 79, and was buried in the neighbourhood, near the parish church of the

write ; from 10 to 11, do gymnastics ; from 11 to 12, see to money affairs, pay a visit to the stud, and attend the Council ; until 4, ride ; dine at home. Also, I must begin this diary and my notes earlier. In the evening, go out for a couple of hours.

For the development of all one's faculties gymnastics are indispensable. Gymnastics of the memory exist : every day I ought to learn something by heart. The English language.

March 23rd.—Rose at 8.30, and read and wrote but, did not correct what I had written. *Self-deception*. At gymnastics *was lazy* ; at Koloshin's *diffident* ; at the Beer's over-expressive of my views, of my manner of life, *desire to expatiate*. Dined with Volkonsky, and spoke much of myself. *Desire to expatiate*. In the evening read without method, *want of thought*. At the concert did not approach Zakrevsky, *diffidence*. Bowed to Ukhtomsky, *diffidence*. Could not bow to Madame Lvov, *diffidence*. At home sat up with Kostinka, until after 12. *Want of decision*.

Rule.—To endeavour to form a style (1) in conversation, (2) in writing.

For the 24th. Rise at 9 ; until 12, read and write ; from 12 to 2, pay visits to Ozerov, Beklemishev, and Lvov ; from 2 to 4.30, letters ; from 4.30 to 6, dinner ; from 6 to 8, the English language ; from 8 to 10, Volkonsky ; from 10 to 12, write up my diary, and frame rules for development of style. Make correct translation.

March 24th.—Rose a little late, and read, but could do no writing. On Poiré arriving, we started fencing ; I could not bring myself to dismiss him. *Sloth and diffidence*. Ivanov arrived, and I talked with him too long. *Diffidence*. Later Koloshin (Sergey) looked in for *vodka*, and I forebore to get rid of him—*diffidence*. At Ozerov's, disputed the subject of stupidity (*addiction to quarrelling*) and

Kochaki village, on the Tula highway ; Tolstoy's parents and his daughter Maria Lvovna (who died in 1906) are also buried there.
—ED.

forgot to mention what was really necessary. *Diffidence*. Omitted to visit Beklemishev (*feebleness of energy*). At gymnastics, failed to walk the bars, *cowardice*, or to do a certain trick because of its hurting me (*tenderness*).

At Gorchakov's told a lie—*mendacity*. Visited the Novo-Troitsky restaurant ¹ (*lack of fierté*), at home omitted to study the English language (*lack of determination*); at Volkonsky's showed myself unnatural and ill at ease; and sat up till one (*non-self-control, desire to expatiate, and weakness of character*).

For the 25th. From 10 to 11, diary of the previous day, and reading; from 11 to 12, gymnastics; from 12 to 1, the English language; from 1 to 2, Becklemishev and Beer; from 2 to 4, a ride; from 4 to 6, dinner; from 6 to 8, reading; from 8 to 10, writing and translation from foreign languages for the development of memory and style.

Record notes of to-day, with the thoughts and impressions which the day is now engendering.

March, 25th.—Rose late—*sloth*. Wrote up my diary and did gymnastics. *Showed haste*. Through *sloth*, again, did not study the English language. At Begichev's and Islavin's showed *vanity*, and, at Beklemishev's, *diffidence* and lack of *fierté*.

On the Tverskoy Boulevard *tried to show off*, and owing to *tenderness* did not proceed to the *Kalymazhny Dvor* on foot, but drove thither out of a *desire for display*. For the same reason drove to Ozerov's. Omitted to return to the *Kalymazhny Dvor*—*want of thoughtfulness*. At Gorchakov's failed to maintain reticence, or to call things by their right names—*self-delusion*. Visited Lvov simply out of *lack of energy and usedness to doing nothing*. At home sat up late through absence of mind, and read Werther ² without heeding what I was doing—*haste*.

For the 26th. Rise at 5, and, until 10, work at history

¹ The Novo-Troitsky restaurant was kept by Gurin at the spot where Testov's restaurant is now situated.—ED.

² Goethe's *Sorrows of Young Werther*.—ED.

of to-day ; from 10 to 12, fence and read ; from 12 to 1, study the English language, and, if anything hinders me, do it in the evening ; from 1 to 3, take a walk ; from 4, read ; from 4 to 6, dine, read, and write.

March 26th.—Rose an hour later than I had set myself to do, but wrote and fenced well, though studying the English language *in haste, and with self-deception*. Zubkov called and I felt both a desire to *play* and a fear that I should not be able to refrain. Then for a walk, with *a desire to show off*. At the riding school told Ermolov ¹ *a lie*. Dined at home, and omitted to attend gymnastics—*sloth*. Spent the evening well.

For the 27th. Rise at 5 ; until 11, write ; from 11 to 2, read, write a letter to Tatyana Alexandrovna, and study the English language ; from 2 to 7, gymnastics, dinner, and a rest ; from 7 to 10, read.

March 27th.—Until 11, employed myself in writing, but *hastily*. Received Beklemishev in my shirt-sleeves, *and did not call things by their right names, but showed shyness*. Also, lost my stick—*absence of mind*. At Beklemishev's behaved even as at my own place. At gymnastics worked *hastily* and without system, and *with a desire to show off*. At Morel's evinced *gluttony*. From 8 to 11.30 evinced *drowsiness and sloth*.

For the 28th. From 5 to 9, write ; from 9 to 11, other work ; from 11 to 3, read and go for a ride and a walk ; from 3 to 5, dine ; from 5 to 8, read and take a bath ; from 8 to 10, the English language. In the morning complete my description of the evening, and fair copy it.

March 28th.—Maria has called concerning her passport. [28].

Rose late, and wrote little. *Sloth*. Visited Ozerov and Beklemishev ; with Ozerov at the restaurant and on horse-back—showed *want of discrimination and fierté*. Dined, and, after dinner, at Beklemishev's showed want of

¹ Perhaps it is the famous A. P. Ermolov mentioned here who, as is known, lived in retirement in Moscow during the last years of his life. (*Vide* footnote to the entry for March 30, 1821, on p. 143.)—ED.

character and decision. Read. At Volkonsky's showed *diffidence and self-delusion.*

For the 29th. From 5 to 10, write; from 10 to 2, business matters; from 2 to 4, gymnastics; from 4 to 6, dinner; from 6 to 8, writing; from 8 to 10, Volkonsky.

March 29th.—In my writing showed *sloth and haste*; in my business affairs *absence of mind*; in my gymnastics *faintheartedness*. Dined, did no writing at all, and visited Volkonsky and Kulikovsky; was minded to *play a little*.

For the 30th. From 5 to 11, reading and writing; from 11 to 1, letters and business dispositions; from 1 to 2.30, a ride; from 2.30 to 4, a walk, dinner at home, and reading.

March 30th.—Rose at 7, and, until 10, did writing in sorry fashion. At 10 attended requiem mass. In church bore myself awkwardly. *Vanity.* At 4, on the Tverskoy Boulevard, omitted to salute Orlov.¹ *Diffidence.* A ride in the country. Dined, read, and went early to bed for the reason that I had *overeaten myself and lack stamina.*

Rise at 6; until 1, read²; from 1 to 4, walk, and do gymnastics; from 4 to 6, dine; from 6 to 10, write.

March 31st.—Read, but did not write up this diary. Read later until 12. From 12 to 2, conversed with Begichev too frankly—showed *vanity and self-delusion*; from 2 to 4 did gymnastics—want of *courage and of patience*; from 4 to 6, dined and made some necessary purchases. At home did no writing—*sloth*. Could not for long decide to visit the Volkonskys. Having arrived, spoke feebly—*shyness*. Bore myself badly. *Shyness, vanity, want of thought, weakness, sloth.*

April 2nd.—From 5 to 10, fair copy; from 10 to 12, prepare for my departure.

April 3rd. *Yasnaya Polyana.*—On the 2nd: from 5 to 10 I read, then called upon the Volkonskys and the

¹ Orlov (Countess?). This name is in italics in the copy.—Ed.

² In the copy stood the words: "Rose at 6, until 1 played"; we correct an obvious mistake.—Ed.

Gorchakovs. Paraded the boulevard, *vanity*. Begichev offered money which I neither accepted nor declined—showing *self-deception*. During the journey comported myself well. Was weak with Shcherbatov; at the Arsenyevs' ¹ languid. *En route* was *untidy*.

From 5 to 7, reading and writing; from 7 to 10, business with the *starosta* and Andrey Ilyin; from 10 to 12, a walk, or piano practice; expedition to Pirigovo ²; in the evening, reading and writing.

April 4th.—Through *sloth*, rose late, went for a walk, and visited the office. Andrey not there. Neglected to play the piano. *Sloth, indecision*. In the evening went to sleep. *Somnolence*.

For the 5th. From 5 to 7, matins; from 7 to 9, Andrey Ilyin; from 9 to 11, reading and writing; from 11 to 12, gymnastics; at 12, to Pirogovo; in the evening, writing.

April 5th.—During the morning employed myself well. Later went out hunting, and to Pirogovo. *Want of solidity*. Told lies at Serezha's: and showed *vanity* and *shyness*.

For the 6th. From 8 to 10, writing; from 10 to 11, Mass; from 12 to 4, dinner; from 4 to 6, reading; from 6 to 10, writing.

April 6th.—Performed nothing, but *lied*, and showed *much vanity*. Also, made preparation ³ *carelessly*, and *with absence of mind*. Am preoccupied with an affair connected with Gilke.⁴ After dinner must write an account of it. Have a mind to write some homilies.

¹ We may suppose that it is this family with which Tolstoy became very intimate in 1856; at one time he was considered to be engaged to Valerie Vladimirovna Arsenyev (this fact is mentioned in the subsequent Diaries). The Arsenyevs were landowners of Tula; their estate Sudakovo lies in the neighbourhood of Yasnaya Polyana.—Ed.

² The estate of Sergey Nikolayevich, Tolstoy's brother, situated some 25 miles from Yasnaya Polyana.—Ed.

³ For the Easter Sacrament.—*Trans.*

⁴ Probably a colonist, an old tenant at Yasnaya Polyana. (*Vide* the entry for Feb. 28, 1851.)—Ed.

April 7th.—*Sloth and weakness.* [4]. To-morrow will be Easter Day.

April 8th, Easter.—Wrote a homily, but *indolently, weakly, with diffidence.*

April 14th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, and 14th.—Spent time at Yasnaya and Tula, and visited Shcherbatov, Chulkov, and Arsenyev (did not send for Gilke); journey from Pirogovo. At Pokrovskoye bore myself unnaturally, and showed childishness.

April 14th. Yas. Pol.—From 7 to 10, give Nikolay¹ his orders, and do gymnastics 10 to 12, take a walk, and write letters to Volkonsky and Kostinka; 12 to 1, lunch; 1 to 6, go hunting; in the evening, visit Serezha, and write description of a dream.

Gave Nikolay his orders *superficially*; did gymnastics *thoughtlessly*; only the writing done well. Nurse complained of money wasted in drink. Went hunting without enthusiasm. In the evening did no writing, and shall retire early, so as to rise the sooner, and to set to work the more actively.

For the 15th. From 5 to 8, writing; from 8 to 9, music and tea; from 9 to 11, gymnastics; from 11 to 1, reduce to a certain order my affairs before my departure, but without hurrying.

From 1 to 10, luncheon, writing, reading and a walk.

April 15th.—Rose late—at 8 o'clock. *Sloth and indecision.* Did gymnastics well, played the piano *with haste*, read *similarly*, dined with my aunt T. A. Ergolsky, and disputed with her. *Lack of fierié.* After dinner, spent evening in prowling about and experiencing *voluptuous desires.*

April 16th.—From 7 to 12, read, and did gymnastics—neither of them well; from 12 to 1, lunched; from 1 to 2, slept; from 2 to 7, went hunting; from 7 to 9, read; from 9 to 10.30, engaged in music.

April 17th.—Yesterday wrote nothing. *Sloth* overcame me. Will to-day begin a description of a day's

¹ Probably a servant of Tolstoy's.—ED.

sport. Had a long talk with my aunt, who, though very kind and high-minded, is also very one-sided. She can feel and think in one rut alone—nothing more. Am troubled with voluptuousness. [[38]].

There is no better means of deciding whether one has advanced in anything than that of testing oneself in one's former mode of action. If one would learn whether or not one has developed, one should submit oneself to a previous standard. Four months' absence from home finds me in the same setting as before. Even in point of indolence I am practically the same as of old, though my ability to deal with subordinates has undergone some slight improvement. But the only respect in which I have made real advance is my frame of mind.

April 18th.—Yesterday could not forbear signalling to someone in a pink dress who looked comely from a distance. Opened the back door, and she entered. Could not even see her; all seemed foul and repellent, and I actually hated her for having caused me to break my rule. In a general way I am feeling something of the hatred which one feels for people to whom one cannot explain that one does not like them, but who have the right to suppose that one is kindly disposed towards them. A sense of duty, a sense of revulsion—both spoke against it. [[8]].

I repented terribly; never before have I felt this as now. But it is a step forward.

April 19th.—Nikolinka, Valerian, and Masha¹ have arrived. To-morrow I go to Tula for decision of the question of the type of service post which is to be mine, and shall surrender Vorotynka for 16,000 roubles. Through country life I have become more religious than formerly.

April 20th. . . . *En route from Yasn. Pol. to Moscow, Kazan, the Caucasus.*

May 20th.—Have omitted posting my diary up to this 20th May. Yet I shall recall the month day by day. And a very interesting one it has been. Very interesting

¹ Tolstoy's brother Nikolay Nikolayevich, his sister and her husband, Count Valerian Petrovich Tolstoy.—Ed.



Leo Tolstoy
at the time of his departure for the Caucasus 1851



too has been the time spent in Moscow, owing to my present attitude, my contempt for society, the unending struggle that is in process within me.¹ Returned to the estate, Tula; Shcherbatov very kind and civil. Arsenyev ill; I came to Yasnaya for mass. At Pirogovo. Masha² and Serezha [2]. The *goveniye*³ — homilies. A let . . . to Yasnaya. To Tula. Islenyev, Chulkov, Perfil'yev . . . Arsenyev, and, one evening Gartung.⁴ A few days at Pokrovskoye—Valerian and Masha. Returned to Tula. At Yasnaya. To Tula, Islenyev, Seleznev. Moscow, Kostinka, Zubkov, Nikolinka.

The tour⁵: At Kazan. The Shuvalovs,⁶ Zybin,⁷

¹ One explanation of this stern attitude towards himself is to be found in a letter to T. A. Ergolsky, wherein Tolstoy describes, in jesting form, his sojourn in Moscow after his expedition to Kazan. "Our journey was very successful in point of weather and of the road, and afterwards we spent two days in Moscow, where I called upon Andrey and Sergey Gorchakov and the Volkonskys. Also I saw Lvov, Koloshin, and Kostenka—in fact, all whom I am delighted to meet. At the same time, the weather when I went for a stroll in the Sokolinki was horrible, and I met none of the ladies whom I should have liked to have beheld. Also, being, as you say, a man engaged in putting himself to the test, I descended among the people, and visited a camp of Tziganes. You will easily imagine what a struggle arose within me—a struggle for and against! However, I issued triumphant. That is to say those cheerful descendants of the great Pharaohs got from me nothing save my blessing." Kazan, April, 1851.—Ed.

² Maria Mikhailovna, Countess Tolstoy, *née* Shishkin, wife of Count Sergey Nikolayevich Tolstoy, a gipsy by birth.—Ed.

³ Preparation for the Sacrament.—*Trans.*

⁴ Major-General L. N. Gartung, director of remounts in the military district of Moscow.—Ed.

⁵ Concerning this tour in the Caucasus (of which tour, as of Tolstoy's subsequent entry into the army, the idea was suggested by Nikolay, then an officer in the Caucasian expeditionary force), we have the following interesting details from the pen of M. Biryukov:

"Nikolay Nikolayevich conceived a project of proceeding to the Caucasus, not by the ordinary route via Voronezh and the country of the Don Cossacks, but of driving as far as Saratov, thence in a boat down the Volga to Astrakhan, and thence by posting to the *stanitsa*. This was done. At Saratov they hired a fishing boat, embarked therein their *tavantas* (travelling carriage), and with the help of a pilot and a couple of oarsmen, made the voyage now by using sails, now by rowing, now by drifting before

Madame Zagoskin,¹ Ogolin,² the Yushkovs.³ At Saratov a major, some Germans,⁴ water, Saturn, fishermen, more Germans.⁵

the current. After three weeks of thus voyaging they arrived at Astrakhan, and Tolstoy, in a letter to T. A. Ergolsky, of May 1851, writes: "We are in Astrakhan, and on the point of again departing, for there still remain 400 versts to be covered. As far as Saratov the journey was disagreeable, but thence by a small boat to Astrakhan we found it exceedingly poetical and charming, owing to the novelty of the places visited and the manner of travelling."

"At Kazan I have spent a very pleasant week . . . Yesterday I wrote Mashenka a long letter wherein I told her of my sojourn at Kazan—wherefore I will say nothing about it to you, lest I repeat myself. Meanwhile, am delighted with the excursion. It is embracing much food for thought, and I am finding the constant change of locality agreeable."

Unfortunately, in spite of all search and inquiry addressed to the late Countess M. N. Tolstoy, we did not succeed in finding this "long letter" of Tolstoy's to his sister, which, it is said, she handed over to one of Tolstoy's biographers, N. G. Molostvov, who is also dead.—Ed.

⁶ Nikolay Nikolayevich Shuvalov and his wife Olga Vladimirovna, *née* Molostvov. S. was a student at Kazan in 1848; a Siberian landowner (vill. of Aiken), served in the Crimean campaign.—Ed.

⁷ Probably Ivan Andreyevich Zybin (1814-1857), who lived and died in Moscow. There were other Zybins: Hippolyte Vladimirovich (*obit.* 1902), a landowner of Nizhny-Novgorod; Nikolay Nikolayevich, subsequently Lieutenant-General (*ob.* 1905); and Theodore Mikhailovich (*ob.* 1872).

It is known that one of the Zybins was a good musician, a violoncellist, and that Tolstoy and he together composed a waltz.—Ed.

¹ Catherine Dmitriyevna Zagoskin (1807-1885), *née* Mertvago, was married to Nikolay Nikolayevich Zagoskin; at the time mentioned she was directress of the Rodion Institute for Women in Kazan. Her friendship with Tolstoy's aunt, Pelageya Ilyinishna Yushkov, is known through Biryukov's biography of Tolstoy.

Tolstoy called her an "original and clever woman."

Tolstoy again met Mme. Zagoskin at Moscow in the 'seventies. In P. D. Boborykin's *Memoirs, During Half a Century*, it is stated that Mme. Zagoskin received at her house all the fashionable society of Kazan, and that the type of her salon was almost on a level with that of the governor.—Ed.

² Alexander Stepanovich Ogolin (1821-1911), a well-known lawyer, at that time public prosecutor of the Kazan court; in the 'seventies he was president of the court of honour at Tiflis, later a senator. He died in Switzerland. Biryukov speaks of him as follows (*vide* Tolstoy's *Life*, vol. i., p. 171): "At the house of Mme. Zagoskin, who always attracted young men who were the most

comme il faut, he met and almost made friends with a young lawyer, the public prosecutor, Ogolin, and took a journey with the latter into the country to pay a visit to V. I. Yushkov. Ogolin was a new type of the official of that period. . . . Tolstoy used to relate how struck V. I. Yushkov was—being accustomed to see a public prosecutor as a grave, respectable, and hoary personage in uniform with a cross and a star on his breast—when he beheld Ogolin, and got acquainted with him under very peculiar circumstances.

"When Ogolin and I had arrived and approached the house, opposite which was a group of young birch trees, I suggested to Ogolin that, while the servant was announcing our arrival, we should compete as to which of us would climb these birch trees the best and the highest. When Yushkov came out and saw the public prosecutor climbing a tree, he could not recover himself for a long time."

Ogolin was afterwards married to Sophie Nikolayevna Zagoskin (daughter of E. D. Zagoskin), who has been living at Geneva since the death of her husband.

At a later date the Ogolins are mentioned by Tolstoy in his letter to the Kuzminskys (in the spring of 1871 from Yasnaya Polyana to Tiflis) in the following words: "Please give my best regards to the two Ogolins. I know the wife little (she was young then), but my idea of them combines something very pure and noble."—Ed.

* Vladimir Ivanovich Yushkov (ob. 1869), a landowner of Kazan, with his wife Pelageya Ilynishna, *née* Countess Tolstoy, 1801-1875, Tolstoy's aunt and guardian. Yushkov, a retired Colonel of the Hussars, is remembered in Kazan as an educated, witty, and good-natured man, and at the same time as a great jester and joker; such he remained till his death. It is said that once, when introducing himself to a new administrator who had received an appointment at Kazan, he did it in the following way:

"Count Tolstoy, an empty man, gave his daughter in marriage to Yushkov, the beast.—I am this Yushkov—I have the honour to introduce myself," he added. . . . He did not get on well with his wife and they separated more than once. Pelageya Ilynishna is remembered in Kazan as a very kind woman, but not possessed of much intellect. She was very devout, and after the death of her husband retired to the Optin Convent. After that she lived at the Tula Convent and then removed to Yasnaya Polyana for good where she died at a great age.

At that time the Yushkovs lived at Kazan, and Tolstoy and his brother N. N. visited them on their long journey to the Caucasus, having selected the route from Tula through Moscow and Kazan. At their house he and his brothers had formerly spent the greater part of their youth and student days—1841-1847.—Ed.

* Germans—some colonists in whose life Tolstoy always took an interest because of their industry, and the good order of whose life formed an attraction for him.—Ed.

* (The whole of this passage is written roughly, indistinctly, and in pencil.—Copyist.)—Ed.

*June 3rd.—The Caucasus. Starogladkovskaya Stanitsa.*¹ Am writing at Starogladkovskaya Stanitsa at 10 o'clock at night on *June 3rd*. How did I get here? I do not know. For what purpose? That I do not know either. I could write much concerning the journey from Astrakhan to the Stanitsa, the Cossacks, the cowardice of the Tartars, and the Steppe, but the officers and Nikolenka are due at Alexeyev's² for supper, and I must join them. The

¹ Starogladkovskaya Stanitsa, Terek Province, on the left bank of the river Terek. Throughout the copy the word is spelt "Starogladovskaya" (also in Biryukov's *Life*); this undoubtedly is a mistake. We correct it according to inquiries made on the spot and according to Count N. N. Tolstoy's *Memoirs*, "Shooting in the Caucasus." By the way, the author describes in his *Memoirs* the following peculiar features of this locality where Tolstoy spent about two years, being fascinated more by shooting in the company of his elder brother than by military exploits: "The neighbourhood of Starogladkovskaya is very difficult for a sportsman, the forest is too extensive, it extends along the whole bank of the Terek and in some places it joins the rushes which extend far into the Steppe, so that one may say that the forest represents two huge dense islands, only here and there dotted with small open spaces: one is above the *Stanitsa*, the other below. Besides, the forest is so dense that when shooting big game one requires at least twenty sportsmen."—ED.

² Lieutenant-Colonel, commander of the battery in which N. N. Tolstoy and also Leo Nikolayevich Tolstoy served. Yanzhul gives a brief personal description of Tolstoy's immediate commander:

"Nikita Petrovich Alexeyev, Count Leo Nikolayevich Tolstoy's battery commander, was liked by everyone and respected for his kind-heartedness. He had the reputation of being a learned artilleryman and generally well informed, and was distinguished for his extreme piety. He was very fond of attending church, where he spent whole hours kneeling and bowing to the ground. To this must be added that one of Nikita Petrovich's ears was missing: it had once been bitten off by a horse. One of Nikita Petrovich's peculiarities was that he could not look on quietly when officers drank vodka, especially if they were young men. According to one of the customs of that good old time all the officers dined daily at the battery commander's. And here Leo Nikolayevich frequently pretended that he was about to drink vodka, when Nikita Petrovich would begin to dissuade him from it in the most serious manner and would offer him sweets instead as was his wont. . . ."

Tolstoy himself in a letter to his brother Sergey Nikolayevich expressed the following opinion of Alexeyev: "The Lieutenant-Colonel, commander of the battery which I have joined, is a very

Captain I am disposed to like; but as regards the rest, I have a mind to shun them. Maybe they are horrid. . . .¹

June 9th.—There are many things that I have been wanting to write, but the time . . . was wasted. I must make a better use of the day. To-morrow I go hunting, then I will make some notes in the big book,² then go to bed. Dine at home.

kind but vain man. I must confess that I have made use of the latter failing and thrown dust in his eyes—I need him. But even this I am doing involuntarily and I repent. When one is with vain people one becomes vain oneself."

In another letter to his Aunt Ergolsky he wrote: "Alexeyev, his (brother's) commander, is a little man with moustache and whiskers and with light hair, almost red, who speaks in a shrill voice; but he is a good Christian. . . ."—Ed.

¹ Dots here in the original copy. It is not known whether the copyist failed to decipher the sentence or whether Tolstoy failed to finish it.

In his letter to T. A. Ergolsky, Tolstoy thus describes the new conditions of life in which he is placed: "I arrived safe and sound but somewhat sad at Starogladvskaya towards the end of May. I saw around me the mode of life which Nikolay leads, and have made the acquaintance of the officers who form the society. This mode of life is not as attractive as it seemed to me at first because the country itself, which I thought would be very pretty, is not at all so. As the *Stanitsa* is in a hollow there is no pretty view. My lodging is bad as is everything that constitutes the comfort of life. As regards the officers, as you may yourself imagine, they are all uneducated but splendid men: what is most important, they are very fond of Nikolenka. . . ."

While afterwards giving a short description of his battery commander Alexeyev (*vide* what was said of him above), Tolstoy continues: "Then there is B., a young officer, a mere child, who reminds me of Petrusha. Then there is the old Captain, Bilkovsky (?), of the Ural Cossacks, a simple old soldier but noble, brave and kind. I confess that many things grated on me at first in this society, but I have grown accustomed to it though I have not made friends with these men. I have found a happy mode of intercourse which contains neither pride nor too much intimacy. For the rest, all I had to do in this respect was to follow the example of Nikolenka. . . ."

We have reason to suppose that the name "Bilkovsky" mentioned above was not deciphered by him who copied the letter: perhaps it should read "Hilkovsky" who is frequently mentioned by Tolstoy in the entries that follow.—Ed.

² Tolstoy evidently calls his *Diary*, which he used to copy into a thick folio, the "big book." At another place (*vide* the entry for March 10th, 1851, above) he calls his *Diary* the Journal.—Ed.

*June 11th, 1851.—The Caucasus. Stary Yurt.*¹

The camp. Night time. I have been here for five days, and already am repossessed with the indolence which seemed to have become a thing of the past. Also I have quite neglected this diary, in that the scenery from which I had expected so much while planning my journey to the Caucasus has failed to present any attractive feature. And the sloth which I had expected to develop here in full measure is not manifesting itself.

The night is clear, and a fresh breeze is blowing through the tent curtains, and causing the lighted candle to flicker. Nothing is audible save the distant baying of dogs in the village, and the challenging of sentries. In the air is the scent of the oak and plane leaves of which the tent curtain is made, and I am seated on a drum in a tent, to either side of which is a wing—the one, the wing in which K . . . (a disagreeable officer) is sleeping, closed, and the other one open, yet in total darkness save that a streak of light is falling upon the end of my brother's bed. In front of me is the brilliantly lighted side of the tent, with, suspended on it, pistols, Circassian sabres, a poniard, and . . . [undecipherable]. Everything is still. Only can there be heard the sighing of the wind, the sound of a small beetle buzzing to and fro, and of a soldier coughing or heaving a sigh in the neighbourhood.

I have no desire to sleep, and for writing lack ink. Until to-morrow, then, when, according to the impressions of the day, I will compose a few letters. I will do so from 5 o'clock to 8, while from 8 to 10 I will bathe and do some sketching; from 10 to 12, read; from 12 to 4, rest; from 4 to 8, do some English translation; from 8 to night-fall, write. Also I will continue my gymnastics, and

¹ A settlement of Chechenians in the Terek province, Grozny district, founded in 1705 (about 4000 inhabitants).—ED.

In a letter to his aunt, T. A. Ergolsky, Tolstoy writes on July 5, 1851: "Nikolenka (brother) has received orders to set off to the Staroyurtovsky fortress to guard the sick at the Goryachevodsk camp." . . . —ED.

write up both my book of accounts and the Franklin journal.¹

June 11th.²—I arose late—awakened by Nikolinka, returning from hunting. I keep seeking a certain frame of mind, a view of things, a mode of life, which I cannot either discover or define. Oh for more method in my intellectual activity, more of that activity itself, and, withal, more freedom, less constraint!

Last night I hardly slept at all; having posted the *Diary*, I began to pray to God. The blissful feeling which came over me during that prayer I could never possibly express! First I recited my usual petitions—the “Our Father,” the prayers to the Mother of God and to the Trinity, the “Door of Mercy,” the “Invocation of the Angel of Deliverance.” Then I went on praying otherwise. Yet, if prayer be defined as a petition or a thanksgiving, I was not praying. Rather, I was yearning for something both lofty and good. What that something was I cannot explain, though I was fully conscious of the thing that I desired. What I desired was to become fused with the All-Embracing Substance as I besought It to pardon me for my sins. Yet no; this is not what I besought, for I felt that, since the It had vouchsafed me that blessed moment, It had, *ipso facto*, already granted me pardon. True, petition did I offer, but all the while I realized that I had nothing to ask for, and that I could not, I did not, know how to beseech. And though I thanked the It, I did so not in words, nor even in thought, but combined everything—petition and gratitude alike—into a single sensation. And the sense of awe had disappeared completely. At the same time the feelings neither of Faith nor Hope nor Love could have been separated from my general feeling. Yes, that was the emotion which I experienced last night. It was love for God, but love lofty, and combining all that is good, and renouncing what

¹ The Franklin book, i.e. the *Journal of Failings* (*vide* entry for March 8, 1851, and footnote on p. 61).—ED.

² Second entry under the same date.—ED.

is bad. Horrible indeed did I then find it to look upon the petty, vicious side of life! Nor could I conceive how it could ever have attracted me as with a clean heart I prayed God to receive me into His bosom. Wholly unconscious of the flesh I was, I was¹ . . . Yet stay! Soon the fleshly, the petty side of life had got me in its possession again, and not an hour was past before, half-unconsciously, I heard the voice of vice, of vanity, of the empty aspect of life, calling once more. I knew whence this voice came, I knew that it would destroy my state of blessedness. I struggled, but succumbed to it. I sank to sleep amid dreams of fame and women. Yet it was not my fault. I could not help it.

Lasting blessedness is impossible *here*, and tribulation is necessary. Why so? I do not know. Yet how dare I say that I do not know? How dare I think that the ways of Providence are knowledgeable at all? Providence is reason's source, and reason seeks ever to grasp Providence.

In depths of transcendent wisdom of this sort the intellect becomes lost, and feeling shrinks from giving the It a cause of offence. Hence I can only thank the It for the blessed moment which has shown me both my insignificance and my greatness. I wish to pray, yet do not know how; I wish to grasp it, yet I dare not venture—I surrender myself to Thy will.

Why have I written the foregoing? Poorly, feebly, senselessly indeed does it express my feelings! And they were so lofty!

This morning I spent fairly well, though feeling slightly indolent, and telling a lie of an innocuous sort. Tomorrow I will write a letter to Madame Zagoskin—or, at all events, a draft of one, sketched carelessly. Last night I admired some clouds. The clouds were glorious at sunset. The west was red, and the sun a *sazhen's*² length

¹ Here the following words have been crossed out: "How I perceived that the spirit alone. . . ." (Copyist).—Ed.

² The Russian fathom = 7 English feet.—*Trans.*

from the horizon, while over him were coiled massive, lurid-grey clouds which, seemingly, found it hard to coalesce. For a moment I turned to speak to some one. Then I looked up again. Along the horizon was stretched a red-grey streak, shaded off into a number of infinitely varied figures; some of them leaning towards others, and the rest ending in wisps of brilliant scarlet.

Man was created for solitude, but for solitude not so much in the actual sense as in the moral. There are certain sentiments which should be confided to no one. Even if those sentiments be beautiful and elevated, one falls in the opinion of him to whom one confides them, and the same if one gives any person the power to divine them. When a man confides them he is not fully conscious of them, and is expressing but his aspirations. The unknown attracts more than does anything else.

My brother and I are now among men who force us to recognize our joint superiority. Yet we say little to one another, as though we feared, by saying anything, to allow to be divined something which we should otherwise prefer to conceal from every one. We know each other too well for that. Three things here have struck me greatly. The first is the officers' discussions on bravery. As soon as they begin to speak of whether anyone is brave they say: "Fairly so. All are brave." Conceptions of bravery of this sort can be explained thus. Bravery is a spiritual condition which causes the spiritual forces to act in identical fashion under all circumstances, or an intensification of activity which deprives one of the consciousness of danger. Or there are two sorts of bravery—the moral and the physical. The moral is that which comes of consciousness of duty—in general, of moral tendencies rather than of consciousness of danger; the physical sort is that which comes of physical necessity, but not so as to take away all consciousness of danger, or that which does take away that consciousness. Examples may be seen in 1. the voluntary sacrifice of a man for the safety of his country or of another person; 2. the service of an officer

for gain; and 3. in the Turkish campaign, the fact of Russian soldiers surrendering to the enemy to obtain water. These are merely examples of one aspect of physical bravery, and therefore all men are brave.

June 13th.—I am still indolent, yet satisfied with myself save in the matter of voluptuousness. Several times when the officers have been talking of cards I have wanted to show them that I too could play; yet always I have refrained. I hope that, even if they should begin to importune me, I shall decline.

July 3rd.—I wrote the above on June 13th, and have wholly wasted the subsequent interval for the reason that on the same day I was so carried away that I lost at cards 200 roubles of my own money, 150 of Nikolinka's, and got into debt for 500—total 850. However, I am keeping myself in hand, and living prudently, except that I have ridden over to Chervlenaya, and got drunk there. [3]. This is bad, and troubling me very much. Indeed, never have I spent more than two months well, or in such fashion that I could rest self-satisfied. [15].

Recently I took part in a raid.¹ I did not act well: I acted without deliberation, and was afraid of Baryatinsky.²

¹ While staying in the Caucasus with his brother Nikolay Nikolayevich, and before he had donned military uniform, Tolstoy volunteered to take part in some raids by Russian detachments against mountain villages. We read in V. P. Fedorov's article concerning this:

"His action in skirmishes with the enemy attracted the attention of Prince Baryatinsky, commander-in-chief, who praised him for his cheerful and courageous bearing under fire in face of mortal danger, and advised him to hand in his petition *re* entering the service as soon as possible. . . ."

About the same incursion Yanzhul says in his book: "In the summer of 1851 the troops of the left wing were again assembled under the command of Major-General Prince Baryatinsky. The artillery park of the detachment comprised, *inter alia*, four guns of the battery brigade No. 4, under the command of Captain Hilkovsky, of Lieutenant Count (N. N.) Tolstoy, Lieutenant Sulimovsky, and others. . . ." Further it is stated that "Essential results of the movement were achieved on June 27 and 28."

Evidently it is this incursion which Tolstoy mentions in his *Diary* on his return to the Stanitsa.—Ed.

² Prince Alexander Ivanovich Baryatinsky (1814-1879), in 1852

I am so weak, so vicious, however, and have done in my life so little that is sensible, that I perforce yield to the influence of every B. . . . To-morrow I will work at the novel, translate it, and tell Knoring¹ that, if he will wait, I will try to obtain the money. On Wednesday I go to Groznoye.²

was commander of the left flank of the army of the Caucasus. In 1854 he was called to the Turkish front; he returned in 1856, having been appointed Viceroy of the Caucasus; after the capture of Shamil he was created General-field-marshal. Much information is given concerning him, i.e. his military exploits, in the pages of Yanzhul's book, *Eighty Years . . . of the 20th Artillery Brigade*.

Tolstoy writes as follows to his brother S. N. concerning his acquaintance with Prince B.: "I made his acquaintance during a raid under his command in which I took part, and afterwards spent a day with him in a fortress, together with Ilya Tolstoy [probably Ilya Andreyevich (1813-1879), afterwards a senator, Tolstoy's uncle once removed.—Ed.], whom I met here. Undoubtedly I am gaining little amusement from the acquaintance, for you will understand the footing on which a subaltern stands towards his general." Tiflis, Dec. 23rd, 1851.—Ed.

¹ Knoring. In Yanzhul's book, *Eighty Years . . . of the 20th Artillery Brigade*, in the list of officers stands the name Knoring, F. G., second-lieutenant in command of a platoon of the light battery, No. 5.

In the pages of this book one frequently comes across this name as that of an officer who had taken part in many battles in the course of several years. He was made a second-captain in 1858. Yet in Tolstoy's *Diary* there stands the entry for Jan. 10, 1854: "I have learnt that Knoring has been killed," and further on, Jan. 16, the death of Knoring is mentioned. But in Yanzhul's book no Knoring is included in the list of officers killed. From this we draw the inference that Tolstoy writes about another Knoring whose identity we have not been able to establish. According to Yanzhul's book, which quotes the reminiscences of Fedorov, another military writer, it is known that the military archive of the 20th Artillery brigade for 1853 was lost and, therefore, the information for this year concerning the "actions" of this brigade is very incomplete.

In his letter to "auntie," T. A. Ergolsky, Jan. 5, 1852, L. N. speaks of his "promissory notes in Knoring's possession." This shows that Tolstoy was evidently in Knoring's debt in consequence of losses at cards. . . . Later, in the entry for July 4, Tolstoy gives a detailed description of Knoring.—Ed.

² Groznoye, or Groznaya, a fortress, was built in 1818, by order of Ermolov, for fighting the Chechenians. It is situated on both banks of the river Sunzha, a tributary of the Terek. In 1870 it was renamed Grozny, and raised to the status of a district town in the Terek province.—Ed.

At Trishatny's¹ I showed lack of fearlessness. Nor did I send to the right-about certain persons who were in my way. I showed shyness in Campiani's presence. I looked at myself in the mirror. I felt uneasy. The doctor and Kazi-Girey arrived.²

I have been lying down outside the camp. It is a marvellous night! The moon is just rising above a low hillock, and shedding its light on two small, thin, ethereal clouds. Behind me a grasshopper is chirping its endless, melancholy song. In the distance there can be heard a frog. From the vicinity of the village comes the shouting of Tartars, and, anon, the baying of a dog. Then all is still again—there sounds only the chirrup of the grasshopper as a light, transparent cloud drifts past near and distant stars. To myself I thought: I will go forth and describe whatsoever I may see; but how shall I describe it? I should need to seat myself at an ink-stained table and to take ink and rough paper, and to smear my fingers, and to cover the paper with letters. Letters make words, and words phrases, but how can one transmit *feeling*? Is not there some way of transmuting one's outlook into the outlook of another while one contemplates

¹ Constantine Trishatny, an ex-officer of the Guards.—ED.

² Kazi-Girey, a Kumyk Khan. Count N. N. Tolstoy in his *Memoirs* gives the following description of "Girey-Khan," evidently the same person concerning whom L. N. Tolstoy has an entry in his *Diary*: "The best shot of any Aslatiks I have known was Kazi-Girey, a Kumyk Khan, a little withered old man who, spare, ill-favoured, slightly pock-marked, and *minus* one eye, held the medal for valour, always went about in rags and tatters, and, though of cheerful and even smiling visage, and of a slightly jeering disposition, as a rule did not say much. One of his possessions was an old Crimean musket of simple make, which he also used for hunting. Even more than his solitary eye did he prize this weapon. On foot he carried it in a case on his back; mounted, he carried it in his hand; never would he agree to place it in the baggage waggon. In addition to cleaning the musket after every shot, he never omitted, after a day's sport, to verify it with a line, and to correct it. This constituted his favourite occupation. . . ." In the same memoirs, elsewhere, what the author relates about his first acquaintance with Girey-Khan seems to contradict the description given above: "He was a very good-looking old man." It is possible that this is a misprint, and that it should read "very ugly."—ED.

nature? Description will not suffice. Why is poetry so closely allied with prose, happiness with unhappiness? And how ought one to live? Ought one to strive to combine poetry with prose, or to delight oneself with the one and then surrender oneself to life under the influence of the other?

In fancy there is a side that is better than reality. In reality there is a side that is better than fancy. And in union between the two should lie complete happiness.

July 4th.—I am nearly satisfied with myself, save that of late I seem to be void—I have in me not a single thought. At all events, if there be in me thoughts, they seem so insignificant that I feel no desire to describe them. Why this is so I know not. Either I have progressed in the critical aspect or I have declined in the creative. To-morrow I shall go to the village, and to Groznoye. I shall discuss with my brother the question of money, and decide about the expedition to Daghestan. I can do no writing at all, even though characters are to hand which are worthy of description. How uselessly the days pass! Take to-day: during it there has occurred not a single recollection, nor a single impression of any force! I rose late—on awakening I was conscious of the unpleasant feeling which never fails to move me, that I have acted badly, overslept myself. And when I oversleep myself I experience what is felt by a craven dog in the presence of its master when it has committed a fault. Also, I fell to wondering why man's moral forces are so strong on awakening, and why I cannot retain mine always in that condition. Always shall I assert that consciousness is the greatest moral evil that can befall man. Greatly, greatly indeed, does it hurt me to know that an hour hence I shall be the same as at present, a person with the same images in his mind as now, while my outlook will have changed independently of myself, albeit consciously. I have been reading Hor . . . ¹ My brother spoke truth when he said that

¹ Hor . . . (?) The meaning of this word, which stands in the

this personality resembles myself, having for its principal traits magnanimity, mental elevation, love of reputation, and complete inability to engage in toil. Such inability is due to the want of habitude in that direction which comes of education and vanity. To-day Dzhezdzhanov invited me to visit his place, where there are some women, but I declined the offer, and departed without desire or abhorrence—in short, without the least feeling of any kind. All this satisfies me. Then I went for a walk, and visited Pyatkin. [36].

As usual we dined a party of three ; my brother, Knoring, and myself. Knoring I will try to sketch. It seems that, properly speaking, it is impossible to *describe* a man, though one can describe how he has affected one. To say of a man that he is original or good or wise or stupid or consistent and so on—these words give one no idea of the man, yet purport to sketch his personality, and merely mislead one.

I knew that my brother had lived with Knoring at some place, had come with him to the Caucasus, and that the pair were friends. I knew that, *en route*, Knoring had kept an account of the joint expenses, and that, consequently, he must be a man of business ; also, that he was in debt to my brother, and therefore likely to be a man lacking in solidity. Likewise, the fact that he was friendly with my brother had led me to conclude that he was not a man of society ; while the fact that my brother had never said much about him had led me to conclude that he was not a man greatly distinguished for intellect.

One morning my brother said to me : “ To-day Knoring is to arrive. How I shall rejoice to see him ! ” “ Well,” thought I, “ let us see this Knoring.” From behind the tent I heard the joyous notes of my brother greeting someone, and a voice answering with an equally joyous, “ How do you do, Morda ? ”¹ I reflected : “ He must

copy at the Editor’s disposal, is not clear. It may be a French word or a Russian word misspelt. Or it may be a title, “ In the Night,” but probably it is a proper name, judging by the words that follow.—Ed.

¹ “ Snout,” “ Mug,” or “ Phiz.”—*Trans.*

be a rough-and-ready sort of fellow, a man who does not know what is what, for, surely, no sort of relations could impart charm to such a nickname ! ”

As usual, my brother introduced me, but I, being unfavourably disposed towards Knoring, bowed coldly, and went on reading where I lay.

Knoring was a man tall and well-built, but devoid of all attractiveness. In build I can discern expression, as in features, if not more so, for people can be put together agreeably or disagreeably. A broad face, prominent cheekbones—the whole resembling what in horses is known as “ hammer head ” ; hazel eyes, large, and capable only of two phases—of laughter or of their ordinary pose. During laughter they are fixed in a stare of vacant fatuity ; the remainder of his face in accordance with his passport. I noticed that in my presence he remained subdued, and, when the first moments of greeting were ended, and, amid pauses, there had been repeated, many times over, the question, “ How are you ? ” with the response, “ As you see,” and Knoring turned to me with the inquiry, “ Are you here for long, Count ? ” again I answered coldly. I have the gift of recognizing people who love to influence others. It is because I have such an addiction myself. Knoring was such a person. At all events he exerts an external influence upon my brother. For example, he summons him to his side. I should like to know whether a man can consciously strive to acquire influence over others. To me it seems as impossible as it seems to me to play music *à livre ouvert*.¹ However, I have tried this. Why, then, should not people who are consistent succeed in attaining this by means of method ? Such people have an *arrière pensée* in everything they do. How many thoughts may not be cherished at one and the same time—especially in an empty head ?

¹ At sight.—*Trans.*

NOTES AND DIARY FROM

1851 to 1853¹

Undated.

(1) L'imagination est le miroir de la nature, miroir que nous portons en nous, et dans lequel elle se peint. La plus belle imagination est le miroir le plus claire et le plus vrai, celui que nous appelons le génie. Le génie ne crée pas, il retrace.

Il y a des hommes qui ont le sentiment du bon, du beau, et du noble, mais qui ne le sont pas.²

¹ This is the title given to the version of the folio at the Editor's disposal, and the same title has probably been given to the new large folio of the *Diary* (4th in number counting from the beginning of the *Diary*) which Tolstoy began in the form of "Notes." At first he did not date them, but subsequently, in the course of two and a half years (starting from June 2nd), he posted his *Diary* in the folio called the "big book" (*vide* entry for June 9, 1851, entered in the preceding folio of this *Diary*). It is not known when or where these notes were begun; possibly at Yasnaya Polyana, for the entry (*vide* p. 101) referring to his "uncles and aunts" bears testimony to this. But the first entry of this folio, which bears the date "June 2nd," was posted after Tolstoy's return from the Caucasus, as can be seen from his letter to Mme. T. A. Ergolsky, for he writes: "I arrived at Starogladovskaya safe and sound, but a trifle sad, towards the end of May . . ." The "sad" frame of mind, as shown by the entry and the mention he makes at the end of the "saddle ordered" and the "Circassian costume" confirms the assumption that this entry was posted on the spot, *i.e.* at Starogladkovskaya Stanitsa. . . . But, simultaneously with the first dated entries in the large folio, Tolstoy continues also to post entries daily in the preceding folios of the *Diary*, noting down Starogladkovskaya Stanitsa for the first time on June 3rd (*vide* p. 80). And thus, during the month of June, he now and then, but not systematically, posts parallel entries in both folios; and later, having completed the old folio (*i.e.* No. 3) on July 4th, he continues to post entries in the "big book" only, commencing on July 8th.—Ed.

² "Imagination is the mirror of nature; a mirror which we carry within ourselves, and in which nature is portrayed. The

There are people who, though quick to apprehend anything reasonable, and to conceive keen sympathy with anything refined, and to feel anything virtuous, are, in life, in application, neither clever nor refined nor good. The reason is what? Either that in these people there exist the two faculties of receptiveness and reproduction, or that they lack the faculty which men call genius or talent, or, finally, that natures of excessive purity are always weak and apathetic, and fail to have their faculties developed.

(2) Je n'étais pas assez gai pour avoir un ami ; j'étais trop isolé pour avoir une amie.¹

This pen is fairly good.

(3) Chez certains hommes, l'aveu public de la peine qu'on a commise avec eux augmente l'amour jusqu'à ce qu'ils en fassent une arme de cet aveu contre la femme qui l'a fait. Ce sont les notions basses.²

Dernièrement, en parlant avec un de mes amis qui se plaignait de sa position, et qui lui attribuait toutes les bêtises qu'il avait faites, je disais que ni la richesse, ni le nom, ni l'élégance ne pouvaient donner à un homme l'aplomb qui était la cause de ces bêtises, s'il lui manquait.³

C'est une chose que je ne puis vous prouver, me dit-il, mais que je connais par une triste expérience. Le jour

finest imagination is the clearest and truest mirror, the mirror which we call genius. Genius does not create: it reflects."

"There are persons who can feel what is good and beautiful and elevated, but cannot actually be what they feel."

A translation of a French quotation taken from an unknown source.—Ed.

¹ "I was not gay enough to have a man for my friend; I was too lonely to have for friend a woman."

The source of this quotation is not known.

² "With certain men, public confession of an offence which has been committed in their company increases love until they fashion of the confession a weapon against the woman who has made it. This is a base idea."

³ "Lately, when conversing with a friend who was complaining of his position, and attributing thereto every blunder which he had made, I said that neither riches nor fame nor refinement could dower a man with the *aplomb* the absence of which had been the cause of all the blunders mentioned."

que j'ai une chemise je suis tout autre que quand j'ai un faux col, et, comme le héros d'un roman d'Eugène Sue qui partage ses jours en jours de pluie et de beau temps, je partage mes jours en jours de chemise et de faux col.¹

That natures of opulence are indolent, and undergo little development, we can see, in the first place, for ourselves. And, secondly, it is clear that incomplete natures strive to pierce the gloom which conceals from them many questions, and attain improvement, and acquire the habit of toil. Moreover, the labour preventing an opulent nature from achieving advancement is far greater than, is out of all proportion with, the labour to be accomplished by a nature [. . . ?] in perfecting itself towards its further development.

Lamartine says that writers neglect the composition of popular literature ; that the greatest number of readers is to be found among the masses ; and that writers write only for the circle in which they themselves move, despite the fact that the masses, which comprise persons hungering for enlightenment, have no literature of their own, and never will have until writers shall begin to write also for the people. This does not refer to books written with the aim of finding many readers : such works are not compositions, but mere products of the literary cult. What is meant is educational and erudite works which do not come within the province of poetry.

(Where the boundary between prose and poetry lies I shall never be able to understand. The question is raised in manuals of style, yet the answer to it lies beyond me. Poetry is verse : prose is not verse. Or else poetry

¹ " Said he : ' It is a thing which I cannot prove to you, but of which I have knowledge by sad experience. On days when I am wearing a shirt, I am a different person from on days when I am wearing a dickey. Hence, like the hero of one of Eugène Sue's novels who divided his days into days of rain and days of sunshine, I divide my days into days of shirt and days of dickey.' "

(Probably this is not a quotation, but an entry by Tolstoy himself, in French, the language in which the conversation adduced was carried on with his friend.)—ED.

is everything with the exception of business documents and school books.) To be good, literary compositions must always be, as Gogol said of his *Farewell Tale*,¹ "sung from my soul," sung from the soul of the author. But how could anything likely to be accessible to the people be "sung from the soul" of authors who, for the most part, stand on a higher level of evolution? They would never be understood of the people. And even if an author were to attempt to descend to the popular level, the people would fail to understand him. Yes, even as, when a boy of sixteen reads a scene in a novel, Tre . . . [undecipherable] in which an act of violence occurs, this does not arouse in him any feeling of indignation, and, so far from placing himself in the position of the wronged woman, involuntarily transfers himself to the rôle of the seducer, and hugs himself with a feeling of voluptuousness, so the common people would understand something wholly different from anything that you might wish to say to them.

¹ Of this *Farewell Tale* Gogol (1821-1852) wrote as follows, among other things, in his "Testament": "My countrymen, I have loved you—loved you with the love which transcends expression, which God gave me, and for which I thank Him as for a blessing which has been my joy and comfort during the worst of my sufferings. In the name of that love I beseech you to listen with your hearts to my farewell tale. It is a tale, I swear, that I have neither invented nor composed. Of itself it has come singing from the soul which God has tried with so many sorrows and tribulations—its notes have their origin in the secret forces of that Russian nature which all of us share, and through which I am the kinsman of you all."

Unfortunately, the *Farewell Tale* was never published, and in an addendum to the "Testament" Gogol remarked briefly: "My farewell tale will never see the light, in that what might have been of some significance after my death is without meaning during my life-time." Probably the author burnt the manuscript together with that of the second portion of *Dead Souls*.

All his life Tolstoy greatly valued Gogol not only as a true artist but also as a deeply religious man. Contrary to the established opinion of contemporary criticism, he put on a high plane the religious-moral views Gogol expressed in his *Correspondence with Friends* (published in 1846). In the 'eighties of the last century Tolstoy edited a small booklet, *Gogol as a Teacher of Life*, written by A. Orlov, and issued by the "Posrednik" Publishing House.—Ed.

Would the people understand *Anton-Goremyka*¹ or *Geneviève*²? The words might be intelligible, as expressions of thought, but not the thoughts themselves. The common people have a literature of their own, a literature fair and inimitable; but it is not an imitation, it "sings itself" from the very heart of the people. There is no need of the higher literature—the latter does not exist. Should you attempt to place yourself on a level with the people, the people would despise you.

However, let our superior circles press forward, and

¹ *Anton-Goremyka*. Dmitry Vasilyevich Grigorovich, a well-known Russian writer (1822-1899), is the author of this novel. When *Anton-Goremyka* appeared in 1846 it made a great impression upon Russian society of that day, for the novel contained a sharp protest against serfdom. On the occasion of D. V. Grigorovich's fifty years' jubilee in 1895 Tolstoy wrote to him concerning the impression made on him by *Anton-Goremyka*. It was a "joyous revelation" to him in his youth "that the Russian peasant could, and should, be described not with the idea of ridiculing him nor of giving life to the landscape, but that he can, and must, be described in his full stature, not only lovingly, but even with respect and trepidation." . . .

Tolstoy valued such works as *Anton-Goremyka* to the end of his life; but at the latter end of his life he considerably changed, or rather enlarged, his view concerning the cycle of reading for the common people and, of course, ceased to include such works as that mentioned above in the category of literature unsuited to the people. On the contrary, he included this and other novels by Grigorovich with those recommended not only to the intellectual reader but also to readers amongst the common people.—Ed.

² As we have not been able to decide of which *Geneviève* Tolstoy speaks here, we quote the works bearing this title which were known at the time: (1) *Geneviève de Brabant*, drame romantique de Tieck (1799). (2) *The Story of Geneviève of Brabant, the spouse of Siegfried, Count of the Palatinate* (in the seventh century). (3) *L'innocence reconnue* (Innocence Recognized), a book concerning this *Geneviève*, was written by Father Cérurier (published in 1638); it was a widely circulated work of European literature of past centuries. Tolstoy could scarcely have had in mind this book which had such a large circulation first among the masses in Western Europe and later here in Russia. It is more likely to have been one of the following books: *Geneviève*, roman publié en 1839, par M. Alphonse Karr, or *Geneviève, histoire d'une servante*, par Alphonse de Lamartine, en 1851 (vide *La-Rousse, Gr. dictionnaire français*). It is more likely to suppose it to have been the last named *Geneviève*, Lamartine's *History of a Servant*, which Tolstoy considered ill-suited to the common people.—Ed.

the common people will not lag behind. True, the people will not fuse with those superior circles, but at least they will advance.

(4) Pourquoi dire des subtilités quand il y a encore tant de grosses vérités à dire ?¹

Men have sought the philosopher's stone, and thereby discovered many chemical combinations. Let them seek also virtue from the standpoint of Socialism, *i.e.* of absence of vice, and they will discover many a moral verity of use.

(5) *Paul et Virginie*.² Leur affection mutuelle occupait toute l'activité de leurs âmes. Jamais des sciences inutiles n'avaient fait couler leurs larmes ; jamais les leçons d'une triste morale ne les avaient remplis d'ennui.³

C'est tenter la Providence que de tâcher d'améliorer la nature de l'homme ; chaque loi qui promet une punition fait naître un mal aussi grand que le mal qui existait. Dieu a fait l'homme beau et bon ; il est impossible de le rendre meilleur. Evitez le mal, les occasions de le faire, et, surtout, de faire voir la possibilité de le faire.⁴

¹ "Why speak of subtleties when there remain so many gross truths to be discovered ?"

The source of the quotation is unknown.—Ed.

² *Paul et Virginie*, novel by Bernardin de Saint-Pierre (1737-1814), written in 1787. It is an idyll of the pure love of two beings untouched by civilization, and runs its course in the bosom of nature in the tropical climate of America. It produced a very strong impression on the people of the day. The same author also wrote *Le café du Surate* ("The Coffee House of Surat"), which Tolstoy liked and translated ; owing to the conditions of censorship existing in the 'nineties of the last century the tale was somewhat curtailed. We have verified and translated quotations from *Paul et Virginie* given below from an old edition of this book (Alphonse Lemerre, Paris, 1848).—Ed.

³ "Their mutual affection engrossed their souls' activity. Never did useless learning cause their tears to flow ; never did the lessons of a stern morality fill them with weariness" (*Paul et Virginie*, p. 30).—Ed.

⁴ "To attempt to improve man's nature is to tempt Providence. Every law which threatens a penalty gives rise to an evil as great as the evil existent. God made man good and fair, and to render him better is impossible. Hence, shun evil, and occasions of doing evil, and, above all things, occasions of discovering the possibility of doing evil."

The source of this extract is uncertain. Possibly it represents

Mais, devenue mère, elle ne craignait plus la honte d'un refus. Elle courut au Port Louis sans se savoir, cette fois, d'être mal vêtue, la joie maternelle la mettant au dessus du respect humain . . .¹

How one's view of life changes when one comes to live, not for self, but for others! Life ceases to be an end, and becomes a means. Through unhappiness man is rendered virtuous; virtue renders him happy; happiness renders him vicious.

There are two kinds of happiness: the happiness of the virtuous, and the happiness of the vain. Of these, the former is due to virtue, and the latter to fate. Virtue must strike deep root if the latter happiness is not to influence the former; for happiness founded upon vanity is destroyable by the same, and fame by slander, and wealth by fraud; whereas virtue, the basis of happiness, can be destroyed by nothing.

(6) Elles avaient banni de leur conversation la médisance qui, sous une apparence de justice, dispose nécessairement le cœur à la haine ou à la fausseté; car il est impossible de ne pas haïr les hommes si on les croit mauvais, et vivre avec eux si on ne leur cache sa haine sous des décors de bienveillance.

Ainsi la médisance nous oblige à être mal avec les autres ou avec nous-mêmes.²

Enfin je crois la solitude tellement nécessaire au bonheur dans le monde même qu'il me serait impossible d'y goûter

a quotation from Bernardin de Saint-Pierre or from Rousseau's *Emile*; or it may represent Tolstoy's own reflections in connection with what he had been reading.—ED.

¹ "Yet, become a mother, she ceased to fear the shame of a refusal, and, this time, betook herself to Port Louis without realizing that she was ill-clad, seeing that maternal joy had set her above human respect" (*Paul et Virginie*, pp. 38-39).—ED.

² "They had banished from their conversation the scandal-mongering which is bound, under the guise of justice, to incline the heart either to hatred or to falsity: for it is impossible not to hate persons whom one believes to be bad, or to live with them unless one can conceal one's dislike under a veil of benevolence.

Thus scandal-mongering forces us to be sinful either with ourselves or with others" (vide *Paul et Virginie*, p. 72).—ED.

un plaisir durable d'un sentiment, quel qu'il soit, ou de régler sa conduite d'après quelque principe stable, si l'on ne se fait une solitude intérieure d'ou notre opinion sorte bien rarement, et l'opinion d'autrui n'entre jamais.¹

Pour savoir apprécier le bonheur que donnent le calme et la vertu, il faut souvent envisager le malheur que donnent le mouvement et les passions.

On jouit du bonheur dont jouit un naufragé sur une plage déserte. La vie et les livres.²

Parmi un grand nombre d'infortunés que j'ai essayé de ramener à la nature je n'ai pas trouvé un seul qui ne soit enivré de ses propres misères. Ils m'écoutaient d'abord avec attention, croyant que je les enseignerais à acquérir de la gloire et de la fortune ; mais, voyant que je ne voulais les apprendre moi-même, qu'à s'en passer, ils me trouvaient misérable.³

One should not say that life is a trial, and death a blessing which puts away from us all sorrow. To do so is neither comfort on the loss of people near and dear to one nor a moral exhortation. Indeed, to agree with it is impossible save in cases of despair: and despair is a weakening of faith, of hope in God. And as a moral exhortation the

¹ "So necessary for happiness in this world do I believe solitude to be that, were we not able to fashion for ourselves an inward isolation whence our opinions would never issue, and to which the opinions of others would never penetrate, we should be unable to take any lasting pleasure in any single sentiment, or to regulate our conduct by any fixed principle" (vide *Paul et Virginie*, p. 201).—Ed.

² "To know how to appreciate the happiness conferred by virtue and tranquillity one ought often to recall to one's recollection the misfortunes caused by passion and movement."

"Happiness should be enjoyed as by a shipwrecked sailor on a desert strand. Life and books" (free rendering of p. 209, *Paul et Virginie*).—Ed.

³ "Among the many unfortunates whom I have tried to turn to nature I have found not one who was not intoxicated with his own misery. At first such persons have listened to me with attention, in the belief that I was going to teach them to win fame and fortune ; but as soon as they have perceived me to have no desire myself to learn the art beyond how to do without it, they have voted me, like themselves, unhappy" (vide *Paul et Virginie*, p. 204).—Ed.

idea is too painful for the minds of the young, and may shake their belief in virtue. If a man be bereaved of a person whom he has loved, he can yet love another; and, should he not do so, the reason will be that he is too proud. Latent in the soul of everyone is the principle of evil.

(7) L'habit qui sied le plus mal au mendiant, c'est l'habit du mendiant, et c'est la cause principale qui en détourne l'aumône. Il a y des gens qui ont des petitessees sans avoir assez d'esprit pour les voir. Il y en a qui en ont, qui les voyent, mais qui n'ont pas la force de les avouer. Il y en a qui les voyent et les avouent; ceux-la n'y tiennent pas, ils s'en jouent. Une petitesse avouée n'est plus une petitesse.¹

Quand le dernier des Gracques expira il jeta un peu de poussière vers le Ciel, et de cette poussière naquit Marius, Marius moins grand pour avoir exterminé les Cimbres que pour avoir abattu dans Rome l'aristocratie de noblesse² (Mirabeau aux Marseillais).

Quand la fin finale adviendra
 Tout à rebours opinera.
 Lors celui-là deviendra riche
 Qui plus sera sot, larron, chiche.
 Tant moins aurait on d'honneur,
 Tant plus sera-t-on grand seigneur.
 Suffira d'avoir jeune hure,
 Petite âme, et large serrure.

¹ "The coat which least becomes the beggar is the beggar's coat. Also, it is the cause which, above all things, deflects charity. There are persons who have littlenesses, but not sufficient wit to perceive them. Others have littlenesses, and perceive them, but lack the courage to make avowal of the same. And others there are who perceive their own littlenesses, and avow them, but decline to cast them off—rather, they make of them a jest. A littleness confessed is a littleness no longer."

(The source of this quotation is not known to the Editor.)—ED.

² "When the last of the Gracchi was dying, he threw into the air a handful of dust, and of that dust there was born Marius—Marius less great for having exterminated the Cimbri [ancient Teutons] than for having crushed in Rome the aristocracy of nobility." (Mirabeau, to the people of Marseilles.)

The quotation copied by Tolstoy into his *Diary* has evidently been borrowed from Lamartine's historical investigation, *The Girondins*, which Tolstoy was reading at the time. In this book is quoted this very fragment from Mirabeau's speech.—ED.

Laides guenons, singes battés
 Comme patrons seront festés.
 Anes seront assis en chaire,
 Et les docteurs debout derrière.¹

Elderly uncles and aunts think themselves bound to pay with precepts, however futile, for their right to have nephews. And such persons actually feel hurt when their nephews' behaviour renders advice misplaced—they suppose themselves to have been robbed of their due!

Nothing is more painful than to observe the sacrifices made for one's benefit by folk with whom one is bound, one is constrained, to live—especially sacrifices which one has not asked for, and from persons whom one does not love. Self-sacrifice is a very ordinary form of egotism.

(8) *Adrien Duport*² discuta sur la peine de mort, et prononça en faveur de son abolition. Il démontra, avec la plus profonde logique que la société, en se réservant l'homocide, le justifiait jusqu'à un certain point chez le meurtrier, et que le moyen le plus efficace de déshonorer le meurtre, et de le prévenir, était d'en montrer elle-même une sainte horreur.³

¹ "When the final end shall come
 Everything will be reversed.
 He will then most wealthy be
 Who is foolish, mean, a thief.
 They who most shall honour lack
 Will the greatest lords become,
 Then the jejune brain will serve,
 The little soul, the ample purse.
 Filthy strumpets, ragged apes,
 Gentry all, will rule the feast.
 Asses will be set on chairs,
 Scholars standing at their back."

Translation of a French poem. The punctuation marks (in the French text) have been inserted by us according to the sense. The Editor does not know whence this poem has been borrowed.—Ed.

² *Adrien Duport* (1759-1798), a well-known member of the Constituent Assembly, elected to parliament while still quite a young lawyer . . . —Ed.

³ In discussing the penalty of death, *Adrien Duport* pronounced in favour of its abolition. With the profoundest logic he demonstrated that, in reserving to itself homicide, society

Robespierre, qui devait tout laisser immoler, plus tard demandait qu'on désarma la société de la peine de mort.

Si les préjugés des juristes n'eussent pas prévalu sur les saines doctrines de la philosophie morale, qui peut dire combien de sang eût été épargné à la France ? ¹

Everyone describes the weaknesses of humanity, and man's absurd aspects, by transferring them to imaginary personalities—sometimes with success, according to the talent of the author, or, for the most part, in an unnatural way. Why? Because we know human weaknesses by ourselves, and, to describe them truthfully, must express them in ourselves, since a given weakness goes only with a given personality. Few writers have the capacity to do this. They strive so to delineate the personality to which they transfer their weaknesses as to avoid recognizing themselves. Would it not be better to say outright. "This is the kind of man I am. If you do not like me I am sorry, but God has made me so"? The fact is that no one will take the first step, lest folk should say: "Do you suppose that, because you are bad and absurd, we are the same?" Hence everyone remains silent, even as when everyone fears to be the first to arrive at a provincial ball, and therefore arrives late. Let every man show just what he is; and then what has been weak and laughable in him will become so no longer.

Would it not be a great blessing to—escape, if even in the smallest degree, from the terrible yoke of such fear of justified it up to a certain point in respect of the murderer, but that the most efficacious method of discrediting murder, and preventing its occurrence, is for society to evince a holy horror of the crime", (Lamartine?).—Ed.

¹ "Robespierre, who at one time consigned everything to destruction, subsequently demanded that society should be deprived of the weapon of the death penalty."

"If the prejudices of jurists had not triumphed over the sane principles of moral philosophy, how much bloodshed would not France have been spared?"

The Editor was unable to establish the source of the extracts (2) and (3). Possibly they were composed by Tolstoy himself, under the influence of his study of Lamartine's *Girondins*.—Ed.

ridicule? How many, many genuine amenities do we not lose through this foolish dread!

(9) Ne pouvant ni rester sans un passé qui croule ni jeter d'un seul jet l'avenir dans son moule (Lamartine, *Jocelyn*).¹

La supériorité est une infirmité sociale (Emile Souvestre).²

June 2nd (?) 1851. *Starogladkovskaya Stanitsa*.—My God, my God, what sad and oppressive days are these! And why is one so sad? No, one is not so much sad as pained by the consciousness of being sad without knowing the cause. I used to think that this came of inactivity, of idleness; but no, it comes, not of idleness, but of a position in which I can do nothing. Above all, such despondency as I am experiencing I can find nowhere else—neither in descriptions nor even in my imagination. I understand that it is possible to grieve in the case of a loss, a parting, a cheated hope. I understand how one may suffer disenchantment. Everything may begin to pall, and one may fall short of one's expectations so often as to have nothing left to expect. I understand how, when one's soul is sheltering love for all that is beautiful, for mankind, for nature, and yearning to express it all, and to ask for sympathy, and encounters naught but coldness and ridicule and secret rancour against one's neighbour, sadness may ensue. I understand the sadness of a man who, when his lot is hard, feels oppressed with a heavy, malignant feeling of envy. I understand it all, and in all such sadness there lies, regarded from another standpoint, an element of the good.

¹ "Not being either able to renounce his mouldering past or at a stroke to throw the future into his mould" (Lamartine's *Jocelyn* or *Girondins*?).—Ed.

² "Superiority is a social weakness" (Emile Souvestre, a French writer, 1806-1857).

In his dramatic works it is not representatives of the wealthy classes who are the bearers of the moral ideas of knowledge, but chiefly labouring men who have been unfairly dealt with by fate.

The Editor is unable to point out from which work Tolstoy is quoting.—Ed.

I feel my sadness, but cannot comprehend it, or envisage it. I have nothing to regret, almost nothing to wish for, and no reason exists why I should be incensed against fate. Above all, I understand that I could live on my imagination. But no; my imagination refuses to draw pictures; all fancy is lacking. Contempt of my fellows—surely I might take a gloomy delight in that? But in this direction too I am incapable: I do not devote to my fellows a single thought. First I reflect: "Such and such a man has a good, simple soul"; then I reflect: "No; I had better not make experiments. Why should I perpetrate a blunder?" Nor is there any disenchantment: all things still divert me. The cause of my sorrow must be that I applied myself too early to the serious things of life—I applied myself to them before I was yet ripe, but when able to feel and understand. The result is that I lack any strong faith in friendship, or in love, or in beauty, and, while disenchanted as to the important things in life, am yet a child in things petty.

Just now, in conning over the unpleasant moments of my life, the only moments which keep recurring to my mind during this fit of despondency, I reflected that pleasure is too scanty, and desire too great, and man himself too apt to picture happiness, and fate too apt to buffet him, and catch him painfully, painfully on the raw, for him to live in love with life. Moreover, there is something especially gratifying and grand in indifference to life: and I enjoy this feeling. How fortified against all things I seem so long as I can feel firmly persuaded that I have nothing to look for save death! Yet also I can recall with pleasure the fact that I have ordered a saddle to carry me in my Circassian costume, and that I shall run after Cossack women, and relapse into despair because my left moustache is slimmer¹ than my right, and spend a couple of hours in rectifying the matter before a looking-glass! But I cannot write. Judging by this, it is stupid...

(10) Et puis cette horrible nécessité de traduire par des

¹ Or "hangs lower"; the word is written illegibly.—Ed.

mots, et aligner en pattes de mouche, des pensées ardentes, vives, mobiles comme des rayons de soleil teignant les images de l'air. Ou faire le métier ! Grand Dieu !¹

Et quæ fuerunt vitia mores sunt (Sénèque).²

La conversation est un trapèze, et si l'on l'entreprend sans fonds, la balance penche, et le commerce tombe (Sterne).³

June (?) 4th, 1851.—I feel quite fresh, quite cheerful, mentally and physically. The only thing that I have to reproach myself with is want of firmness of character, and vanity and carelessness. Man has in him an inborn tendency to test fate, happiness—*i.e.* to refuse to rest content with one or more fortunate occurrences, but to wish for their repetition *ad infinitum*. The more frequently a man is lucky in anything, the more risk he will undertake ; whereas he should presume that happiness is at last exhausted.

(11) L'esprit dictateur qui allait porter ce jurement rompt en le déposant, et l'ange envoyé de tenir les registres laissa tomber une larme sur ce mot en l'inscrivant, et l'effaça.⁴

¹ " Ah, this horrible necessity of verbal transmission, of copybook inscription, of thoughts as warm and bright and quick as the sun's rays when they tint the clouds of heaven ! Or to make a trade of it ! Great God ! "

(The Editor does not know whether this is a quotation from some work, or whether it is one of Tolstoy's own thoughts.)—Ed.

² " What were vices are become virtues." (Seneca.) Translation of a Latin saying.

In his young days Tolstoy was greatly interested in Seneca's teaching, and evidently was well acquainted with his works.—Ed.

³ " Conversation is a trapeze. If one embarks upon it without a basis, the balance leans, and the thing comes to the ground." (Sterne.)

Laurence Sterne (1713-1768), a well-known humorous writer. His works, such as *Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy* (1760), and especially his *Sentimental Journey through France and Italy* (1768), made a great impression upon Tolstoy in his youth ; as he himself has said, he imitated Sterne's manner of writing in his first work (*Childhood*).—Ed.

⁴ " The imperious spirit which was to take the oath broke it in swearing it, and the angel sent to hold the registers dropped upon the word a tear, and effaced the entry."

Unfortunately the Editor was unable to ascertain whence this somewhat unintelligible quotation was taken.—Ed.

July 8th. Stary-Yurt.—Love and religion—these are pure and lofty sentiments. Yet of that which men call love I am ignorant. If love be what I have read and heard of it, I have had of it no experience. Once upon a time I used to see a girl student named Zinaida¹ who

¹ Mlle. Zinaida Modestovna Molostvov was married to Tiele. As she undoubtedly left a deep impression on Tolstoy's mind and memory the Editor deems it fitting to adduce some biographical information concerning her, communicated by her daughter and other relatives. Mlle. Z. M. Molostvov was born at the family estate, "Tri Oзера," on Nov. 24, 1828, where she spent her childhood. Her parents were Modest Porfiryevich Molostvov and Barbara Ivanovna, *née* Mergasov. Her father had been a military man, and on three occasions had been elected for a term of three years as the leader of the nobility of the Spassky district, Government of Kazan. At the age of sixteen, after her father's death Z. M. entered the Rodion Institute at Kazan. Madame E. D. Zagoskin, head of the Institute, was almost like a mother to her. Z. M. learnt easily, combining ability with love of science and a constant striving after moral perfection. Her wit was coupled with a deep intellect and a warm heart. Z. M. made Tolstoy's acquaintance at Madame Zagoskin's at Kazan while she was still a pupil at the Institute, as he himself says (further on). She was a friend of his sister's, who was at the same Institute; according to his sister's testimony "she (Z. M.) was liked by the Tolstoy's and preferred to others because, apart from her great ability, Z. M. was full of life, witty, and possessed of a keen sense of humour. . . ." Whenever she met Tolstoy at a ball she danced nearly all the mazurkas with him, and was obviously interested in him. Tolstoy saw her again when he stopped at Kazan on his way to the Caucasus; she was then twenty-two years of age. Soon after that she became engaged to her future husband, Nikolay Vasilyevich Tiele. Z. M. married at twenty-three under very distressing circumstances: Elizabeth Modestovna (Ogolin's fiancée whom Tolstoy mentions further back in his *Diary*), her favourite sister, had just died, and Z. M.'s fiancé had barely recovered from typhoid, after which he was hardly recognizable; he even lost his memory for a time. During her subsequent life Z. M. always strove to do good wherever she was able. She was much occupied with orphanages and even established one at her country house. She was the first president of the "Ladies' Charity Society" at Kazan, and was at the same time a careful and tender mother. During the first years of her married life she had a serious illness which left her delicate, and towards the end of her life she had much trouble to go through. Z. M. Molostvov died of a painful disease—aneurism—on Feb. 10, 1897, at Kazan. In view of the fact that Tolstoy was seriously attracted by Zinaida Modestovna and admitted the possibility of marriage, we find it becoming to adduce here more

pleased me ; but I came to know her only a little (Faugh ! how gross is a word ! And how trivial, how stupid do sentiments appear on paper !). I stayed a week at Kazan ; and if you were to ask me why I did so, or what I found there so agreeable, or why I was so happy there, I should

detail concerning her personality and her relation to Tolstoy. A. P. Mertvago (a well-known agronomer and writer, a nephew of Z. M. M.) writes, *inter alia*, concerning his visit to Tolstoy at Moscow (about ten years before Tolstoy's death), in his *Reminiscences* as follows :

" Z. M. was a cousin of my mother's and, therefore, from the time of the rise of Tolstoy's literary fame I often heard of his youthful infatuation for her.

" In the wide circle of young women of Kazan ' society ' of the ' forties, Zinaida Modestovna could not fail to attract the attention of Lyovushka Tolstoy.

" She was not a great beauty, but was distinguished for her good looks and grace, and she was intelligent and witty. Her observations on people were tempered with humour, but at the same time she was naturally kind and tactful ; she was of a dreamy turn of mind.

" When, two years later, Tolstoy went to the Caucasus, he chose the long route through Kazan, and certainly his old uncle (Yushkov) was not the cause of his having chosen this route !

" His friendship for Ogolin " (of which Biryukov relates in Tolstoy's *Life*), says Mertvago, " is probably explained by the fact that at that time he was on intimate terms with the Molostvov family.

" On his return from the Caucasus in the autumn Tolstoy wrote to A. S. Ogolin in a humorous fashion :

" Mister
Ogolin
Hasten
To Write
How you all are
To me in the Caucasus.
As for Miss Molostvov
Is she quite well ? . . .
Oblige
Leo Tolstoy ! "

In a letter to T. A. Ergolsky, written from Kazan in 1851, Tolstoy let fall the remark : " It is not that I was in a bad frame of mind all this time ; I merely did not feel merry. You will easily guess the cause. . . . "

To this period also relates the letter in which Tolstoy dreams of family life and describes his future wife in poetical terms : " I am thinking of the happiness awaiting me. . . . This is a

answer that it was not because I was in love, in that knowledge of love is not mine. Yet ignorance of the kind is, I think, love's chief feature, its whole charm. How morally light-hearted I was during that period! None of this burden of petty passions which now is spoiling for

wonderful dream. But this is not all that I allow myself to dream of. I am married, I have a kind, quiet, loving wife: she loves me as much as I love her, we have children who call you 'grandmother.' . . ." When Tolstoy wrote this letter the news had not yet reached him that Z. M. had married (*vide* entry for June 22, 1852). "Many years later, when well on in years, fascinating as ever and admirable in her ability to live her life and console herself with all sorts of illusions, Z. M. recalled how Tolstoy had fascinated her. In words which breathed a touching sentiment combined with tender sadness she referred to that bright fleeting vision of her young days." (Molostvov: *Leo Tolstoy*, p. 102.)

We adduce here more extracts from the same article by Mertvago which is probably little known to the reading public of to-day:

"The winter of 1885 was spent by Madame Z. M. Tiele at Moscow. Madame E. D. Zagoskin, whom Tolstoy used to visit, was on a visit at Moscow (at her daughter's).

"Aunt Zina, why don't you renew your acquaintance with Tolstoy?' I asked Zinaida Modestovna.

"Why should I? I know and value him for what he is and for what he writes. If he remembers me at all he remembers me as I was in my youth, thirty-five years ago. Why, then, should I replace this pleasant image with that of a stout, ugly old woman. . . ."

"At the end of 1902 (this is a misprint, it should read 1900—Ed.), I was passing through Moscow, and as the crops had failed this winter in the Government of Tula I decided to make an attempt to get from Tolstoy an article on the famine for the magazine *Horvayn*.

"I entered his room and was struck by the sight of the old man seated in his arm-chair. I had not expected to find such a change in his outward appearance which had remained in my memory during the last twenty years. But I was still more struck by his unexpectedly kind, friendly greeting:

"How you resemble your father! . . . Where does your father live now? At Kazan?"

"He died in 1897."

"After a short interval Tolstoy said, in a somewhat irresolute tone: 'The Molostvovs, I think, were near relations of yours?'"

"Yes, all uncles and aunts of mine."

"Where is Zinaida Modestovna now?"

"She died three years ago. . . ."

me all the pleasures of life did I then feel. I spoke not a word of love, yet felt assured that she knew my sentiments, and that, if she liked me, I could attribute it to the fact that she understood me. Always, originally, are impulses of the heart pure and elevated. It is actuality that destroys their innocence and charm.

My relations with Zinaida have remained in the stage of a pure yearning of two souls for one another. Perhaps you doubt that I love you, Zinaida? If so, pardon me. The fault is mine, for I might have reassured you with a word.

Shall I never see her again? Shall I one day learn that she is married to a Beketov?¹ Worse still, shall I then see her in her little cap, with the same clever, open, merry, love-filled, jolly eyes as of old? Not yet abandoned are my schemes of journeying to marry her; and though I am not convinced that she would constitute for me happiness, I am in love. If not, why the pleasant

“‘Died? . . .’ repeated Tolstoy in a tone of sadness and surprise, and asked, after a considerable pause:

“‘And her husband?’

“‘He died in the ‘eighties.’

“Tolstoy seemed to receive my answer rather indifferently and to be musing upon something.

“‘Was Zinaida Modestovna happy in her family life? . . . Had she nice children? . . . And her brother, the man in the artillery?’ asked Tolstoy, trying to recall those of the same age who were with him at Kazan. They had all died, and I felt that these questions were an old man’s mental survey of his generation. The subsequent conversation showed me clearly that Tolstoy’s interest in my visit, hitherto unintelligible to me, was prompted by his ‘first love’ for Z. M. Molostvov.”—Ed.

¹ Alexander Nikolayevich Beketov, landowner of Simbirsk, later married to the Princess Gagarin. Mme. E. N. Depreis, daughter of Mme. E. D. Zagoskin, communicates to us (through A. P. Mertvago) the following recollection of hers: While she (Z. M.) was still a young girl, she and her eldest sister had occasion to observe during Tolstoy’s visit at their house how the young count sulked, being evidently jealous of Beketov on account of Zinaida Modestovna when Beketov engaged her attention. From Tolstoy’s letter to E. N. Depreis, dated April 6, 1899, and placed at our disposal, it can be seen that Tolstoy had preserved pleasant recollections of this family to the end of his life, for he writes: “I always recall you and your family with great pleasure.”—Ed.

memories which never fail to revive me? Why the mien with which I gaze whenever I see and become conscious of anything beautiful¹? Should I not write her a letter? Yet I do not know even her patronymic; whence, perhaps, I shall lose happiness. And, absurd though it seems, I forgot to bring with me my pleated shirt, and, for this reason, am not performing military service. Ah, if I had forgotten also to take with me my cap, I should not have thought of presenting myself to Vorontsov,² and taking service at Tiflis. It could not be done in a fur cap. And what now awaits me only God knows . . . I surrender myself to His will. Of what is necessary for my happiness, and, indeed, of what constitutes happiness, I have no knowledge. Do you remember the Archbishop's garden, Zinaida—the side path? It was on the tip of my tongue to declare myself, as it was on yours; it was my place to take the initiative, but do you know why, I thought, I said, nothing? Because I was so happy that I had nothing to wish for, and feared to spoil my . . . not my felicity, but ours.

To the end this gracious period will remain the best of my life's recollections. But what a vain and futile creature is man! When questioned concerning the time spent in Kazan, I reply in a careless tone: "Yes, yes; the society of the provincial capital was well enough, and I spent some very pleasant days there."

Rascal! Always have people turned everything into

¹ The circumstance that Tolstoy did not know, or had forgotten, the patronymic of Mlle. Z. M. Molostvov is explained by the fact that he made her acquaintance when her father, Modest Porfiryevich, was no longer living. According to the fashionable custom of that time, when conversation was carried on chiefly in French, she was called simply by her name, "Mlle. Zinaïde."—Ed.

² His Excellency Prince Michael Semenovich Vorontsov (1782-1856), Viceroy of the Caucasus and Commander-in-chief of the armies of the Caucasus. . . . His son, Prince Simon Mikhailovich, and the latter's wife, Maria Vasilyevna, are depicted by Tolstoy in the story *Hadji-Murat*. . . . Although S. M. Vorontsov is not mentioned by Tolstoy in his *Diary* there is no doubt that he knew him personally, the more so that he served in Chechenia, where Vorontsov's son was in command of the Kurinsky regiment.—Ed.

ridicule. They ridicule the suggestion that, with one's beloved, a wigwam would be paradise, and declare it to be not true. Of course it is true! And not only in a wigwam, but at Krapivna,¹ at Stary-Yurt, or anywhere else! Yes, that a wigwam with one's beloved would be paradise is the truth, the truth, aye, a hundred times the truth!

August 10th, 1851. *Stary-Yurt*.—The night of the 3rd was glorious. Seated at the window of my hut in Starogladovskaya I revelled in nature with every sense save that of touch. The moon was not visible, but, in the south-east, a few clouds of night had begun to redden, and a light breeze was bringing a scent of freshness. Frogs and crickets were combining in a vague, monotonous song of the night, and the clear vault was studded with stars. At such times, how I love to gaze into the starry vault, where, behind large, clear stars, one can discern smaller stars merging into white patches, and, as one is gazing at and admiring them, suddenly becoming hidden again. How the stars seem to approach nearer! It is an optical illusion which never fails to afford me delight.

I know not how others indulge in fancies; from what I have heard or read, they do so quite differently from myself. Folk say that, as one contemplates nature's beauty, there come to one thoughts of the greatness of God, and of the insignificance of man. Lovers discern in water the image of their beloved; other people say that *the hills tell them so-and-so, and the leaves something else, or that summonses have been communicated to them by trees*. How do such ideas come to enter people's heads? Even to imagine such follies is an effort. The longer I live, the more easily I accept various affectations in life, in conversation, etc.; but to this affectation I shall never, for all I hear, accustom myself. Whenever I have myself indulged² in what is called "dreaming" I find in my brain not a single idea

¹ A country town in the Government of Tula, situated about twenty-five miles from Yasnaya Polyana.—ED.

² "Indulged" stands in the copy; it should read "indulge."
—ED.

of sense. So far otherwise is it that every thought fitting through my imagination is most paltry, the kind of thought which does not arrest the attention : and when at last I light upon a thought, bringing others in its train, that pleasant mood of moral indolence which constitutes my dreaming disappears, and I begin to reflect.

I do not know the reason, but there persist in wandering through my errant thoughts memories of sundry nights. Tziganes . . . Katya's songs and eyes and smiles [1] and tender words are still fresh in my memory. Why need I describe them, however ? I have something else to write about.

I notice that there is in me an evil tendency to discursiveness ; and this tendency, not any superabundance of ideas—as I used to think—is what so often hinders me from writing, and forces me to rise from my desk, and turn my thoughts to something quite other than that whereof I am writing. Yes, a pernicious tendency, this. For all his gigantic talent of narration and clever prattle, even my favourite author, Sterne, is tediously discursive.

No one who has had many dealings with the Tziganes will have failed to acquire a habit of singing gipsy ditties, and, whether he sing them well or ill, he will find the doing so afford him pleasure, and bring back vivid memories. One characteristic feature brings back incidents with which the feature in question is connected. That feature in a gipsy song it is not easy to define. It lies in pronunciation, in a peculiar species of embellishment and beat.

I was singing such a gipsy ditty at my window—the song “ Tell Me Why,” a gipsy song which, though not one of my favourites, Katya had sung to me on an evening when, seated on my knee, she had declared that she loved only myself, and that the reason why she showed favour also to others was that her mates required her to do so, but that she conceded to none but myself liberties of the kind which need concealment behind the curtain of modesty. I believed with all my soul her artful gipsy

chatter, and was in a good frame of mind, for no *visitor* had annoyed me. This is why I love the song and the evening.

With great animation I sang it, since there was no bashfulness to check my voice or confuse my passages. I listened to myself with keen delight. As always, vanity had stolen its way into my soul, and I was thinking: "Much as I love to hear myself, others must find it even more delightful." And I actually envied those persons whatsoever of the pleasure was not mine with them! Suddenly, however, as I paused for breath, to listen to the sounds of the night, that I might with the keener relish troll the succeeding stanza, I heard something rustle beneath my window.

"Who is that?" "I," came the reply in a voice which, for all its tone of assurance that I should find the reply satisfactory, I failed to recognize. "Who is 'I'?" I asked, vexed at having had my dreams and song disturbed by a passer-by. "I was on my way home, but stopped to listen." "Ah! Then it is Mark, is it?" "It is, your honour. And your honour likes to sing Calmuck songs?" "Calmuck songs?" "Yes," went on the other, without noticing that I was grieved and offended. "I could hear that your voice had in it the Calmuck troll. Yes. Calmuck!" To think that that crippled Mark should come and spoil my pleasure with his stupid talk! All was over. No longer could I indulge either in dreams or song. Presently it occurred to me also that I must have been singing very badly, and that it was my singing that had provoked a laugh which I had heard issue from a neighbouring yard. This disagreeable impression recalled me to myself. Engage now in study I could not, and I had no desire to go to bed; whereas Mark seemed to be in excellent spirits after thus acting as the unconscious instrument of my disenchantment. Next I expressed my surprise that he too was not in bed, and he replied in affected and almost unintelligible terms to the effect that he was troubled with insomnia. Eventually

there developed a conversation, for, on learning that I had no desire to sleep, he begged of me permission to enter, and, on my agreeing, seated himself and his crutches opposite my bed. The personality of Mark, also called Luke, is so interesting, so typically Cossack, that some attention may well be paid to it.

My landlord, Yapishka, a veteran Cossack of Ermolov's day, a liar and l . . . ,¹ it was that had first dubbed "Mark" by that name. This Yapishka did on the strength of the fact, as he explained, that there are three Apostles, Luke, Mark, and Nikita the Martyr; and that any one of them was as good as the rest. Hence he called Lukashka "Mark," and the name soon ran through all the *stanitsa*.

Mark is a man of twenty-five, short of stature, and a

¹ Dots stand after the letter "l" in the copy; the author may have left the word unfinished, or the copyist may have failed to decipher it.

Yapishka. Here, and at most places further on, there stands in the copy "Yapishka." It is obviously a mistake and we spell the name as the diminutive of "Epifan" is pronounced by the common people. In his letters Tolstoy calls him "Epishka." . . . He was an old Cossack with whom Tolstoy was friendly and whom he afterwards depicted as "Eroshka" in his story *The Cossacks*. Some inhabitants of Starogladvskaya Stanitsa still remember this "Uncle Epishka."

We adduce rather interesting details from a letter from a Caucasian: "At Starogladvskaya Stanitsa I found a contemporary of Uncle Epishka's and read *The Cossacks* to him, so as to hear from him something that might supplement the details given of Epishka-Eroshka." In everything Tolstoy has depicted him with photographic exactness. . . . The description of his appearance is correct save that his great 'bushy grey' beard was dyed dark red, according to the custom of the natives. . . . The natives of the Stanitsa remember Epishka as a bad character. He used to go beyond the Terek and bring back Chechenians. When young, he did not mind whom he robbed; he robbed both his own people and the Chechenians" (from P. A. Tsyrunikov's letters, 1916).

Tolstoy's brother, Nikolay Nikolayevich, among other things, says of this Epishka, whom he describes in detail in his *Memoirs*:

"He is a very interesting and probably the last type of the old 'Grebensky' Cossacks. Epishka, as he put it himself, was a brave, a thief, a swindler. He used to steal horses and take them off to the other side, sell people and lasso Chechenians; now he is a lonely old man, nearly 90. This man has seen many things in his life! He has more than once been in prison and has been to

cripple, with one foot disproportionately small as compared with his body, and the other foot disproportionately small (as well as crooked) as compared with the first one. Yet—or, rather, for that reason—he walks, with or without crutches, at a fairly good pace, to avoid losing his balance; and as he does so he rests one foot almost on the ball of the toe, and the other foot almost on the tip. When seated he would seem to you to be a man of medium height, and well built.

It is a remarkable fact that, however high be the chair on which he is seated, his legs always reach the floor. This peculiarity of *sitting posture* always struck me with surprise, and at first I attributed it to a faculty of stretch-

Chechenia several times. His whole life is a string of the most strange adventures; the old man never worked; even his service was not what we now understand by the word. Either he acted as interpreter or was entrusted with such undertakings as he alone could carry out; for instance, to bring to town some native brave, dead or alive, from his own hut; to set the house of Bey-Bulat on fire, who was known at the time as a leader of the mountaineers, to bring to the head of the detachment the "amanats," or honorary elders, from Chechenia, to go shooting with the commander. . . . Shooting and carousing were the old man's two passions: they were, and still are, his chief occupation; all his other adventures are mere episodes. . . ."

When we compare the description of the old Cossack "Epishka-Eroshka" given in the works of both L. N. and N. N. Tolstoy we become convinced that they fully agree, down to the smallest detail; this proves the veracity and accuracy of the two descriptions of this original personality. And it cannot be said that either brother borrowed his description from the other, for they wrote their works *simultaneously*. We know that Tolstoy began the story *Cossacks* in 1852 on the spot where he lived amongst the villagers, first giving it the title *Sketches of the Caucasus*. For instance, at a later date (Oct. 21, 1852) he notes down Yapishka's "wonderful tales" and, at the same time, at the end of 1852 his brother N. N. lets him read what are obviously the first sketches of *Notes on Shooting*. (Vide *Diary* for Oct. 29, 1852.)

In 1908 Tolstoy received a visit from Lieutenant-Colonel D. M. Sekhin, a great nephew of "Uncle Epishka," a Cossack of the Starogladvovskaya Stanitsa and ex-chief of police. At his request Tolstoy presented his portrait to the people of the Stanitsa with the inscription: "To the people of Starogladvovskaya Stanitsa, in remembrance of L. N. Tolstoy" (in accordance with the notes of N. N. Gusev and A. B. Goldenweiser).—Ed.

ing his legs ; but when I studied the matter in detail I discovered the cause to lie in an unusual flexibility of the spine and a capacity of the posterior to assume any and every shape. Viewed from in front, he appears not to be seated at all, but merely leaning against the chair, and curving himself so as to throw his arm over the back (a favourite attitude) ; but, one day, on walking round to the rear, I discovered with astonishment that he was in truth fulfilling all the conditions of a sitting posture. In person he is by no means comely, for he has a head small, and close-cropped in the Cossack fashion ; a forehead extremely large and intelligent ; beneath it a pair of cunning grey eyes, not destitute of a certain sparkle ; a very hooked nose ; lips thick and prominent ; and a chin studded with a short reddish beard. Such are the features of a countenance expressive of cheerfulness, self-satisfaction, intellect, and timidity. To describe him from the moral standpoint lies beyond me ; but, in so far as the following dialogue represents him, I may well reproduce it. As a matter of fact, we had had previous dealings and discussions, and that day he had come to me while I was packing my effects for the morrow's journey. At the time there was seated there Yapishka, whom Mark feared under the correct supposition that Yapishka would show jealousy of anything which I might present to Mark, whom I had chosen for my tutor in the Kumyk tongue.

"Between you and myself, your Excellency, I may say" (this was a parenthetical sentence that he loved to use), "that I should like to present to you a small request . . ."
—"What is it ?"—"Permit me to state it presently—but after all"—he stopped for a moment to reflect—"I may do it now"—here a glance and a smile at Yapishka—"If I had a pencil and paper I should be able to write . . ."

I pointed out to him some writing requisites on the table, and he took a sheet of paper, composed his legs and crutches into a formless heap, seated himself upon the floor, put his head on one side—sucking hard at his pencil meanwhile—smiled, and, with difficulty, traced on the

paper a number of scrawls which he proceeded further to elaborate on his knee. Five minutes later I received from him the following address—written, of course, awry, and in a large hand. As he delivered it he turned to Yapishka with the remark, "See now, uncle! There you sit, yet you have not a notion of what I have written!"—"You are the better man of letters," the other retorted with a sneer.

"I venture to beg of your Excellency that, if you will be kind in the matter of the travelling *samovar*, I am prepared to be your servant in the future; that is to say, if the *samovar* be old, and no longer needful for your requirements."—Probably the smile with which I said, "Very good. Take the thing," he conceived to be a tribute to his literary talent, for he responded with the same cunning, complacent smile as he had bestowed upon Yapishka. That was all. On the night of which I am speaking there ensued the following conversation. "You are not pleased, then, to go to bed?" "No, I cannot sleep." "Where have you been?" "To tell the truth, I cannot sleep, so I have been strolling round the *stanitsa*, hither and thither, and am on my way home." [[38]].

I possess this peculiarity: that of things which I do, not because I am fascinated by them, but in pursuance of a plan, I am afraid, so that I cannot resolve to mention them by name, or to approach them direct. And in Mark's conversation there is the peculiarity that it comprises two forms of diction: the one the ordinary form which he uses on occasions of no special, or only a pleasant, importance, when, the circumstances being what they are, he bears himself simply and becomingly; and the other the form which, if the conversation touches upon anything beyond the usual rut of his habits, leads him to use, not so much words, as periods affected and unintelligible, while his whole exterior undergoes a complete change, his eyes take on an unwonted brilliancy, an unsteady smile twists his mouth, his body grows restless all over, and he ceases to be himself.

Very amusing were Mark's conversation and narrative that night; particularly his intercession on behalf of K . . . L . . ., who was attached to him, but who, having attained the end he desired, owing to his weak health could no longer make use of Mark's services.

August 22nd.—The 28th will be my birthday, when I shall be twenty-three years old. And from that day I should like to live in conformity with the aim which I have set myself. To-morrow I will think out everything well, but now will re-apply myself to my diary, with a list of future occupations and a shortened Franklin table. This last I had supposed to have been born of the pedantry which works me harm; but it is not there that the fault lies, since no table could restrain vigorous movement of the spirit, and if in any way this table affects me, it will prove of use in strengthening my character, and training me to activity; wherefore I will continue my old system.

At daybreak, fall to setting my papers, accounts, books, and engagements in order; then collect my thoughts, and begin transcription of the first chapter of my novel. . . . After dinner (at which I shall eat little), apply myself to the Tartar language, to sketching, shooting, exercise, and reading.

August 23rd.—I have been rather lazy, and several times lacking in energy. For instance, I failed to tell Sulimovsky¹ that he was hindering me and failed to start a conversation with a female neighbour.

24.—I must rise before the sun, drink my tea without sitting down, and study some Tartar words. Before dinner, work at my novel, and, after dinner, apply myself to the Tartar language, sketching, shooting, and reading.

August 25th.—[19]. Yesterday I rose late, for Alexeyev called. He is beginning to weary me with his frivolous arguments about everything, expressed in pompous words.

¹ There were two brothers Sulimovsky: Alexander and Michael Ivanovich. We think it is the latter who is mentioned here, i.e. a second-lieutenant of the 4th battery, 20th brigade, Tolstoy's immediate commander, who had joined this brigade in the autumn of the same year as a gunner of the fourth class.—Ed.

Yet manifestly he has no convictions at all, and, though kind of heart, is not so wisely. I did a little reading, but felt too lazy to work in earnest. After dinner I slept; then Sado¹ came in, and, though very pleased to see him, I could not bring myself to pay him the money for the shooting. I will not pay it, but will take, instead, a horse. In the evening I again felt lazy. To-morrow I go to Kal-Yurt²; oy . . .³ to deal with some Tartars. I will try to inspire them with respect. It is long since I was last in danger, and I feel dull. To-morrow again *en route*!

August 26th.—It was impossible to cross the Terek. At least, so the Cossacks said. I did not greatly insist, for I had made no arrangements in advance. Spent the day upon nothing, for Sado was in my way. In the evening wandered about the *stanitsa*, [2]. Yesterday Yapishka, when drunk, informed me that Salamalida is taking a turn for the better. Would that I could take her, and clean her! To-morrow I should have gone out hunting but for the fact that I have not made arrangements overnight. Early in the morning I will fall to work at the novel, then do some rough riding, then study the Tartar language [2].

¹ A young Chechenian. In a letter to Mme. T. A. Ergolsky (Jan. 6, 1852) Tolstoy writes: "... Near the camp there is a native village inhabited by Chechenians. A young Chechenian, Sado, used to come to the camp and play, but, as he could not count or write, there were scoundrels who cheated him. For this reason I have never wished to play against Sado and I have even told him he should not play because he was being cheated, and I have myself offered to play for him. He was very grateful to me for this. . . . Several times he has proved his devotion to me by exposing himself to danger; but this, for him, is nothing—it has become a habit and a pleasure." In this letter Tolstoy gives a detailed description of Sado and of his friendly relations with him. . . . (*Vide* also footnote on p. 140.)—Ed.

² Kal-Yurt or Kam-Yurt. The word is illegible in the copy. The former is more correct. N. N. Tolstoy says in his notes: "We (our detachment) were marching from beyond Kal-Yurt towards Kazakachi. . . ." Obviously this is a Tartar village in the Terek Province.—Ed.

³ This word stands in the copy.—Ed.

September 4th.—On the 27th my brother and Balta¹ came to see me; and on the 28th I attained my twenty-third year. I had counted much upon this period, yet, to my sorrow, find that I remain always the same: within a few days I have done all the things of which I disapproved. Abrupt changes are impossible [2]. Several times recently I have shown myself weak, both in ordinary relations with men, and in danger, and in card-play—and still am held back by false shame. I have told many lies. Also, God knows for what purpose, I have been to Groznaya, and did not approach Baryatinsky. Played in excess of what was in my pocket, and, on my return, let a day pass without asking Alexeyev for the money, as I had wanted to do. I have been idling away my time, and even now cannot collect my thoughts, and, although writing, I feel no inclination to write.

(*Here is jotted down a Chechenian song*² *which it is difficult to decipher*).—[Copyist.]³

[*End of the "Diary" for 1851.*]⁴

¹ A Chechenian and a friend of Tolstoy's and of his brother, N. N. In the copy stands the word "Baltogo."—Ed.

² Possibly one of the songs which Tolstoy put in the mouth of the Chechenian Hanefi (*vide* the story "Hadji-Murat," chap. xx.), beginning with the words: "The earth will dry upon my grave. . . ." As we know, Tolstoy communicated it as early as 1875 to A. A. Fet, who put it into verse as "Two Songs of the Mountaineers of the Caucasus": (1) "The mound of my grave will begin to dry," and (2) "Thou heated bullet, bringest death with thee." Fet was grateful to Tolstoy for "letting him have the two songs of the Caucasus." . . . —Ed.

³ The italicised words are contained in the copy at the Editor's disposal (*vide* footnote on p. 120).—Ed.

⁴ The *Diary* for 1851 breaks off with the entry for Sept. 4, and is continued only in February of the following year. In order to recapitulate briefly the chief events in Tolstoy's life and his moods during these five months we turn to his letters (which have already appeared in print) to Mme. T. A. Ergolsky and his brother Count Sergey Nikolayevich, written from Tiflis. He evidently went to Tiflis with the intention of definitely ascertaining what his position was, *i.e.* whether he was to join the army as a cadet or to return to Russia, should he not be successful. As we know,

he managed to join the very battery to which his eldest brother, the Count Nikolay Nikolayevich, was attached.

We are here adducing some of the more essential portions of three letters of Tolstoy's of which we have knowledge and which portray his moods, his new acquaintances, and the manner in which he spent his time.

1. From a letter to Mme. T. A. Ergolsky :

"We really did set out on the 25th, and, after seven days of journeying . . . , arrived on the 1st of the present month.

"I omitted to bring with me some documents which at the present moment are in P. Hence I must wait, and have decided to do so at Tiflis; though, since Nikolinka's leave is ended, he left here three days ago. . . .

"If the papers should not arrive within a month, I shall retire from military service, as, in that case, I could not take part in the winter campaign, which was my sole reason for entering the army. . . ." "Tiflis, Nov. 12, 1851. . . ."

2. Later (on June 26th, 1852), in a letter to Mme. T. A. Ergolsky, Tolstoy wrote :

"From Tiflis I wrote you that my discharge [from the Civil Service] was not yet come to hand, but that I had donned military uniform, and was about to depart for my battery. General Wolf arranged it: he caused a paper to be sent to the battery stating that 'Count Tolstoy has intimated to me a desire to join the Service; but inasmuch as his discharge is not yet arrived, and he cannot be gazetted subaltern, I request of you to make such use of him that, on receipt of the discharge, he may be posted to actual duty, with seniority from the day of first employment in the battery.' This paper in my pocket, I set out for Starogladovskaya, but failed to find Nikolay there, since he had departed with the expedition. Hence, getting myself into uniform, I set forth after him, that is to say, I was used for service, though I had not yet been gazetted. The missing document arrived at Tiflis in January, and at Starogladovskaya only in March—i.e. after we had returned from the expedition" . . . (*vide entry for Feb. 28, 1852, concerning this "expedition."*)

3. From a letter to Count S. N. Tolstoy :

" . . . If I attain my wish, I shall, on the day of my appointment, set out for Starogladovskaya, and thence, immediately, join the expedition, where I shall ride and march in a sheepskin or a Circassian coat, and, to the best of my ability, help, with the aid of my gun, to exterminate *these brigands, these insolent Asiatics*. . . . Probably you would like to know who have been, and who are, my acquaintances, and in what relation I stand towards them. In this battery the officers are few, and, therefore, I know them all, though only superficially. Also, I enjoy general esteem, since always Nikolinka and I have by us, for the benefit of visitors, *vodka*, wine, and a snack. On the same basis has there developed, and rests, my acquaintanceship with other regimental officers whom I came to know at Stary-Yurt (the watering-place where I spent the summer) and on the expedition in which I took part.

Although they are more or less good fellows, I am on the same footing with them all—for I have more interesting occupations than conversing with officers. . . .”

4. Later Tolstoy writes again to Mme. T. A. Ergolsky, as though summing up what he had lived through during the past year :

“ . . . I believe that faults and qualities, the bases of character, remain ever the same ; whereas views of life, of happiness, change with years. Twelve months ago I thought to find happiness in diversion, in movement ; but now rest, physical and moral, is what I want. Only a condition of tranquillity without weariness, the peaceful joys of love and friendship, do I imagine as the summit of felicity, for only after fatigue can one enjoy the charm of rest, and only after absence of love can one enjoy love's rapture. At present I lack both the one and the other, and am therefore yearning for them. How much longer *must* I be thus deprived ? God only knows ! For some reason I feel this to be necessary. Religion and my experience of life, however small, have taught me that life is a testing. And for me it is more than a testing : it is an expiation of my sins. . . . ”

Mozdok Station, January 12, 1852.—ED.

1852

February 5th, 1852.—(Nikolayevka—I am proceeding with the detachment¹). I am indifferent to life, for in it I have experienced too little happiness to love life and, therefore, I do not fear death. Nor of suffering have I any fear; only of being unable to bear death and suffering well. I am not altogether easy in mind. This I can tell by the fact that I keep passing from one mood, one outlook . . . to another. Strange that my childish view of war—bravado—is the most restful for me. I am in large measure returning to my childish conception of things. . . .

1852. *February 28th. With the detachment near Teplik.*²—It has never fallen to me to realize in actuality the expectations of my fancy. Yet it has been my wish that fate would place me in positions of difficulty, positions that call for spiritual strength and virtue. My imagination has loved to present to me such positions, and an inner feeling has added: "The necessary strength and virtue are yours." In fact, my conceit and my reliance upon my own spiritual strength have grown as they met with no opposition. Occasions there have been when I might have justified this self-assurance; but never have I done so—I have merely excused myself on the ground that the

¹ Yanzhul relates in his book that the Russians embarked resolutely upon the final conquest of Chechenia in 1852. At the beginning of January, Major-General Prince Baryatinsky, commander of the left wing of the army, opened hostilities from the fortress of Vozdvizhensky, simultaneously launching an auxiliary column from the entrenched Kurinsky camp. Count Leo Tolstoy, who subsequently wrote the immortal works *Felling Wood*, the *Grebentisy* (Cossacks), *War and Peace*, etc., was a gunner in charge of one of the guns of the 4th battery in Colonel Baklanov's column.—Ed.

² Teplik or Tepli—a mountain village in the province of Daghestan.—Ed.

difficulties presented were too few, and I did not utilize the whole of my spiritual strength.

I have been proud, but with a pride resting not on deeds, but on a constant hope that I should prove capable of all things. Hence has my external pride lacked certainty, firmness, or constancy, and passed continually from extreme arrogance to superfluous modesty.

My eyes have been opened by my condition in times of danger. I used to try to picture myself as absolutely cool and calm in danger; but in the actions of the 17th and 18th¹ I proved otherwise. I have not the excuse which I used to make to myself, that the danger was less than I had pictured. There was a unique opportunity for displaying all my spiritual strength; yet I showed myself weak. Hence I am dissatisfied with myself.

Only now have I come to understand that it is deceptive to feel sure of one's actions in the future, and that men may rely upon themselves only in so far as they have had previous experience, and that that reliance annuls their very strength, and that one should regard no occasion as too insignificant to apply the whole of one's strength to it. In short, never ought one to defer until to-morrow what

¹ The battle mentioned here which took place on Feb. 17 and 18, is in all probability the one referred to by Tolstoy forty-five years later, in his *Diary* for 1897. In an editorial note the supposition is expressed that Tolstoy was one year out of his reckoning, and that he probably had in mind the battle of 1853, which had also taken place on Feb. 17 and 18. But having studied the present volume of the *Diary* we are inclined to assume that Tolstoy recalled in 1897 the *first* battle in which he had taken part, although his recollections of it were less vivid than those of the battle which took place a year later and in which his life was endangered.

We read in Yanzhul's book: "In order to . . . survey the straight road from the village of Tepli to the entrenched Kurinsky camp, Prince Baryatinsky made a move into the heart of Chechenia, in the direction of Meskir-Yurt, on Feb. 17 (1852)." We quote brief extracts from a description of this action: "About seven miles in a direct line had still to be covered to reach the entrenched Kurinsky camp, but in view of the fact that the mountaineers were offering a stubborn resistance, Prince Baryatinsky dispatched an order to Colonel Baklanov to send out a detachment to meet him . . . This was to divert the attention of some of Shamil's forces and to enable Baryatinsky's detachment to reach Kurinsky without

can be done to-day. Simple though this rule is, often though I have heard it, I have only now come to understand and to recognize its verity. Only one known road exists whereby thought can merge into conviction.

*March 20th, 1852. Starogladkovskaya.*¹—I have been re-reading my old Diary from July 1851, and also something else that I find written in the book. The pleasure which the re-reading has afforded me forces me to continue the Diary, so that I may prepare for myself a similar pleasure in the future.

Certain thoughts recorded in the book struck me through their originality, or through their correctness. The faculty of such bold and rugged writing and thinking seems now to have left me. True, such boldness is frequently combined with a tendency to paradox; yet for that very reason there is present also the more assuredness. Now, however, I have grown too indolent even to think, or to persuade myself of anything.

No less than of old, however, do I believe and doubt. In every respect is there equilibrium. Being too indolent to persuade myself of aught, I have grown weary

great losses. Colonel Baklanov left the entrenched camp on Feb. 18. This column, led by good guides, marched across country in complete silence, to avoid being prematurely discovered by the enemy. . . . At dawn the column descended into the valley of the Michik and, quickly crossing the river, occupied the village of Gurtali, which had been forsaken by the villagers, where they met with little resistance. When darkness came on, Baklanov gave orders to abandon the position and to speedily re-cross the Michik, thus deceiving the mountaineers by the successful manœuvre of a false retreat and extricating himself from a dangerous position without experiencing heavy losses. . . ."

At a later date Tolstoy writes to Mme. T. A. Ergolsky:

"I wrote Serezha that I took part in it (the expedition) as a volunteer, in order that you might grasp the fact that I hope neither for a cross nor for promotion. . . . During this campaign I twice had a chance of being recommended for the cross of St George, but I could not obtain it because the damned paper arrived a few days too late. I was recommended on Feb. 17 (my name's day), but I was bound to refuse it owing to the absence of this document" (i.e. his discharge from the Civil Service). (June 26, 1852, Pyatigorsk.)—ED.

¹ First entry.—ED.

of losing belief in aught. Hence I preserve the more carefully those beliefs which my restless mind has left quiescent. I fear to be disenchanted of, or even to think of, them.

I confess that one of the chief aspirations of my life has always been to become firmly and immutably convinced of things. As I grow older, then, are doubts springing to birth? Many of the recollections which I have derived from my Diary are pleasant merely because they are recollections. During the period when I was keeping that Diary, I was very evil, my bent was of the most erroneous kind; there is not a moment during the period that I should like to restore precisely as it was; any changes that I should like to make I should like to make in myself.

My best recollections refer to dear Volkonsky.¹

At every point in the Diary there is visible one leading idea and desire: namely, that I should be delivered from the vanity which was crushing and marring all my

¹ P. I. Biryukov (in his *Life of Tolstoy*) says:

"In looking through the genealogy of the Princes Volkonsky I came across another interesting personage, a cousin of Tolstoy's mother, the Princess Barbara Alexandrovna Volkonsky, who knew a great deal of Tolstoy's grandfather and his family. We find the following statement about her in the genealogy:

"The Princess Barbara Alexandrovna Volkonsky (daughter of Prince Alexander Sergeevich, and niece of Tolstoy's grandfather) after her mother's death frequently made long stays with her father at the house of his brother Nikolay Sergeevich (Tolstoy's grandfather). Here she met the persons described by Count Leo Tolstoy in his novel *War and Peace*, and many details relating to them and to the events of their time remained fresh in her memory in her old age. . . . Towards the close of her life she moved to the village of Sogalevo, in the Klin district, which also belonged to her parents. Here she had a house built for herself close to the church, and in the society of a few old female servants who did not care to part from her, she passed her life recalling the past, reading and re-reading *War and Peace*. Long forgotten by others, the aged princess remained an object of respect and devotion for the local peasants. To one casual visitor who called on her in 1876, she related with delight how peasants of villages long before sold and which had passed into third hands, had nevertheless, on her ninetieth birthday, presented her with a sack of flour and a silver rouble, while the women brought her a rouble, fowls, and linen. She told this not only with a feeling of gratitude,

pleasures ; that I should discover some means of delivering myself from the same.

It is nearly seven months since I ceased keeping a diary. I spent September at Starogladkovskaya, in proceeding on journeys to Groznaya and Stary-Yurt, or else in hunting, or else in running after Cossack women, or else in drinking, writing a little, and translating. In October my brother and I proceeded to Tiflis, for me to be appointed to the Service ; and there I spent a month in doubt as to what I should do, and with vain and foolish plans in my head. From November onwards I was undergoing treatment ; spending the next two months, until the New Year, indoors. Yet the time, though tedious, was passed quietly and usefully, for during it I wrote the whole of Part I.¹

January I spent partly on the march, and partly at Starogladkovskaya. Worked at, and corrected, Part I., made preparations for the field, and remained quiet and well-behaved.

February I spent in campaigning—well-pleased with but also of pride, since it was a proof of the kind recollection the peasants still cherished of her parents.

" In going through this manuscript Tolstoy inserted the following remark :

" ' I knew the dear old lady, my mother's cousin. I made her acquaintance when living in Moscow in the 'fifties. Tired of the dissipated worldly life I was then leading in Moscow, I went to stay with her on her little estate in the district of Klin, where I passed a few weeks. She embroidered, managed her little household, treated me to sauer-kraut, cream cheese, and fruit marmalades, such as are only made by housewives on such small estates ; and she told me things about old times, about my mother, my grandfather, and the four coronations at which she had been present. During my stay with her I wrote *Three Deaths*. This visit has remained one of the pure, bright recollections of my life ' " (vide *Tolstoy's Life*, vol. i., pp. 28-39). Tolstoy evidently confuses here two periods of his life. He probably made the acquaintance of Princess Volkonsky in 1851, but wrote his *Three Deaths* at her estate in January, 1858. His remark that his best recollections noted down in the *Diary* for 1851 relate to Volkonsky compels us to assume that a portion of the *Diary* for 1851 was lost, for in the copy at our disposal no earlier mention is made of Princess Volkonsky.—Ed.

¹ Part I. of the story *Childhood* (vide subsequent entries and remarks).—Ed.

myself. Early in March I prepared for the Sacrament ; now I feel dull and slothful. When departing for the field, I to such an extent prepared myself for death that I not only abandoned, I even wholly forgot, my former pursuits, so that I find it more difficult than ever to resume them.

During the past interval I have thought little of myself ; yet into my mind there has crept an idea that I am far better than I used to be. This has even grown into a conviction. Am I really better, or is this the mere arrogant assurance of reformation which used to be mine whenever I sought to determine for myself a future form of life ?

So far as I have understanding of myself, there appear to predominate in me three evil passions : an addiction to play, sensuality, and vanity. Long ago I came to the conviction that virtue, even in the highest degree, means absence of evil passions : wherefore, if I have really to any extent destroyed in myself the passions which predominate, I can say with boldness that I have become better. Let each of the passions in question be examined.

The passion for play proceeds from a passion for money. Yet most people (especially such as lose more than they win) having taken to playing either through lack of something to do, or through imitation, or through a desire to win, have no passion for the winnings themselves, but acquire a new passion for play, for sensations. Consequently the source of the passion lies only in habitude : and the means of destruction of the passion is to destroy the habitude. This is what I myself have done. The last time that I played was at the end of August, *i.e.* over six months ago ; yet I feel no impulse to resume my gaming. At Tiflis I played for points with a marker, and lost about a thousand—indeed I might have lost my all ; wherefore when the habitude has been assimilated it can easily be renewed ; and for the same reason, though feeling no desire to play, I feel bound to avoid all occasions of playing—and this I am continuing to do without any consciousness of deprivation.

Of sensuality the basis is wholly different. The more one refrains therefrom, the stronger does the desire for it grow. Its causes are two: namely, the body and the imagination. The body can be withstood with ease, but with the imagination, which acts upon the body, it is a very difficult matter! Against both do work and occupation constitute the resource—whether physical, such as gymnastics, or moral, such as composition. But no; inasmuch as the impulse is a natural one, one which seems bad only because of the unnatural position in which I am placed (a bachelor at twenty-three), nothing can avail to deliver one from temptation save strength of will and prayer to God. [[15].

Vanity is an unintelligible passion—one of those evils, such as involuntary diseases, hunger, locusts, and war, with which Providence is wont to punish humanity. The sources of it lie beyond discovery; but the causes which develop it are inactivity, luxury, and absence of cares and privations. It constitutes a kind of moral sickness which, like leprosy, destroys no definite portion, but renders monstrous the whole—it creeps in gradually and imperceptibly until it has permeated the whole organism. There is not a function which it does not poison. It is like syphilis—when driven out of one part, it reappears, with added force, in another. The vain man knows neither true joy, nor grief, nor love, nor fear, nor despair, nor hatred: everything in him is unnatural and forced.

Vanity is a sort of immature love of *éclat*, a sort of love of self transferred to the opinion of others. One loves oneself, not for what one is, but for what one appears to others to be. In our own age this passion is developed to excess; and though men deride it, they do not condemn it, in that it does no harm to others. Yet for the man whom it possesses it is a worse passion than any other—it poisons his whole existence. And an exceptional feature which it shares with leprosy is its extreme power of contagion.

I myself have suffered much from this passion. It has

spoilt for me the best years of my life, and for ever deprived me of the freshness, the courage, the buoyancy, the enterprise, of youth.

Nevertheless, though I know not how, I have crushed it down, and even fallen into the opposite extreme—I am on my guard against any and every manifestation of it, and reflect in advance, lest I relapse into my old failing. And, whether through chance or Providence I know not, the passion has been so rarely satisfied that I have experienced only the pangs which it entails. Also, whether through the influence of my brother, who hardly knows what vanity means, or whether through my remoteness from vain circles, and a form of life which has forced me to look at my position from a serious point of view, I succeeded, while at Tiflis, in altogether annihilating the passion. Yet that the passion has quite been put an end to is more than I can say, for I am still wont to sigh for the amenities which it used to afford me. But at least I have come to understand life apart from it, and to acquire a habit of keeping it at a distance.

Only recently, for the first time since childhood, have I experienced the pure delights of prayer and of love.

According to my Diary of the past winter, it is obvious that I wanted to extirpate the obsession, but encountered only unpleasant phenomena, through not understanding that the obsession must be plucked up by the roots if one is to be delivered from it. Now I believe myself to have done this; though still I incline towards the passion, and therefore must guard against a renewal of its contagion.

*March 20th (1852).*¹—Rose at 9 o'clock, after suffering severe toothache till daybreak. Partly through laziness, partly through indisposition, omitted to attend drill, but read over my old Diary, and wrote in the new until dinner time. Alexeyev was as wearisome as ever, with endless tales that interest no one; he is a bad listener, and has a diffident, shifting glance. Probably it is my own glance that affects him, and this is why I find it awkward to look him

¹ Second entry.—ED.

in the face. (Subaltern Makhin). After dinner I wrote until Durda¹ entered and disturbed me. Nevertheless I was too shy to dismiss him, since on former occasions I had accorded him a welcome. He seems a clever rogue. He told me of a fight for a mosque between Hadji-Murat² and

¹ A Chechenian friend of Tolstoy's.—ED.

² Hadji-Murat, a native of Hunzaha (the principal town of the Avar Khans in olden times), in the Province of Daghestan (North-Eastern part of the Caucasus). Hadji—an Arabic word applied to a Mahomedan who has made the hadj-pilgrimage to Mecca or any other of the Mahomedan holy places. It is an honorary appellation bestowed on a man for the rest of his life. Hadji-Murat was one of the most active and capable leaders of the Caucasian mountaineers, and one who distinguished himself by daring raids upon the Russian detachments. He became known in 1834, and played a prominent part in all the military events of that time, especially in 1843. At the close of 1851, however, he quarrelled with Shamil (the principal leader of such mountaineers as had not then been subdued), and, fearing Shamil's vengeance, fled to Chechenia, where he surrendered to the Russian authorities, in the hope of enlisting their help in the rescue of his family, which had been arrested by Shamil, while, for their part, the Russian authorities hoped to utilize Hadji-Murat's great popularity among the mountaineers for attracting them to the Russian side. In the end, unable to bear captivity, and anxious concerning the fate of his family, still in the hands of Shamil, Hadji-Murat fled from Mukha (April 22, 1852) and fell in a fight with the Cossacks who were sent in pursuit.

In a letter to his brother Sergey Nik. of December 23rd, 1851, Tolstoy writes from Tiflis: "If you wish to thrill anyone with news from the Caucasus, tell him that the personage next to Shamil, one Hadji-Murat, has just surrendered to the Russian Government. He was the best horseman and warrior in Chechenia; yet now he has committed this baseness!" The skirmish around the mosque mentioned by Tolstoy in his *Diary* is described by him in his tale *Hadji-Murat*, written at a later date.

We read also in Yanzhul's book of Hadji-Murat. When relating how Shamil made an incursion into Avaria (already occupied by the Russians) with a large band of mountaineers in February 1839, the author says: "The Avar-Mekhtulin militia which was sent to oppose him under command of Hadji-Murat (at that time a sworn enemy of Shamil's, and devoted to us) could not withstand the enemy, and the *inam* (Shamil) occupied some villages. . . ." At the same place the author also remarks: "Hadji-Murat was an ensign in our service. He was of the family of the Avar-Khans, and this explains his participation in the murder of Gazelat-Beg and, in general, his unfavourable attitude towards the *murids* and their teaching. Subsequently, owing to a mistake made by our

Arslan-Khan. It would be indeed interesting to see them ! For some reason or another Durda is now very civil, and holds a good opinion of the Russians ; but last year he recounted to me with pride how he used to beat the Cossacks. How strange that not a man among the multitude of Chechenians, who are constantly in touch with the Russians, has pointed out the roads which Bota¹ did, even though the Chechenians are so fond of gain ! When I questioned Durda on the point, he replied that Bota must have been very angry. Why did I tell Durda that I had seen Bota show fear of a shell when I had not done so ?

When Durda had departed I went in search of Yanovich,² *but, this time, with a very different intention.* From the moment that I first met Pomchishka (probably not by chance on her part), she has often recurred to my thoughts, [5]. At Yanovich's was a subaltern whom I disliked so greatly that, on catching sight of him, I forbore to enter. As I departed with Yanovich, something made me burst into

authorities, he was suspected of treason and arrested. From that moment he went over to Shamil and became a foe of the Russians." The bold attacks upon Russian detachments made several times by "this daring horseman," with an army 8000 strong, in Daghestan in 1851 are also described in Yanzhul's book. . . .—Ed.

¹ "Bota," perhaps a slip of the pen and should read "Bata."

A Chechenian who, known also as Batata, Baty Shamurзов, or simply Murzayev, was, as a boy, adopted by Baron Rosen, and at one time served as interpreter to the commander of the left wing in the Caucasus. Subsequently, after quarrelling with the authorities, he fled to Shamil, who set a high value upon his knowledge of the Russian organization and language, and made him chief of Greater Chechenia. But success turned Bata's head, and he took to imposing onerous levies upon the mountaineers under his authority ; with the result that, being deprived of his appointment by Shamil, he (in 1851) returned to the Russian side, was promoted to the rank of lieutenant, and appointed elder of Kachkalykov. Owing to his intimate knowledge of the Caucasus, and of the habits of the mountaineers, he proved of great service to the Russian troops, and was richly rewarded by Prince Baryatinsky. . . .—Ed.

² A brother officer of Count N. N. Tolstoy whose name makes frequent appearance in Yanzhul's book amongst the officers of the 4th battery (in 1852 and 1853), in the rank of "ensign, ex-cadet." . . . He is mentioned more frequently and with more detail in the *Diary* for 1853 (vide *Diary*, Youth, vol. ii.).—Ed.

laughter and feel that I wanted, to use Nikolinka's expression, to "play a prank." God grant that this frame of mind may recur to me as often as possible! It is long since I have been as cheerful as to-day. It is because to-day I have been at work. For all the advantages that seem to lie in toil, for all the absence either of advantages or pleasure that lie in indolence, indolence generally gains the day. I like Yanovich for his kindly and frank modesty: so much so that in a few days I have become as familiar with him as with an old acquaintance. To-day I played with him a hasty, careless game of chess—then did some gymnastics at which Sulimovsky was present. Later, I know not why, I called Dmitry in, and made fun of him. It was a stupid thing to do. Also, I played a few games of chess badly, and then Yanovsky¹ went to supper, while I sat down to write letters to Valerian and Andrey Ilyin.² I had drafted these letters on receiving one from Andrey, and at the time had been out of temper, and thought it right to be so; but now I was in a good humour, and the combination of the two moods resulted in letters not at all to my liking, in that the annoyance and the expressions were quite feminine. I read Thierry,³ and at 11.30 am going to bed.

To-morrow I must rise as early as possible, and try to spend the fullest possible day. Oh this accursed indolence! What a fine man I should be but for its hindrance!—Am anxious and lost without my brother, and unworthy thoughts keep entering my head.

March 21st.—Rose at 8, read a chapter of Thiers as I drank my tea, then went for a walk with Dmitry and the dogs. Foolish, this, for I had better have gone to drill—better still, not have gone anywhere, seeing that I had a

¹ Probably a slip of the pen and should read "Yanovich."—Ed.

² Andrey Ilyin, steward at Yasnaya Polyana.—Ed.

³ Thierry. Perhaps this is a slip of the pen, and should read "Thiers" (*vide* entry for March 21, 1852). It is possible, however, that Tolstoy was reading Amedée Thierry's articles in the *Biblioteka Dlya Chteniya*, which appeared in this magazine during the year. Amedée Thierry (1797-1877), a talented French historian.—Ed.

return of toothache. Shot no game, returned home, and, until dinner-time, translated. After dinner discussed conflagrations with Hilkovsky,¹ and fairly well. A splendid old man—simple (in the good sense of the word) and brave! Of these two qualities I am certain, while at the same time his exterior does not exclude a possibility of every other virtue—as does Sulimovsky's (?). Alexeyev (?) was quite taken up with the hay, and his glance looked steady. I feel sure that the cause of vanity lies in physical and mental inactivity.

After dinner fair-copied Part I., and worked without any need to force myself. God send that this always be so! Sultanov² arrived in raptures because he had re-

¹ Hilkovsky. In the pages of Yanzhul's book, *Eighty Years of the 20th Artillery Brigade*, one frequently meets with the name Captain Hilkovsky as that of a participator in many battles (in the list of officers there are no initials before his name). In one of his letters to Mme. T. A. Ergolsky (July 5, 1851) Tolstoy, enumerating the officers in whose society he had found his brother N. N., says amongst other things: "Then there is old Captain Bilkovsky, of the Ural Cossacks, a simple old soldier but noble, brave and kind. . . ." Evidently the person who copied the letter has here made a mistake: it should read not Bilkovsky, but "Hilkovsky," for his name and the initial "H" are frequently met with in the pages of the *Diary*; whereas we find Bilkovsky mentioned only once in this letter, and not at all in the *Diary*. Judging by the description there is no doubt that it is one and the same person. Nor does the name Bilkovsky figure in the list of officers in Yanzhul's book.—ED.

² Sultanov. Tolstoy's remarks concerning this person coincide with the description of Mamonov given by his brother N. N. in his "Notes" as that of a "passionate hunter and a lover of dogs, who lives in the gardens of Kizlyar." N. N. Tolstoy says of him, amongst other things: "This Mamonov was a strange fellow; he seemed to have been born a hunter. At least, I cannot picture him otherwise than surrounded by dogs, with his gun and horn, in some queer hunting costume. . . . When out hunting he was almost unbearable, for he disputed and bragged. . . . Mamonov imagined that a good sportsman must needs make a noise, shout and dispute. Mamonov's want of courtesy merged into rudeness. . . . There was nothing sacred to him save one or two dogs from which he did not part, either by day or by night. In the regiment he was liked both by soldiers and officers; they all looked upon him as a truly brave man, yet most careless and quite useless on duty. . . . In short, he was quite incorrigible; even the Tartars were afraid of him and called him *Sheitan-Agach* (Forest-devil). Mamonov

ceived some dogs. He is a notable and original personality. If he had not had the passion for dogs, he would have been an absolute scoundrel. The passion is what best consorts with his nature.—My brother arrived, and I told him how unpleasant I found it to insert an untruth into a reference¹ for which I was asked. I did so in the hope that he would reassure me on the point, and say that the whole matter was rubbish; but, on the contrary, he declared that I had done amiss. Strange is it that he, with his knightly code of honour, to which he always remains true, should be able to get on with, even to enjoy himself with, these officers here! But why have he and I found things so awkward between us since my return from Tiflis? Is it not because we have loved one another to excess, idealized one another while parted, and mutually expected too much?

The order of occupations which I have adopted—namely, in the morning, translation, after dinner, correction, in the evening, the story—is excellent. The only point is that I do not know when to do gymnastics; though they are eminently necessary, and I ought daily to take exercise of some sort. The hour is 11 o'clock, and I am taking supper, and shortly going to bed. When one is employed, the time passes so quickly that one would like to arrest it. When one is idle, it passes so slowly that one would like to goad it onwards. Which is more agreeable? It would be hard to say. I only

used to go about alone with his dogs in the most dangerous places. He several times encountered the mountaineers but was always lucky in getting away from them. . . . When Mamonov appeared in the yard, gun in hand, blew a blast and shouted in his bass voice: 'To heel, dogs!' a whole pack of dogs of all possible breeds and ages would come bounding, barking and jumping around him. At such moments he was wonderful. . . . Mamonov's mania was to exchange, to give, to sell, and generally to trade in dogs. . . . The author of the *Sporting Notes* probably substituted an assumed name for the real one, for it is difficult to admit that there might have existed simultaneously, at one and the same spot, two persons so closely resembling each other. This conjecture is also confirmed by the fact that Tolstoy, who went shooting with his brother at Kizlyar at that time, nowhere mentions Mamonov's name (*vide* entry for April 4, 1852, concerning Sultanov).—Ed. ●

¹ Probably into letters (*vide* entry for March 20, p. 133).—Ed.

know that, according to my recollections, a single day in employment is equal to three holidays. This reckoning would seem to make time pass the quicker on idle days: whereas the reverse is the case.

March 22nd (1852).—I rose at 10, since during the night my teeth had ached, so that I had kept moaning and crying out in my sleep. Drank two glasses of coffee to counteract the camphor of which I had swallowed much during the toothache, and after this perspired the whole morning. My brother and Yanovich came in. They disturbed me a little, but I went on with my work of translation. Dined at home, and, after dinner, idled a while—that is to say, worked, but not so industriously as yesterday. [9].

Also, did less correction than yesterday, and less carefully; this chiefly to prevent my work from becoming irksome. Lost two games of chess to Yanovich *minus* the queen. Herein he showed how modest he is. Did not continue the story, partly because I was unable, and partly because I am beginning gravely to doubt the merits of Part I., which seems too detailed, prolix, and lifeless. I must reconsider the matter.

Sensuality is beginning to reawaken within me. I must be careful. Did almost no physical exercises; and inasmuch as I cannot go out because of the wind, things indoors are wearisome.

The hour is half-past eleven, and I am going to bed—satisfied with the day.

March 23rd.—Rose at 7, and, the weather being beautiful, went shooting. Beat the rushes for an hour, and killed a brace of duck. Returned late for dinner, and took the meal at home. Afterwards Hilkovsky and Yanovich arrived to do gymnastics with me. I like Hilkovsky greatly, yet somehow he affects me in an unpleasant fashion—I find it awkward to look at him, just as it is awkward to look at people with whom I am in love. My certificate of enrolment has arrived. The gymnastics were poorly done—Hilkovsky putting me to shame, chiefly because

I did them hurriedly. Afterwards, played two games of chess, enjoyed a wonderfully refreshing sleep until 10, and went out to supper. Alexeyev did not put in an appearance, for he had gone to Kizlyar, and for this reason it was not dull at supper. After supper accompanied my brother and Yanovich to Hilkovsky's; thence home again. Nikolinka was in high spirits, and I confess that the sight of his gaiety irritated me, because his cheerfulness is not attractive, and is out of proportion. [10].

This morning I felt undecided whether to work on Easter Day. It happened that, even had I wished to do so, I could not have worked yesterday; I had not time even to post my diary and I am doing so to-day, the 24th, at 5 o'clock in the morning, because I have decided once for all that the major festivals must be days of rest.

March 24th.—Rose at 7, entered yesterday's diary, drank some tea, and read and translated until 11 o'clock. At 11 went shooting on a cob which I borrowed of my brother. Alexeyev came to dinner; he had just come home. It was very disagreeable to me that I was not in uniform, and felt as nervous as a boy lest Alexeyev should enter and reprimand me. After dinner attended drill and sword exercise, an absurd invention which I have come to loathe terribly. Received a letter from Serezha, and felt depressed on reading his opinions and advice—they reminded me so much of Tula. Did a little correction; then Yanovich came in, and fenced with me. My brother also came in, and we had a game of chess—then went to supper. It is after 12 o'clock, and I am going to bed . . . To-morrow will be a holiday, and I shall do only some correction, and spend the rest of the time as to-day, if nothing better should offer.

The prayer: "Our Father"; "The Mother of God"; remember certain of the living and the dead. And then: O Lord, deliver me from vanity, sloth, lust, sickness, and spiritual disquietude. O Lord, grant that I may live without sin or suffering, and die without despair or dread, but in faith, hope, and love. I submit myself to Thy will.

O Mother of God, O Guardian Angel, pray for me unto the Lord!

*March 27th, morning.*¹—On the 25th rose at 7, read, and did some correction. At 11 went for a ride on the cob, and visited my brother. Met Hilkovsky, Yanovich, and Alexeyev. Had dinner. After dinner, a discussion arose on the difficulty of doing good. Again felt my toothache, for an abscess has formed on the gum, and it tortured me until 4 o'clock this morning. Yesterday my brother came to me, and, with the dear, absurd frankness native to him, said that twice he had been drunk. The pity of it! I felt greatly disturbed, but refrained from expressing regret. Read the *Otechestvenniya Zapiski* for February. *By-Paths*² is excellent, but what a pity it is only an imitation. To-day will do some correcting, as well as, perhaps, some writing.

*March 27th. Midnight.*³—Though not very well, did correction until 11 o'clock—albeit neither neatly nor carefully. Had dinner, made notes, and continued my work as before. My brother came in, and I read to him what I had written in Tiflis. He thought it not as good as formerly, while in my own opinion it is not good at all. I wanted to lighten my labours, but my copyists cannot copy, and I must work alone. In connection with an article by A. Dumas⁴ on music, I remembered the store of pleasure

¹ First entry.—Ed.

² "A novel without a Plot," by D. V. Grigorovich, published in the *Otechestvenniya Zapiski*, Nos. 2 and 3, 1852.—Ed.

³ Second entry.—Ed.

⁴ Alexander Dumas the Elder (1803-1870). . . .

Concerning one of his best-known novels Tolstoy wrote to Mme. T. A. Ergolsky on December 9th, 1850, M.: "I have become a subscriber to Götter's, and just been reading *The End of Viscount Bragelonne*, a novel concerning Louis XIV. and his age, by Alexander Dumas. It is a vapid, but very interesting, work; also his latest novel, *A Thousand and One Visions*—such a collection of stupidities that its like does not exist." Not always, however, did Tolstoy speak so slightly of this writer, for, later, in his *Letters to his Wife*, in criticizing another French writer, Michel Tissier ("how lacking in talent, how artificial it is"), he writes: "Along with him I have been reading Dumas-Père's

of which I am here deprived. Actuality has dissipated in my imagination nearly all my dreams of happiness, save only the happiness of an artist which, though in very incomplete form, I experienced in the country during the year 1850.

To-morrow I will redraft and copy out the letter to Serezha, and also consider the question of whether the second day can be corrected, or whether it must be abandoned. Without scruple I must delete in it all passages obscure, prolix, or out of place—in short, unsatisfactory, even though they be good in themselves.

Steadfastness and decision—these two qualities alone can secure success in any matter. Now I will go to bed. The time is 12.30.

March 28th. 10.30 *p.m.*—All last night my teeth ached, and early in the morning Nikolinka arrived. I had not slept. We drank some tea; then he went shooting, while I read awhile, and then resumed my writing. On the excuse of being unwell, however, I wrote little. True, I was weak, and persistent expectoration had set in; yet this was only an excuse. Went to bed, and slept until 2; then read *Anton-Goremyka*,¹ and chatted, and played chess, with B . . . (?),² L. and Y., who had come in. My brother

Silvandre. What a difference! The latter is bold, light-hearted, clever, talented, restrained, and unpretentious. . . ." The title of the novel is spelt *Sylvandre*.—Ed.

¹ See footnote, page 96.—Ed.

² "B." In later entries this person appears to be designated by the abbreviations "Bus.," "Busl." (if one can rely on the copyist), or should it read "Buyem."? In referring to the lists of officers who served at that time in the 20th artillery brigade, according to Yanzhul's book, we find the names: N. A. Bussov and also N. E. Buyemsky (ensign) and Bulychev (no initials). Possibly one of these is the person often met with in subsequent entries. He is also mentioned in the entry for June 24th, 1852. (*Vide* footnote on p. 176 further on.) This assumption coincides with the entry for July 27, where it is stated that it was B.'s fête-day: according to the church calendar this is the feast of St Nicholas.

In Yanzhul's descriptions of the history of the 20th brigade from 1851-53 "Ensign Buyemsky" is mentioned more than once. Therefore, it is reasonable to suppose it was this name.

asked me to accompany him to Alexeyev's to eat haricot beans, but I replied with some irritation it was a foolish thing to do.

The box¹ has been delivered, and I regret to have to send it on to Sado. What folly! I shall send it through B . . . I must be more on my guard against catarrh and laziness. Will copy out the letter to Serezha, and go to bed.

March 29th.—Rose at 10 o'clock, and, though my teeth had not been aching, made weakness on my own part, and hindrance on B . . . 's, excuses for not immediately setting to work. At 11 o'clock Nikolinka, L . . . , Y . . . , and Hilkovsky arrived, and hindered me! Did fencing pretty well. Two Nogays called. Have no need of a veterinary surgeon. Could not refuse 2 roubles to Abilez, though I can only let him have them to-morrow, and only 1 rouble at that, since I possess but 4. Dined, wrote a little; then drove to the baths. More visitors looked in.

For some time past I have been tormented with regret at having wasted the best years of my life. It dates from the time when I began to feel myself capable

(*Vide* entry for Sept. 3, 1852, where the termination of the abbreviated name coincides with our supposition). Bussov is not mentioned in the body of the book at all. Yanzhul, however, says in a footnote to the list: "This list has been compiled in accordance with information which the Editor regards as incomplete and, in consequence, to our great regret the names of some officers who served at a more or less remote time may have been omitted" (*vide* also footnote on p. 212).—ED.

¹ Musical box which Tolstoy ordered from Tula as a present for Sado

In a letter from Tiflis dated Jan. 6, 1852, Tolstoy writes to Mme. T. A. Ergolsky: "I have received a letter from Nikolenka. . . . He wrote me: 'The other day Sado came to see me; he had won your promissory notes from Knoring, and brought them to me. He was so glad of his winnings, so happy, and kept asking repeatedly, "What do you think? Won't your brother be glad I have done this?"' that I was inspired with a great affection for him."

"Please get a six-chambered revolver purchased at Tula and send it to me, also a little musical-box, if this does not cost too much: they are things which will give him pleasure."—ED.

of doing something good. Interesting it would be to describe the course of my moral growth; but neither words nor thoughts would be sufficient for the purpose.

To great thoughts there are no boundaries: yet long ago writers reached the impassable boundary of the expression of such thoughts. Played a game of chess, had supper, and now am going to bed. The pettiness of the life worries me. True, I feel this because I myself am petty; but in me I have the capacity to despise myself and my life. There is something in me which forces me to believe that I was not born to be what other men are. Whence proceeds this? From a want of agreement, an absence of harmony, among my faculties, or from the fact that in very truth I stand on a higher level than ordinary men? I am grown to maturity, and the season of development is going, or gone, and I am tortured with a hunger . . . , not for fame—I have no desire for fame; I despise it—but for acquiring great influence in the direction of the happiness and benefit of humanity.

Shall I die with the wish a hopeless one? There are certain thoughts which I do not voice even to myself. I value them so much that without them I should have nothing remaining. I wrote the story with zest, but now despise the effort and myself and all who will read the story. The only reason why I did not throw aside the labour was that I hoped to dispel weariness, to acquire a habit of toil, and to please Tatyana Alexandrovna. If there be in it a certain alloy of vanity of thought, it is an alloy so innocent as to be pardonable, and it confers advantage which lies in activity.

I fear vanity so much, and so much despise it, that I do not expect the satisfaction of it to afford me pleasure. Yet this is all that I have to look to, since, otherwise, what would remain as a starting-point? Love and friendship—involuntarily I take these two sentiments to be the infatuation, the illusion, of my youthful imagination. And have they brought me happiness? Or is it that I have been unfortunate? Solely upon this hope

rests any desire of mine to live and strive. If happiness and useful activity be possible, and I test them, I shall at least be in a position to put them to the best use. O Lord, have mercy upon me!

March 30th. Easter Day.—I slept well, and rose late—at 10 o'clock. [34]. *I must try to excite sensuality as little as possible.*

For the first time in three days went out, and paced the court till 11. At 11 there came to see me all the officers, in a state of liquor; and with them Bronevsky.¹ There is nothing remarkable in the latter, but, as a new personage whom I felt to be directing upon me a tense scrutiny, he confused me. Dined meagrely at home, for no one came from Alexeyev's to invite me either to dinner or to supper. *I go no more to Alexeyev's—whether for dinner or for supper.*—Rode over to my brother's. With him was a company in a state of liquor. Also, went hare-hunting. Saw one only. Did gymnastics, drank tea, and repaired to my brother's, after learning from B . . . that everyone was by then disgracefully drunk. This turned out to be true, for I found the company engaged in hauling an old man into the hut. When drunk, L. is as stupid and absurd as when sober. As for my own *youngster*,² he is young and amiable. He grasps my hands, and is ready to pour out his heart. Not yet has experience of drunkenness taught him to shun effeminacy, which is as unbearable in a drunken man as in a sober. Yet it is not as a regular thing that he cultivates drunkenness. Nikolenka can hardly speak, and looks at me with eyes which seem to say: "Yes, I agree with you that this is abominable, and that I am to be pitied; but I like it." Drunk, he is very like Arsenyev is when

¹ Bronevsky. In the copy stood the name Boronevsky. We assume it is a mistake made either by the copyist or the author. Having consulted Yanzhul's book we find the name *Ensign I. N. Bronevsky* in the list of officers of the 2nd mountain battery from 1852-53.—Ed.

² *Youngster*.—the italics are the author's. Here Tolstoy evidently means his eldest brother, Nik. Nik., as can be seen from what is stated further on.—Ed.

drunk. In him Ermolov's¹ prediction, unfortunately, is being realized, though Ermolov forgot to add: "Or goes out of his mind." I think that I too shall go out of my mind—with dullness. I despise all passions and life, yet am for ever being drawn towards petty passions, and diverting myself with life. I cannot explain this save by habitude of infatuation and of life. Foolish habits.

By luncheon time at about 11, or by sunset at 6, I must tire myself out.

And, if I am not to grow lazy, I must work with greater zest. Am going to bed at 11.30.

March 31st.—I awoke at 6, and aroused everyone else, but, not rising, through indolence, went to sleep again till 9. Drank tea, and read for a while. Alexeyev called, and, until luncheon time, hindered me from working. Yet he was so civil that I was afraid to offend him, by refraining from going to his place for luncheon. Before the meal, roamed about a little. Am growing faint-hearted. *I must force myself to do bold things.*

Arrived at Alexeyev's when everyone else had sat down to table, and my brother was in a pitiable condition. So much did it hurt me to look at him that I left as soon as the meal was over, and betook myself to my writing. Finished one chapter. Nikolinka arrived—still in the same condition. I went out shooting, and, later, learnt

¹ Alexis Petrovich Ermolov (1779-1861), general of infantry, took part in many wars during the reign of Catherine II. and Alexander I. In 1870 he was appointed commander-in-chief in Georgia and commander of a corps in the Caucasus. By a series of successful military operations he added several large kingdoms of Trans-Caucasia to the Russian possessions. He displayed great capacity as an administrator of the country and increased its welfare by fostering trade, industry and education. In 1882 he fell into disfavour with Emperor Nicholas Pavlovich, and in 1827, having secured his discharge, he left the Caucasus and went into retirement. To the end of his life he was held in high esteem and veneration by the inhabitants of Moscow. Tolstoy's reference relates to a well-known saying of Ermolov's that "a Russian officer, after having served a few years in the Caucasian army, invariably either drinks himself to death or marries a prostitute." (This is based on verbal tradition amongst old inhabitants of the Caucasus.)—ED.

from Balta that he had run amok on the parade ground. —It is a pity that he should not know how grieved I feel to see him drunk. I feel certain that, since drunkenness affords him little pleasure, he would then refrain. Still more unpleasant to me are the criticism and the comparison of men who are barely equal to him in worth. Yet men of the sort have the right to pity him.

After shooting, and until supper time, I chatted with Balta, who told me the interesting and dramatic story of the *Dzhemi* family. A subject for a Caucasian tale. Went out to supper, but was late again, so proceeded to Yanovich's, and thence home, where I read a little, though without zest or attention. Also, had some supper. Now, at 11.30, I am going to bed. [12]. Had I not been indolent, I should have been satisfied with the day. Dmitry¹ is drinking. If the same thing occurs to-morrow I shall flog him. Vanyushka² is a lazy copyist.

April 1st.—Again awoke after 7, but went to sleep, and slept till 10. Read the *Sovremennik*. Every item in it is poor. How strange to think that bad books should demonstrate to me my faults better than good! Good books cause me to lose hope. Wrote a chapter on *prayer*.³ It progressed but indifferently. Vanyushka is a bad, lazy copyist. Nevertheless I have not lost all hope of accustoming him to it. Was foolish enough to go out to dinner, which wearied me unbearably. A. [?] is particularly reserved. After dinner found my brother awaiting me.

¹ Probably Tolstoy's military servant.—Ed.

² A serf belonging to the Tolstoy's, of almost the same age as Tolstoy, whom the latter took with him to the Caucasus. In his *Reminiscences of My Childhood* Tolstoy says, "It was a very stupid idea of my aunt and guardian (P. I. Yushkov) to give each one of us a boy-serf so that he might afterwards be a devoted servant. Vanyusha was attached to Mitenka (my brother). . . . Mitenka often treated him badly, even flogged him, I believe. . . . I remember his repentance to Vanyusha and his begging humbly to be forgiven. . . ." This was probably the Vanyusha whom Tolstoy took with him as a servant and as copyist of his rough manuscripts.—Ed.

³ (The italics are the author's.) *Vide* chap. xii. of *Childhood*, "Grisha."—Ed.

Played chess, and wrote. Next arrived a large company of people who wearied me to extinction. Went out to supper, and, instead of visiting my brother, to whose quarters the company had repaired, returned home. Wrote, wrote until I began to notice that discourse on prayer lays a claim to logicalness and depth of thought—though it is not consistent. Decided to conclude something without rising from my seat, and straightway burnt half of it—shall not insert the rest into my story, but preserve it as a memento.

[13]. People who regard things for the purpose of taking notes see things in a perverse light. I have experienced this in my own case. Shall go to bed at half-past twelve, but, to-morrow, rise early.

April 2nd.—Rose at 9, and both read and wrote. Only B . . . disturbed me, and that not much. Went out to luncheon. After luncheon, read; then set Vanyushka to work, while promising him to settle his mother in Grummont.¹ That much, at least, is his due. Went out shooting, but saw nothing except a good-looking Cossack woman. Had supper. After supper wrote until the present moment, which is a quarter past one. The second day is very bad, I must work at it again.

April 3rd.—Rose at 12, and had only just time to drink some tea before I was summoned to luncheon. In the absence of A. [?] things are not at all dull. Also, to-day I have been in good spirits. After luncheon Nikolinka arrived, and I proposed to read to him the 16th chapter, but he offended me with a cold response. Wrote a little,

¹ Grummont, a village in the neighbourhood of Yasnaya Polyana whose peasants belonged to the Tolstoys. The local peasants call this village the "Ugryumy Farm." In his *Reminiscences of My Childhood*, Tolstoy says: "Two miles from Yasnaya Polyana lies the village of Grumond (this name was given to the place by Tolstoy's grandfather, a former Governor of Archangel, where there is an island called Grumond). . . . There stood a cowshed and a little house built by my grandfather where he could put up for a time in the summer." In both cases Tolstoy makes a mistake in the spelling. It should be Grumant, the name given to the Spitzbergen group of islands by the natives of the sea-board.—Ed.

then went for a ride, and visited Michael Sulimovsky. Made a shot which flattered my self-esteem. Roamed the countryside, and returned to drink some tea. Sultanov and all the officers looked in. To-morrow shall go out shooting. Hilkovsky had some interesting tales to tell me concerning Cossack life at the front in Southern Siberia. After supper was simple-heartedly cheerful. With Vanyushka's help the work is progressing. I am less shy than I was. The first chapter, "The Verses," is written, but I have formed no opinion about it. Indeed, hesitating as to a decision, I should say that it is bad rather than good. Shall retire at 12.30, with the intention of rising at daybreak.

April 4th.—After 7 o'clock I was awakened by Hilkovsky; while soon others also arrived. The wind was so strong that we had to return with Hilkovsky. My brother has gone to Shelkovaya¹ with Sultanov. He is an enthusiastic sportsman, though not a great one—a sportsman addicted to the external insignia and terms of sport, which he misuses. As I was going home I felt scared at first—am ashamed of the fact.

Lunched at home. Read, slept for two hours, read again, and went for a walk round the *stanitsa*, with evil intentions. Energy is weakening, and passion growing stronger. Yet I have no permanent energy—only an energy which periodically awakens, and periodically grows feeble. What causes this energy to awaken and to decline? My pursuits, or the men whom I see here, or physical causes? I know not, though the point would be useful and interesting to know. Must dispense with some of my dogs. Will see to it to-morrow. I shall not give them to Pavlych.

At supper met Baumgarten and Verzhbitsky.² Instead

¹ Shelkovaya, Shelkovodnaya, or Shelkovodskaya Stanitsa, of the Terek province, on the river Terek. In 1735 a State silk factory was built there. Later, however, the silk industry declined and has only quite recently begun to revive.—Ed.

² Baumgarten and Anton Ignatyevich Verzhbitsky, later a colonel. "Verbitsky" stood in the copy. We are inclined to

of being too shy, fell into the other extreme—talked too much. How foolish that the presence of even the most insignificant of individuals should be able to force me to alter. Above all, that I should notice this alteration myself, and strive for it not to be so, yet be unable to help it. No doubt it will pass away of itself and is bound to bring me advantage. As I go to bed the hour is 11.50.

April 5th.—Rose at 10, read till luncheon time, wrote a little, and went out shooting and to the *baglo*.¹ Read; then went to supper. Alexeyev was so stupid that never again will I stir a foot to visit him. It is wearisome constantly to have to *remettre* him *à sa place*. One can do nothing with such a fool. Better have no dealings with him save those of service.

[14]. I have received a letter and 100 roubles from Tatyana Alexandrovna. With much effort and energy I may be able to atone for this escapade. Shall go to bed at 11.15. To-morrow I will rise at daybreak, finish the first day, and revise it.

April 6th.—Rose at 6, and am much pleased at the fact. Wrote until luncheon time, then lunched at home, and wrote again, though with little attention, owing to sleepiness. At 5 went for a ride to rouse myself, and returned after 6, to finish writing out the first day—though without sufficient care. The style would appear good, and the additions are not altogether bad. Yapishka is in the room with me. Shall listen to him awhile, then have supper, then go to bed. Am satisfied with the day. The hour is 10.55.

April 7th. 110 'clock at night.—I awoke after 6, yet could not overcome laziness, and rose only at 9. Read over, and finally corrected, the first day. Feel convinced

think it a slip of the pen of the copyist. We correct it according to Yanzhul's book, in whose pages mention is several times made of Second-Lieutenant A. I. Verzhbitsky. At one spot the name stands side by side with that of Second-Captain Baumgarten, 4th battery, 19th brigade, who had shortly before (in January, 1852) arrived from Vladikavkaz.—ED.

¹ Probably an error for *bagno*—a low, swampy spot.—ED.

that it is no good at all, for the style is too careless, and the work contains little thought to atone for the emptiness of its contents. Nevertheless, I have decided to finish correcting the whole of Part I., and, to-morrow, to apply myself to *the second day*. Shall I dispatch the work? I have not decided. Nikolenka's opinion must settle the matter. Am uneasy about him; my soul is conscious of something oppressive, and of fear. Have a mind to begin upon a short Caucasian tale, but cannot allow myself to do so before I have finished the work in hand.—Will dine at home. Have been reading some splendid articles by Buffon on domestic animals. Neither his extraordinary command of detail nor the fullness of his exposition are in the slightest degree wearisome.

At 6 went for a ride, and foolishly lost my temper with the dogs. Have been reading "The Old House" and "Journeys to the Aleutian Islands."¹ Fairly interesting, but badly written.

April 8th.—Rose after 6, and read "The Old House." So fine was the weather that I went out into the fields, and rode about until 12. Dined; then set to work to write, but did not feel in the right humour for it, so, after jotting down a couple of pages, threw them aside, and, until evening, read. Felt much disturbed about my brother. Eventually he appeared with a band of bawdy companions, who, with Yapishka, wearied me until after 11. On their departure, had supper, and now am going to bed.

This morning I received a stupid, rude note from

¹ According to bibliographical inquiries we have made, the following descriptions of expeditions to the Aleutian Islands were known at the time:

V. Borch. *A. Chronological History of the Discovery of the Aleutian Islands, or the heroic deeds of Russian Traders, supplemented by a History of the Fur Trade. . . . Extracts from the journal of the voyage of Pilot Vasilyev to the Aleutian Islands in 1811-12. . . . Expedition to the Aleutian Islands by Captains Krennytsin and Levashov in 1764-69. Records of the Hydrographical Department of the Admiralty, 1852.*

It is possible that Tolstoy read one of these books, and probably the last-named, which had just been published, or some magazine article treating of expeditions.—Ed.

Alexeyev concerning drill. He has at last decided to show me that it lies in his power to annoy me. This morning I translated a chapter of Sterne, and to-morrow shall interview Alexeyev, and discuss the subject of drill.—I long to go to the sea, but have no means of travelling, while also the work begun is not yet finished.

April 9th.—Rose after 6. Kneznedlev¹ called, and I studied with him until 9 o'clock. From 9 until dinner-time did nothing, but rushed from spot to spot. Went to see my brother, who, having been reprimanded by Alexeyev for absence without leave, had decided to feign sickness and not go to see him. Am very glad of this, though such a thing ought not really to rejoice me, seeing that he affords me an excuse for laziness. After dinner did absolutely nothing—I did not even read. Rather, I tried to read Hume,² but found him dull. Went out shooting. Met Tolydenka, and played truant from drill. Alexeyev causes me much annoyance. While out in the fields I remembered with irritation my foolish quarrels with Gilke and Novikov. Visited Nikolenka. Also there arrived Sulimovsky, L . . . , and Y Returned home to read Hume. He is dull, but nothing else have I to read.—Passed Pokunka's, but, though I longed to enter, did not do so. Am sitting down to supper at a quarter to ten, and soon shall be going to bed.

April 10th.—Rose after 7. Idled a little, and attended drill. Betook myself to my novel, but, after writing two

¹ Kneznedlev? The Editor is not quite sure as to the spelling of this name. As we know, Tolstoy at that time took lessons in the Tartar language. K. was evidently his teacher. In Yanzhul's book we come across the name of a gunner "Knyaznedelov" as of one of the privates of the 4th battery who was rewarded for distinguished service in actions during that year (*vide* p. 88). In putting these names side by side we admit the possibility of their relating to one and the same person: the name of a native may have been Russified in the military lists, as is frequently done.—Ed.

² David Hume, famous English philosopher and historian, author of *An Enquiry concerning Human Understanding*, and *History of England*, which Tolstoy was reading at the time (*vide* entry for April 14, 1852, footnote on p. 151).—Ed.

pages, came to a halt, in that there had occurred to me the idea that the second day cannot be made good in default of interest, and that the novel as a whole is like a play. I am not sorry; to-morrow I shall cut out all that is superfluous. Dined at home, then went to sleep. On awaking, attended drill. Had a chat at home with Nikolenka; then read. For no reason at all went to see Sulimovsky. Alexeyev as stupid as usual, according to what they say. When I next meet him I must try to show him that this is so. Retiring at 11.30.

April 11th.—Rose after 7, read some foolish stories in the *Biblioteka dlya Chteniya*, dined at home, read again, went to see Nikolinka, attended drill, and could not help smiling as I looked at Alexeyev's self-satisfied figure. Nikolinka called, and I read to him. Was about to knock at K . . .'s door when, luckily, a passer-by disturbed me. Am not at all well—have hæmorrhoids. [17]. Have thought of changes which I must make in the story; and if the depression and apathy which I am experiencing to-day should disappear, I shall set about the work to-morrow. The hour is 10 o'clock. I will have supper, and go to bed.

April 12th.—Rose after 8 o'clock. Nikolinka called. Translated, wrote, dined, wrote again, went shooting, went to the baths, read, and, after 10, am going to bed. I think that Nikolinka is sorry for me, and regretting that he induced me to enter the Service. Whether it be well or ill that we are so secretive with one another I do not know. I am forming the evil habit of boring people with the reading of my story. Nikolinka is gone on a shooting expedition. To-day I have felt better, but morally weak, and my concupiscence is strong. To-morrow I must write to Tatyana Alexandrovna, Zagoskin (?), and B (?). Am retiring to bed at 10.30.

April 13th.—Rose after 6, wrote, and translated. [20]. Decided to go to Kizlyar to consult a doctor, or to take a cure. Borrowed D. A.'s vehicle, added two saddle horses and the dogs, and set out after 1 o'clock. Presented

myself to Alexeyev in uniform, with a request for short leave. Found his bearing absurd beyond description, but he let me go, and that is the main thing.

Beat around Borozdinka, caught a hare, and returned to Borozdinka for the night—easier in mind. As I sit here at my window I am gazing from it as calmly and restfully as I did last spring at Moscow and Pirogovo. Such a mood is very pleasant, and causes me to regret that it cannot be permanent. Shall go to bed at 9.30. The landlady is good-looking, and her presence troubles me, for all my scruples.

April 14th.—Awoke at 7, and went hunting, but caught nothing. At 12 proceeded to Kizlyar. Read, drank tea, and took a nap. Was awakened by the doctor. He is, so far as I can see, an ignoramus who tries to air his knowledge, and is therefore rash and dangerous. Shall stay here till Sunday; when, if not better, I shall begin a regular cure at Staroglad, in accordance with the prescriptions. To-morrow shall dismiss Dmitry. Bought some raisins, and have restarted the tenderness in my teeth. Took myself to task for it. Read Sterne, who is delightful.

"If nature has so woven his¹ web of kindness that some threads of love and desire are entangled in the piece, must the whole piece be rent in drawing them out?"²

Am rather easier with regard to my illness. Read *Histoire d'Angleterre*,³ not without pleasure. I am beginning to like history; and to understand its usefulness. And this at the age of 24! Which demonstrates what a bad education can mean. But I fear that the mood will not last long. Am going to bed at 9 o'clock.

April 15th.—Rose at 7, drank some tea, and went to the chemist's. Dismissed Dmitry. Read, took a walk

¹ "His" stands in the original.—*Trans.*

² A quotation from Sterne (copied by Tolstoy in the original English.—*Trans.*). *Vide* footnotes concerning him on p. 105.—*Ed.*

³ *Histoire d'Angleterre*, embracing the most ancient period of England; obviously in a French translation. Tolstoy mentions the author further back.—*Ed.*

to the Terek, dined, read, slept till 6, and wrote till 1. Am going to bed. Health not good. To-morrow shall go for a walk.

April 16th.—Rose at 9. Read *The Eternal Jew*,¹ *Ermak*,² and a tradition on the subject of Peter the Great.³ There is a special pleasure in reading stupid books; though it is a pleasure of an apathetical kind. Doctor called. He is a terrible chatterer and a man who understands nothing. But with luck, and provided that my complaint be not complicated, he may prove of help to me. Read with much pleasure, and finished, the first portion of *Histoire d'Angleterre*. Drank tea, and listened to a quarrel between T. V. and a German. The affair is in the highest degree touching and amusing, and I should like to describe it, for it has recalled to me one of the best days of my life, during the journey from Russia to the Caucasus. My recollections surprise me with their clearness. The reason must be that lately I have been in the right mood for observing. Have done some writing, but do not think it is good. Nevertheless it must be finished. Am going to bed at 11 o'clock. To-morrow must rise early, write some letters, *write*, and go to see the mad woman.

April 17th.—Rose late, read till dinner-time, and, after dinner, till two o'clock, indulged in one and another folly. Wrote a new chapter, "The Ivins,"⁴ but it issued badly. The conversation of my landlord's guests hindered me from studying, though it interested me. The incident of the German is becoming more complicated, for they say that he had a daughter, and that hence her madness. My health is indifferent. The first day is being fair-copied.

April 18th.—Rose at 9. Was waited upon by the amanuensis Alexeyev. He talked in a very amusing

¹ A novel by Eugène Sue.—Ed.

² Beginning as the leader of a robber band, Ermak Timofeyevich became the leader of a Cossack detachment. In 1582 he conquered Siberia.—Ed.

³ In the 'seventies Tolstoy took a great interest in Peter's personality, and began to write a novel of the period, which he soon abandoned, being no longer enthusiastic about the work.—Ed.

⁴ Chap. xix. of *Childhood*, final version.—Ed.

way of his service, and of the *death sentence carried out by shooting*. Doctor called. My health is by no means good. Went for a walk. Caught a starving Nogay, though possibly he is a rascal. Pasha and T. V. wept when parting with the little girls. I have come to love tears. I have decided that though the worst thing of all is to be unable to weep, and that to weep is good for one, it is better still to wish to weep, and to refrain. My indolence and apathy are terrible! I am in bad health. *Aleshka*¹ should be flogged.

April 19th.—Rose at 9, read some rubbish of a sort, wrote a little, went out crow-shooting, dined, and read again (principally for the process of reading). Wrote a long letter to Mitenka² in answer to one which I had received from him to-day. Wrote a little. A tooth continues

¹ Aleshka. Further back in the same entry Tolstoy speaks of Alexeyev, the clerk—evidently a military clerk—who must not be confused with Aleshka, a serf of the Tolstoy. In Count N. N. Tolstoy's notes, *Shooting in the Caucasus*, mention is made of this Aleshka. . . . Alexis is my one and only huntsman (he is my valet and cook and, in case of need, my coachman, tailor, and gun-smith too). And further on he mentions him along with Yapishka as a participator in many hunting expeditions. This man was apparently attached to N. N. before Tolstoy went to the Caucasus.—Ed.

² Count Dmitry Nikolayevich Tolstoy (1827-1857), Tolstoy's third brother. Tolstoy gives a touching description of him in his *Reminiscences of My Childhood* (written in 1903-1906). We take from it a few lines in order to give briefly an idea of this original personality, less known to contemporary society than Tolstoy's other brothers. After recalling from stories told him that Mitenka was a very difficult child to deal with, Tolstoy writes as follows: "My real recollection of Mitenka begins with Kazan. . . . He never suffered from the customary vices of boyhood, but was always grave, thoughtful, pure, determined, and impulsive. Whatsoever he did, he did with all his might. . . . It was at Kazan his peculiarities began to stand out. He studied well and steadily, and was a facile writer of verse (I remember him making an excellent translation of Schiller's *Der Juengling am Bache*) ("The Youth at the Stream"), but he did not devote himself wholly to this pursuit. He associated little with ourselves, and was invariably quiet, sober, and introspective. . . . He grew up unnoticed, for he held little intercourse with his fellows, and, save in moments of anger, remained reticent and serious—a man who gazed with a stern, meditative look in his large hazel eyes. Also, he was tall, somewhat thin, and not over-strong, with long, large hands and

to ache, but my health is neither good nor bad.—There exists a special class of wearisome people who are constantly fearing that others may forget to treat them with respect. The man who never fails to speak the truth will never be a chatterer. On receipt of a letter from a man for whom one has a liking, one wishes to know not so much what has happened to him as how he regards what has happened. Have been recalling the episodes of Estashev's garden,¹ and regretting that I have not inserted them into my story.

a rounded back. From the moment that he entered the University his peculiarities showed themselves. What led him so early to adopt the religious life I do not know; but he did so in the first year of his university course. Naturally, his religious aspirations pointed to an ecclesiastical life, and to the latter he gave himself up, as to everything, whole-heartedly—he took to fasting, attending every church service, and maintaining a stern attitude towards both himself and life. In Mitenka there would seem to have existed the priceless *trait* which, I conjecture, existed in our mother, and which I know to exist in Nikolinka, and of which I myself am completely destitute: the *trait* of complete indifference to other people's opinions. After his (and my) departure from the University I lost sight of him. I only know that until the age of 26 he lived the same strict, temperate life—a life without knowledge of wine, tobacco, or, above all, women. Such a life constituted, in those days, a great rarity. . . . It must have been during my stay in the Caucasus that there came over Mitenka an unlooked-for change. All of a sudden he took to drinking, smoking, squandering money, and running after women. How it came about I do not know, for at that time I never saw him. All that I know is that his tempter was an outwardly attractive, but absolutely immoral man, the youngest son of Islenev. He ransomed the first woman, the prostitute Masha, with whom he became intimate, and took her to live with him. It was not, in my opinion, so much the unhealthy, evil life which he led for several months in Moscow that ruined his vigorous constitution, as the inward struggles of the prickings of conscience. Falling a prey to consumption, he departed to our country seat, and thence to one and another town, in search of a cure, until he became confined to his bed at Orel, where my last interview with him, after the campaign of Sevastopol, took place. . . . With a scarf tied round her head, the pock-marked Masha whom he had ransomed was with him, and she tended him throughout. At Orel I turned back. A few days later he had passed away." . . . We know that, later, Tolstoy described the death of his brother Dmitry—when describing the death of Nikolay Levin—in the novel *Anna Karenin*.—Ed.

¹ Possibly "Astashevsky Garden." Tolstoy told P. I. Biryukov

April 20th.—Rose late, for I felt unwell. The doctor is not doing me any good—he is only lying. Tried a new means of cure—the means of sweating. Perspired tremendously, but grew no better; though, after sweating, had some nice day-dreams. To-morrow shall go to the seaside—that is to say, if I am not worse. Have written a good deal. Going to bed at 12.

April 21st.—Made preparations for an early start, but did not get away before 11. It was Perepelitsyn that delayed me. He invited me to his quarters to show me some of his finery, and ended by accompanying me, that he might acquire for an intimate, over and above his ordinary companions, a count.—Dmitry has gone off. P. feels anxious, and we have parted company: of which fact I am very glad. Caught nothing. If the same should be the case to-morrow, I shall dispense with my borzois. I shot a hare. I seem to be beginning to like sport with a gun. Wrote; though my writing appears to me poor. Whether, in going out to-day, I consulted my health I know not; but at least I enjoyed myself so far as pleasure went, for I spent the whole day in the open air, and in motion.

Spring and time are passing away, but not so my ailments. Had I sufficient money, I would buy a property here, and feel certain that, in contrast to what has been

that once, when he was nine or ten years old, and he and his brothers and a very pretty girl named Yuzenka—the daughter of their French governess (Koperwein)—were taking a walk along the Great Bronnaya in Moscow, they were struck with the beauty of a certain garden, and entered the gate. On their being descried by the owner, Astashev, he treated them, thanks to the comeliness of their companion, with the utmost civility, rowed them in a boat, and showed them everything that was worth seeing in the place. But when, encouraged by what they considered their success, the children entered the garden a second time, though without Yuzenka, and asked to be allowed to announce themselves, they received from the owner of the garden, through a servant, a reply that entry was forbidden to the unauthorized public. This incident Tolstoy related as an example of that unfairness on the part of adults which sows in the minds of children the seeds of doubt and disillusionment. Yuzenka figures in *Childhood* as "Katenka," the daughter of the governess Mi-mi. . . .—Ed.

the case in Russia, I should succeed in the management of that property.

Oreshinka Stanitsa.

*April 22nd, Port Shandrakovsky.*¹—Rose very early, and, though I caught nothing, enjoyed a splendid morning. My dogs either run or they do not. Hence it is difficult to come to a decision about them. At Bolshaya Oreshevka had a talk with a peasant of intelligence. Hereabouts the peasantry are satisfied with their life conditions, but not with the Armenian Government. Had dinner and a rest ; then went shooting, as well as meditated on slavery. At my leisure I shall consider whether my thoughts on the subject could fill a pamphlet. The moment that I arrived at Shandrakovo I went, though darkness had fallen, to the seashore, where I mistook a swamp for the sea, and, with the help of my imagination, formed of the black swamp a most formidable and magnificent picture.

On arriving at the port, drank some sea-water ; now, having drunk also some tea, am going to bed. [[11]].

To-morrow, both early, and at noon, and in the evening, I am going down to the sea. It would be well if, on receiving any stirring impression, one were to grow used to it, saying to oneself before coming to a decision, "Shall I not repent ?" On sighting a hare to-day, I attempted to murmur, "I thank Thee, O Lord !" but failed. The hour is 10.45.

April 23rd.—Rose at 7. My health being by no means good, did not go out all day, but re-read the *Histoire d'Angleterre*, and watched some children. Tried to write, but was led by, in the first place, moral restlessness and, in the second place, the fact that the preceding chapter seemed very bad to accomplish nothing. After dinner and a three-hours' rest went down to the seashore to see a Tartar boat—I was wise not to let go of my

¹ It must be "port Shandrakovsky," on the shores of the Caspian, between the old and the new estuaries of the river Terek.—ED.

gun. *Korsaki*, bank, *gruzilnaya*, vataga, *dlinnik*, *chalka*, *peretoka*.¹

To-morrow I intend to spend the day at Kizlyar ; while, if my health should not improve, I shall remain there until I am well. [5].

April 24th.—Though faint, rose early, and set out for Kizlyar. *En route* lost Ulagin, and came to the conclusion that my dogs are no good. At Serebryakovka listened to a peasant's far-fetched, but pathetic, tale. It caused my eyes to fill with tears as he related how, after forty years, he had been to see his kinsfolk in Russia. "I felt nothing," he said to me. "I was like a log of wood. Only my heart was fluttering like a pigeon. To see my mother clasp her hands, and hear her wail: 'Up! Get up! Your little *kukushechka* ² has come flying to see you!' Then a swoon hid everything from my sight."

Reached Kizlyar at 11 without incident. Felt vexed and morally depressed because my health remains the same. To-morrow I shall go home. [10]. The hour is 11 o'clock.

April 25th. *Starogladkovskaya*.—My health is exceedingly poor, and my teeth ache. Reached Starogladkovskaya at 2 o'clock, and now, at 11, am going to bed.

April 26th.—Rose late, read all sorts of trash, and felt unwell all day, [3]. M . . . ³ and other officers arrived.

¹ Local terms *underlined* by the author which signify :

Korsaki, the Kirghizes, or Kaisacks, inhabiting the shores of the Caspian Sea.

Bank, military term signifying a low rampart or embankment. The Editor is not sure whether this word is correctly spelt in the copy.

Grusilnaya, fishing with a lead (fisherman's term).

Vataga, a band, gang, small herd.

Dlinnik, a long, narrow strip of arable land ; mostly running lengthwise of the *desyatin* ; land of the area of a *desyatin* (the *desyatin* = 2.86 English acres.—*Trans.*).

Chalka, a hawser or rope for the mooring of boats.

Peretoka, a barren ewe.—Ed.

² Cuckoo.—*Trans.*

³ "M." In going through Yanzhul's book we meet with the name of Lieutenant *Makalinsky*, also of the 4th battery, in which Tolstoy's eldest brother, Count Nik. Nik. Tolstoy served as lieutenant.

All seem to be sulky with me, and of the fact I am glad. Time, 11 o'clock.

April 27th.—Rose at 10 [12], and, all day, felt a terrible itching and weakness. In the morning received visits from the Nogay, a healer, and Yapishka. Should anyone not duly repay the Nogay healer for his trouble, sickness will come upon him which the latter will cure. Shaitan, treatment (?) with massage of limbs that have set! The Nogay confirmed the opinion that most of the strange diseases and healings of the common people are explainable by magnetism. Going to bed. It is after 11.

April 28th.—[15]. Fever, ague, and diarrhoea accompanied by blood and colic. Read Hume. Idled all day. Bed at 11.

April 29th.—Have not slept all night, and even yet—the time is after 3 o'clock—have not closed an eyelid. Drank some Alexandrian water, and decided, after taking a course of baths, to proceed as soon as possible to Pyatigorsk. [5]. The diarrhoea is gone, but my stomach is still greatly upset.

April 30th.—Awoke at 10. [5]. Took a bath, and was poor-spirited enough to groan, to toss myself about, and to lose my temper. Am a little better, and, the hour being after 11, about to retire. I have but thirteen roubles, so must borrow.

May 1st.—My health does not improve, and physically and morally I am weak. Going to bed. It is after 10.

May 9th.—My health is a trifle better, but I cannot yet eat. [4]. Am less weak than I was. Intend to proceed to Pyatigorsk, as I have the order for post-horses. Nevertheless I have no money, and shall be forced to apply to Alexeyev for some. Have promised to take Begem. [?],

ant. They are both mentioned in connection with the action of Feb. 17, 1852. Mention is also made in an earlier report, concerning the actions on Jan. 15 and 18, of the participation of "5 guns of the 4th battery under command of lieutenant Makalinsky and second-lieutenant Sulimovsky and Ladyzhensky," under whose command, by the way, was Count Leo Tolstoy, gunner of the 4th class. . . .—Ed.

who has just arrived. During my illness there came about in me a moral change which has caused me absolutely to *despise* myself. Should I be able to win through to death without great sufferings or doubts, and as an honourable man should do, I shall desire nothing more. Retiring at 1.

May 10th.—My health is recovering, but not so as to make it possible for me to depart. I think that that will be the case on Tuesday morning, if Alexeyev should advance me the money. Have a mind to give up reading. *Aquiline noses* drive me crazy. In them there seems to be the whole stock of strength of character and happiness in life. Am tortured by the thought that I have lost completely and, seemingly, for ever my good spirits. Am weary of everyone, and everyone is weary of me—even Nikolenka. To-morrow shall apply myself to the continuing of *Childhood*, as well as, perhaps, to a new novel. Retiring to rest at 2 o'clock. From to-morrow onwards I will rise early.

May 11th.—Rose early, but cannot get rid of my habit of reading. Wrote a little, and without conceit, and very easily. It struck me that, this year, my literary bent has resembled that of people (especially young ladies) who try to see in everything some special subtlety and intricacy.—After dinner slept long; then read, and lost my temper with Vanyushka over the *tarantas*.¹ My health is, on the whole, almost good. To-morrow morning I intend to go to Alexeyev to ask him for money, and to get ready for a departure. Retiring to rest at 1.

May 12th.—Got ready to depart, and called upon Alexeyev, who was good enough not to refuse me the money. Dined with him. In general, spent the day in trying to kill time. After supper with the officers, went to see Sukhotin,² and nearly played cards. How often must

¹ Light travelling carriage.—*Trans.*

² Alexander Mikhailovich Sukhotin, a landowner of Tula. Evidently he, too, served in the same 20th artillery brigade: his name (without the initials) appears in Yanzhul's book in the list of officers of this brigade. . . . Later, on July 24, 1852, Tolstoy posts another entry relating to Sukhotin, which undoubtedly re-

I tell myself that idleness leads to nothing good—that one ought without fail to have employment? Retiring to bed at 12.

May 13th. [*On the road.*]¹—Left after 6 o'clock. Made a good start, but lost my temper at the posting-house. Also, had to pay with terrible heartburn for last night's *kaimak*.² No matter how ridiculous is B . . . , no sooner is one *tête-à-tête* with him, than involuntarily one begins to take him seriously, and one feels vexed, and still more vexed for being vexed. . . . Shall go to bed at 11.

May 14th.—Rose early, and have been feeling well. The *tarantas* broke down at Mozdok, and again I lost my temper. Went into the town, and gorged myself on raisins (a stupid proceeding!). Had a fairly interesting chat with B One sensible thought occurred to me and I have since forgotten it. Am retiring at 10.15.

May 15th, 16th. [Pyatigorsk.]—Have been travelling by night, so writing nothing. Nor, for that matter, has anything out of the way happened or entered my mind, except that B . . . is as amusing as ever, and I as dull, though less irritable. At Pyatigorsk music, and people promenading; all these things, which used to seem to me senselessly attractive, produced upon me no impression whatever. The duties of a cadet, the dressing, the saluting for half an hour—these alone worried me immensely. I must not forget that my chief aim in coming hither is to effect a cure: wherefore to-morrow I must send for a doctor, and also hire a flat *for one*, and in a suburb. Retiring to rest at 9.15. During the past two days I have been intemperate, for I have drunk both beer and wine. [5].

May 17th, 1852.—A doctor has been to see me, and I have

lates to another S. (*Vide* footnote on p. 88.) This "Sukh." (if our conjecture as to the abbreviation is correct) on whom Tolstoy "calls" on this day was evidently also living at Starogladvskaya Stanitsa.—Ed.

¹ Tolstoy was posting from Starogladvskaya to Pyatigorsk (*via* Mozdok) to take the waters.—Ed.

² A dish of curds and clotted cream.—Ed.

been to see the Commandant. I comported myself with him as with anyone—*i.e.* well; yet he received me churlishly. The only thing which I have to reproach myself with is the fact that I accepted from Alexeyev a false commission. This has put me on a false footing. The flat, the weather, and my health alike are good. From to-morrow, Whit Sunday, I hope to enter upon a more regular mode of life. I began, and then tore up, *A Letter from the Caucasus*,¹ which I must further consider. Retiring at 11.

May 18th.—Rose early, and worked at *Childhood*. I have become extremely weary of the work, yet mean to continue it. The doctor called. On Tuesday I am to begin baths. Visited the Alexandrian Gallery, and made a few purchases. Dined. After dinner had a very sweet and pleasant sleep of two and a half hours. Then took the waters. Saluting is an unpleasant process, and on many occasions it is also ridiculous. Have rewritten *A Letter from the Caucasus*, which now seems passable, though not good. It is my intention to continue (1) my studies, (2) my habit of work, and (3) my perfecting of style. Shall retire at 11.

May 19th.—Rose early, and took Elizabethan waters when I ought to have been taking Alexandrian. On returning home, wrote a chapter of *Childhood* which will pass muster. Went to the *stanitsa*, dined, slept, and took Alexandrian waters. Then returned home to do nothing else. Somehow I cannot write *A Letter from the Caucasus*, though I have many ideas, of which some seem to be sensible. I cannot help being cross with B . . . ; he is too foolish, conceited, and young: he reminds me too much of what I was myself in past days. I am going to bed. It is after 11.

May 20th.—Last night there struck me the brilliant

¹ Tolstoy began a series of military sketches under this title, which probably served, later on, as a basis for his *Stories of Military Life*. The letter is frequently alluded to in later entries; and, subsequently, in his entries in October, he apparently calls the continuation of this work *Caucasian Sketches*.—Ed.

idea that somehow I must put an end, one way or another, to my dealings with N . . . and G . . . , but act boldly. Success may be counted upon. At first I decided that on the first possible opportunity I would go and look up those persons ; but, after considering the matter further, I perceived that, in the first place, those dealings will bring me no harm, whether as regards myself or as regards other people, and, in the second place, that it will suffice to have a talk with those persons when occasion shall offer—that to go and look for them is scarcely worth my while.

Rose at 5, drank of the waters and some tea, read, and wrote a chapter of *Childhood*. Dined, slept, drank the waters, and worked, both well and ill, at *A Letter from the Caucasus*. I am becoming convinced that it is impossible, at least for me, to write without revision. I intend to re-read the *History of England*,¹ and to study making extracts, and translating them. I have been writing too long, so I will go to bed, the hour being 1 o'clock.

May 21st.—Rose at 7, took the waters, went home, and wrote not so much lazily as carelessly. Went to get some tickets, and was foolish enough inwardly to lose my temper with an official for asking me to what corps I belonged. Wrote, dined, and explained matters with B . . . as well as frightened him. He and I must part company, for he wearies me greatly. Took a nap in the garden, drank a dose of the waters and some tea, and wrote as carelessly as ever. To-morrow shall copy the same portion of the *Letter from the Caucasus*, then continue it. Retiring to bed. It is after 11.

May 22nd.—Rose at 4.15, drank a dose of the waters, and took a bath. My head began to ache, and I felt very faint. Wrote nothing, but chatted with B . . .² on

¹ *Vide* footnotes on pp. 149 and 151.—Ed.

² "B" with whom Tolstoy conversed on mathematics, was evidently a young fellow officer who had gone with him to Pyatigorsk. Is it perhaps Buyemsky ? (*Vide* pp. 139, 176, 212.)—Ed.

mathematics, and explained to him Newton's binomial,¹ which I myself had forgotten. Should like to repeat my mathematical course, were it not that I do not know whether I should now be capable of it. B . . . tries less to surpass me, and begins to listen more. Dined, slept, drank the waters, and fair-copied *The Letter*.² Further thought will be needed for the second portion of the work. Re-read the chapter "Sorrow,"³ and, while so doing, wept from my very heart. There are fine passages in the chapter, but also some very poor ones. Am growing extremely careless of everything; must exert pressure upon myself. Retiring to bed at 11.

May 23rd.—The same mode of life. Feel, and am behaving, fairly well. I get on with B . . . Have been visited by Pyatkin, whom, for some reason or another, I was very pleased to see, and showed it. Have finished *The Letter* pretty well, and also written to Atd. [?] ⁴ concerning the book and the scheme.⁵ *Childhood* seems not wholly bad. Had I the patience to copy it out a fourth time, it might even end by being good. Going to bed at 11.45.

May 24th.—Rose at 4.30. The usual routine. Conducted myself well, both with D. and with some new acquaintances, B . . . , P . . . , and R . . . , who called during the evening. Wrote little, but well. Oh, the charm of spring and restfulness and good health! This evening I revelled in these blessings. Retiring to bed at 11.45.

May 25th.—Rose after 3, having awakened myself.

¹ In the Countess S. A. Tolstoy's copy stood the words: "Plato's banquet." We have every reason to assume that it should read "Newton's binomial," because in the following sentence mathematics are mentioned.—Ed.

² Chapter xxv. of the story *Childhood*.—Ed.

³ Chapter xxvii. of the story *Childhood*, in which is described the impression produced on children by the death of their mother.—Ed.

⁴ Evidently this represents a word the copyist could not decipher.—Ed.

⁵ *A Scheme for the Administration of Russia*. Vide entries for Aug. 3 and 11, 1852.—Ed.

Felt splendid. The same routine as usual. Wrote little, for the reason that I spent a long time in considering a mystical phrase of small significance which I wished to render eloquently. Wasted the whole morning thus, and am displeased. Paid P . . . a visit. Why do not only people whom I dislike and cannot respect, people of a different bent from my own, but also *all* people without exception, feel perceptibly embarrassed in my presence? I must be a very difficult, unbearable person. Retiring to bed at 11.30. To-morrow letters to Pelageya Ilyinishna and Nikolenka.

May 26th.—Rose at 6. Rain came on. Had a bath, then a dose of the waters. The doctor called. Afterwards I visited the A . . . [Alexandrian Gallery?]. Am finishing the last chapter. Feel fairly well, but am beginning to ache a little in the legs and teeth. The Gallery is very amusing, what with the gossip of officers, the showing off of dandies, and the acquaintanceships which one makes. Morally I am well. To-morrow shall conclude *Childhood*, write some letters, and begin a final revision. Going to bed at 11.

May 27th.—Rose at 4.30. The usual routine. In the morning finished *Childhood*, and for the rest of the day could do nothing. The beginning, which I have revised, is extremely poor. Yet I shall have it fair-copied, and dispatch it at once. Am sitting down to supper at 10.15, and shall go to bed directly afterwards. Wrote Nikolenka a cold and careless letter.

May 28th.—Rose after 4, and pursued the usual routine. Could do nothing all day. Bulka¹ has been nearly killed, and the incident has so affected my nerves that I have been bleeding from the nose, though otherwise I am well. Am sitting down to supper. 2 and 11.

May 29th.—Rose after 4. Pursued the usual routine. Health not good, and throat sore. Have written nothing.

¹ Tolstoy's favourite hunting dog. Bulka was once nearly killed by some convicts who went through the town killing all stray dogs; Tolstoy describes this incident in one of the "Tales for Children" included in his *Reader*.—ED.

Am treating for a piano. Spent the whole morning seeing visions of the conquest of the Caucasus. Although I am aware that I should not assume airs concerning my ordinary pursuits, I cannot rid myself of the habit. All of us fail to value time save when little of it remains. We reckon upon it most when least of it lies before us. 10.20. I am sitting down to supper.

May 30th.—The ordinary routine. Wrote a letter to Tatyana Alexandrovna which I have not dispatched, for I am dissatisfied therewith.¹ Am doing nothing at all.

¹ Tolstoy evidently changed his mind about sending off this letter, or he may have written another, for on the same date, May 30th, he writes to Mme. T. A. Ergolsky the following letter, which is so interesting and so characteristic of Tolstoy's mode of life and of his mood at that period that we adduce it almost *in toto* (translated from the French):

"After returning from the expedition I spent two months with Nikolinka at Starogladvskaya, where we pursued our usual routine, the routine of hunting, reading, conversation, and chess. During this interval I made an excursion to the Caspian which I found most interesting and agreeable. Had I not ailed, indeed, I should have been satisfied with the two months. But after all, it is an ill-wind that blows nobody any good, for my complaint afforded me an excuse for going to Pyatigorsk for the summer; whence now I am writing to you. I have been here two weeks, and am pursuing a regular, isolated routine which enables me to rest satisfied both with my health and with my conduct. Rising at 4, I go and drink the waters, and continue so until 6, when I take a bath, and return home. . . .

"I spend hours in thinking of Yasnaya, and of the splendid times which I had there; most of all, of the aunt whom daily I am coming to love more and more. The further such memories recede, the more do I love them, and the better am I learning to value them.

"Since my journey and my sojourn in Tiflis my mode of life has undergone no change. I try to make as few acquaintances as possible, and to refrain from being intimate with the acquaintances who are mine already. For their part, they are accustomed to this, and have ceased to disturb me; even though I am certain that they dub me proud and strange.

"Yet it is not from pride that I behave so. It is a situation which has come about of itself. The difference between my upbringing, sentiments, and views and those of the men whom I meet here is too great for me to find pleasure in their society. Only Nikolinka, despite the vast difference between him and these gentlemen, has the power to spend with them a pleasant time, and to be beloved of all. I envy him, but do not feel that I could do likewise.

[4]. Have I a talent to be compared with that of our modern Russian *littérateurs*? Assuredly I have not. Am sitting down to supper at 10.30.

May 31st.—Rose early, drank the waters, bathed, drank some tea, and, until dinner-time, did nothing. Had no sleep, but wrote on valour. Ideas were good, but laziness and evil habit led me to leave the style rough. Again drank the waters, and remained in a cheerful frame of mind.

"True, such a form of life is not calculated to bring one much pleasure; yet not for a long time past have I given a thought to pleasure. Rather, my thoughts are concentrated upon how I may live in peace, and to my own satisfaction. Recently I formed a taste for reading history (as you know, this constituted the subject of a dispute between us; but now I fully agree with you). My literary labours also are progressing a little, though I have not yet thought of having anything published. Three times I have recast a work which I began some time ago; and now I am thinking of recasting it yet again, for my own satisfaction. This may be like the labours of Penelope; yet the fact in no way repels me. From inclination I write, not from vanity. It is pleasant and beneficial to me to work; so I work. . . .

"Good-bye—*au revoir*, dear aunt. A few months hence, should God not upset my plans, I hope to be with you, and to be showing you, by my solicitude and love, that I have, at least to a certain extent, deserved all that you have done for me. So vivid is your memory within me that, after writing this, I have been sitting several moments over the letter, and endeavouring to picture to myself the happy moment when I shall once more see you, and you will weep for joy at the sight of me, and I shall weep like a child as I kiss your hands. . . .

"There was a time when I was proud of my intellect, and my position in the world, and my name; but now I know, I feel, that, if there is anything good in me, if there is anything for which I may thank Providence, it is for the good heart—a heart responsive and capable of love—which Providence has given me, and has preserved intact. To that heart alone am I beholden for the best moments of my life, and for the fact that, though I lack pleasure and society, I am not only satisfied—I am also, frequently, happy.

"Before long five months will have passed since first I entered the Service. Consequently, within a month's time I ought to be awarded promotion. Yet that another six months, or perhaps more, will have to elapse before I obtain the step I am well aware. With my hand on my heart, I regard this with complete indifference: the only thing that disturbs me is the prospect of a journey to Petersburg which I must take, but for which I have not the means. I recall your rule that one ought not to take thought for the future. The thing will be accomplished somehow. . . .

"Pyatigorsk, May 30, 1852." . . .—ED.

An amanuensis arrived, to whom I handed, and read aloud, the first chapter. It is no good at all. To-morrow shall recast the second chapter, and, as I copy it out, revise the same.

[5]. On arriving home alone, found my young landlady in the kitchen, and said to her a few words. She is decidedly coquettish with me, and keeps tying bunches of flowers in front of the window, and tending a swarm, and trolling ditties—endearments which are shattering my peace of mind. For the bashfulness with which God has dowered me I thank Him. It saves me from corruption.

June 1st.—Rose at 4.30, drank the waters, had a bath, drank tea, read, and again did nothing until dinner-time. Chatted with B . . . about one trifle and another, and was foolish enough to read him a few chapters of *Childhood*. Can see that he is not pleased with them, though I do not assert that this is due to the fact that he cannot understand them, but to the fact that they are bad in themselves. The amanuensis has copied chapter I. fairly well, but all day have I been too lazy to prepare the next chapter. To-morrow, from morning onwards, I shall correct as many chapters as possible . . . Have not had a daylight sleep; wherefore am going to bed at once, the hour being 9.10.

June 2nd.—[3]. Did not take a bath, though I rose early. At 8 drank the waters, and, on returning home, read, received a visit from the doctor, corrected *Childhood*, set the amanuensis to work, and, above all, wasted my time with B . . . After dinner, experienced the old weakness, and could not refrain from eating three ices. In the evening read, reflected, drank the waters at home, and did nothing else. *Childhood* will contain grave faults, yet be bearable. What I think of it is that there are worse stories. However, I am not yet convinced that I lack talent. Yet I seem to possess neither patience nor habitude nor clarity. Also, there is nothing great in my style, or in my sentiments, or in my thoughts. As to the last, however, I have my doubts. Am going to bed at 9.10.

June 3rd.—Rose early, drank the waters at home, and pursued my usual order of life. At dinner ate too much. I do nothing: or, if I do anything, I do it badly. . . . [2]. Have a touch of fever. The doctor called, and chatted with B . . . Have paid the amanuensis 50 copecks, and therefore there seems to be small hope of him.

I remark in myself a sign of old age. I am conscious of, regret my ignorance, and my heart utters a phrase which I have frequently heard uttered by elderly folk, a phrase which has never failed to surprise me: "I am sorry that I neglected my studies; but now it is too late." To know that my mind is not formed, that it is inexact and weak (albeit supple), that my sentiments lack constancy or strength, and that my will is so wavering that the least circumstance can cause all my good intentions to come to nought is a fact which grieves me. Also, it grieves me to know and to feel that in me there are, or have been, the germs of these qualities, and that their growth alone has been lacking. How long I have striven to educate myself! Yet have I made any improvement to speak of? I could almost despair, yet hope and count upon chance—at times, upon Providence. I hope that something will yet arouse in me energy, and that not for ever shall I let noble, lofty dreams of fame, usefulness and love stick fast in a dull slough of petty, aimless life. Am going to bed at 9.10.

June 4th.—The usual routine. Worked at *A Letter from the Caucasus*—worked little, but well. Also, feel well. There was a time when I was too much given to generalization, and, later, to minutiae; but now, if I have not found the mean, at least I understand the necessity of it, and wish to discover that mean. Read *The Hours of Devotion* in a translation from the German which once I should have read either carelessly or with ¹ interest or with a sneer, but which, now, affected me.

The work confirms my ideas as to the methods of setting

¹ Thus in the copy. Perhaps it should read "or without" and not "or with."—ED.

my affairs right and putting an end to quarrels. Hence I have firmly decided to return as soon as possible to Russia, and, *coûte que coûte*,¹ to sell a portion of my property there, to pay off my debts, and to put an end, peacefully and without vanity, to the many unpleasantnesses which I have brought about, and to endeavour by kindness, modesty, and a charitable outlook upon humanity to suppress my self-conceit. This may prove the best means of ridding myself of my inability to associate with my fellow men. Am going to bed at 12.40. The copyist has kept me up. One is drunk, and the other does not know how to write. It is most unfortunate.

June 5th.—One day Gorchakov said to me: "This is the idea which occurs to me in connection with Baryatinsky [?], and shatters all my dreams concerning family happiness. So brilliant in almost every respect is this man, and so many external qualities superior to mine does he possess, that I cannot but suppose that my wife may, or might, prefer him to myself: which supposition has sufficed to rob me of the peace and contentment, still more, of the self-assurance and pride, which constitute the indispensable attributes of love between married folk." At the time I said something unconvincing, but now there has struck me the following idea: "Even if Baryatinsky did possess every attribute superior to this man, or even if there could be found a man so combining all merits within himself that Gorchakov could not possess a single attribute superior to him (a thing difficult to suppose, seeing that, for the most part, one merit develops at the expense of another—external qualities develop at the expense of inward); even if we were to admit this supposition, the fact would in no way prevent the possibility of love and preference being felt for the individual who was inferior in point of merits. That, in a forest, one cannot find any two leaves precisely identical is well known: and that difference we recognize not by measuring the leaves, but by observing certain intangible features

¹ Be the cost what it may.—Ed.

which leap to the eye. The difference between any two human beings, which are beings of a more complicated species, is still greater, and we recognize it in the same way, through a faculty of combining into a single presentment all its features, moral and physical. This faculty constitutes the basis of love. And sometimes there is compounded from a combination of demerits an elusive, yet charming, character which can actually inspire love in a given person.

Rose at 6, drank the waters, read and corrected *A Letter from the Caucasus*, wrote to it a small addition, though poorly, dined, enjoyed an after-dinner nap, drank the waters, and chatted quite sensibly with B . . . , both on the qualities necessary for domestic happiness and on vanity.—Weather bad, but health good. Am going to bed at 10.30.

June 6th.—Rose at 5, and at once set to work to copy. Drank the waters at home, and worked industriously until dinner-time, as well as from 5.30 onwards. Drank the waters, and thereafter remained careless, healthy, cheerful and free from vanity. Returned home, sang, danced about, and ended by chatting with B . . . until 10, and wasting, for nothing, both my good spirits and my time. Am sitting down to supper at 10 o'clock.

June 7th.—Rose at 5.30, took a bath, drank the waters, remained well and easy, did revision and fair-copying until 6, drank the waters, and read the April *Souremennik*, which is poor in the extreme. Feel full of pride, I know not why. However, am satisfied with myself from the moral standpoint. [22]. Am going to bed at 10.

June 8th.—The usual routine. After tea went for a ride. I have lost the desire for fair-copying and to-day have written very little. In fact, have done nothing save one sheet of manuscript, and the April *Souremennik*, which I have read throughout.

[16]. To-day feel dull. Going to bed after 9.

June 9th.—The usual routine, save that after dinner I slept, and that now [2] I have toothache and fever.

Vanyushka has the same. But I must not be downcast. Going to bed at 11.

June 10th.—Going to bed at 12. All day have had fever. Vanyushka and Bulka have had the same. Though Iv. Mois. is a poor copyist, he is at least obliging.

June 11th.—Am better. Rose at 8, despite weakness and perspiration, and did writing and correction. Dined, and read Hume's History—Charles I. *History is the best expression of philosophy.* Am going to bed after 10. Satisfied with myself.

June 12th.—Rose at 7, cleaned my room, and saw to the kitchen and Vanyushka. He is very poorly, poor fellow! Did a little revision. At dinner was foolish enough to lose my temper with B . . . Am, morally, so pleased with myself that I cannot find fault with my laziness, though for a long time past I have written nothing. Received letters from Andrey and Koloshin. A. [?] is afraid of me, and therefore seeking to conciliate me with pit-digging. K . . . has not mended his ways, but I find his letter agreeable, and will answer it at once. 10 o'clock.

June 13th.—Rose at 7.30. My health is good. Yesterday wrote Koloshin a malicious, but clever, epistle. To-day have concluded it with a foolish, but kindly, postscript. The doctor called, and I invited myself to his place. Intend to go. Wrote little. Between the landlady and myself there exists too great a friendship. I drift into everything and in everything I am vain. There was a time when I used to be vain of my riches and my name; but now it is of the kindness and the simplicity of my manners. Iv. M. has a bad smell, and is also, according to the landlady, a drunkard. I intend, to-morrow, to revise the chapters of Part I. which he has not fair-copied. Have written enough, and am going to bed after 11.

June 14th.—Rose after 9, and did nothing all day save read. Dismissed Iv. Mois. Perhaps he was a man without a passport? To-morrow will ascertain this. Going to bed after 10. Went for a walk, and noticed myself

to be growing very weak. To-morrow will rise after 4, take a bath, and spend the morning in working at *Childhood*; the evening in something new.

June 15th.—In spite of the wind, took a bath. Did some writing. Concluded Part II., read it over, and, though, again, much dissatisfied, will continue it. Did not write after dinner. Bought a cap, Turkish delight, and some matches—all unnecessary. Made no inquiries about the passport. Will ask about it to-morrow, and have a talk with the landlady about my board. Going to bed at 5 minutes to 11.

June 16th.—Rose early, and visited the baths, but somehow found it irksome to look upon decent folk. There keeps entering my head the idea that I too *have been* one. Stupid conceit! As a matter of fact, am better behaved than ever I was. Spent the day immoderately. Gorged myself upon Turkish delight, ices, and other rubbish. Vanyusha is very poorly. Will get another doctor for him. Have said nothing about the passport or the landlady's bill. Went for a walk. At 11 am going to bed. Have continued, with considerable abridgements, Part I. Will finish it somehow.

June 17th.—Rose at 8, drank the waters, and deceived a soldier. Met Eremeyev, and was greatly delighted. Spent the morning in reading. Both in form and contents the history of Charles I. is much superior to Thiers' history of Louis XVI. Have done little copying, and that badly. Dined, read, drank the waters, chatted trifles with a hussar and R . . . , and lost my temper with B He writes to me, but is not much to be relied upon. Wrote, in careless fashion, two pages of *A Letter from the Caucasus*. Fair-copied. Going to bed at 11.30.

June 18th and 19th.—Rose late on both these days. Set to work with Vanyusha, but carelessly. Promised the landlady her rent, and, though a foolish thing to do, paid it her. Asked no questions about the passport. Feel dull, and keep thinking of E . . . —also a foolish thing to do. Hitherto have committed no follies in this

place. It will be the first town whence I shall bear away with me no repentance. I will not, therefore, blame myself for any petty weaknesses, for any want of moderation. Fair-copied little, but B . . . took it up in earnest. Going to bed at 11.

June 20th.—Rose at 8, drank the waters, and wrote. Added a description of the reaping,¹ passably well. Van-yusha is still poorly. D. has been here, but I missed him. He brought the *Sovremennik*, which contains a story by M. M., "The Lacemaker"²—excellent, especially in its purity of Russian—the word *flower-bud*. Paid a visit to the Boulevard, and behaved well, save that I mistook some gentleman for E . . . , and turned aside. Last night I received a nice letter from Nikolenka, but the news concerning Sado struck me unpleasantly, as does everything reminding me of my follies and the debts which have proceeded thence.—From Valerian³ a letter; he is resigning the management of Yasnaya, and rightly so, and he is separating from Masha, who is wonderfully good. Will answer it to-morrow. B . . . and his copyings hinder me from working. At the same time, I am lazy myself. Going to bed at 10.

June 21st.—Rose early, bathed, drank the waters, and wrote. Save that I could not refrain from telling B . . . that he is a fool, behaved myself well. After dinner did a little work, and at the springs chattered with all and sundry, and lied without cause when I said I had been a student of the School of Jurisprudence. This so upset me that aimlessly, like a madman, I set to work to parade the Boulevard. At home employed myself by setting my accounts and linen in order. Three roubles have dis-

¹ In the story *Childhood*, chap. vii.—ED.

² A story by Mich. Illar. Mikhailov (1826-1865). . . . Its author is a well-known poet and translator of the best European poets. He was condemned at a political trial, and after undergoing a long term of imprisonment, was sent to hard labour in the mines, where he died.—ED.

³ Tolstoy had evidently received news of the family quarrel between his sister Maria Nikolayevna and her husband, which soon terminated in a complete separation.—ED.

appeared. The landlady blames Iv. Mois., but I warmly defend him. Masha has had a talk with me, and, through a little girl, has sent me two roses. She no longer pleases me, but I am restless because I am a man, and because she is a woman, and we live in the same court. Have just read an expression, "*To contribute one's mite.*"

Spent the evening very pleasantly. Much that was good, yet obscure, has passed through my thoughts and imagination. Going to bed at 10.30.

June 22nd.—Rose early, drank the waters, and took a bath. Notice that conversation is beginning to have for me a great charm—even stupid conversation. Had a chat with Gus—on,¹ Venevit. (?),² and the civilian to whom I told a lie yesterday. Wrote a fairly good chapter, "Games,"³ invited myself to Drozdov's, dined, slept, drank the waters, and visited Erem. and others. Was shy, but well-behaved. Satisfied with myself. Am beginning to feel the necessity and desirability of fair-copying *Childhood* a third time. It may then issue good. Madame Drozdov must be a bad-tempered woman, and it is amusing to see how she dreads being taken for a provincial. Also Erem. is as stupid, as insipid, as always he has been. Was amused because he said that he knew Mosk. V. Ch. (G. ?) and others, and that these gentlemen here have outplayed him, and that he had no money of his own and a foolish wife. How could I have envied him?—Zinaida is going to marry Tiele.⁴ The fact vexes

¹ Gus—on, the first letters, illegibly-written, of a surname abbreviated in the copy; it may be "Tsez-an," i.e. Tsezar-Grossman. (*Vide* Yanzhul.)—Ed.

² In accordance with the sense of the sentence he was undoubtedly an officer; but on going through the list of officers of the 20th brigade (in Yanzhul's book) we find no name resembling this. There are similar names: Vedeniktov and Venevtsov, hence we may assume it is a mistake made by the person who copied the *Diary*.—Ed.

³ In the story *Childhood*, chap. viii.—Ed.

⁴ Nikolay Vasilyevich Tiele, son of Vasily Leontyevich Tiele, inspector attached to a board of health . . . *Obit* 1893. (*Re* Z. M. Molostvov, *vide* footnote on pp. 106-109).—Ed.

me ; the more so because I have felt so little perturbed. Have written too long. Going to bed at 12.

June 23rd.—Rose at 6, drank the waters, and wrote nothing. The doctor called. Vanyusha is poorly. Wrote a letter to Valerian. B . . . has written me. After dinner slept, drank the waters, indulged in pleasant dreams, read *Hours of Devotion*, and am going to bed. Met L., with Madame Eremeyev, and remarked in myself, on this occasion, a considerable amount of conceit. B . . . hinders me, but I have had many good thoughts. Going to bed at 11.30.

June 24th.—At 1 o'clock in the morning was awakened by B . . . and shouts from a neighbour. An old man had been wounded. Bore myself weakly and unthinkingly, yet not without propriety. Consumed Turkish delight, but did not go to sleep until daylight. Drank the waters, took a bath, drank tea, and read. The doctor called. Also, took some tickets, sat awhile with B . . ., obtained some books, and began to read the *Confessions*,¹ which, unfortunately, I cannot help criticizing. Dined, slept till 6.30, and drank the waters and some tea. Wrote a letter to Serezha,² passably well, and am going to bed at

¹ *Confessions* by Jean Jacques Rousseau (*vide* footnote on p. 176).—ED.

² This letter of Tolstoy's to his brother Sergey Nikolayevich is published in P. I. Biryukov's *Life of Tolstoy* (vol., i. pp. 215-216). In this letter he gives characteristic details of the life at Pyatigorsk, from which we adduce a few passages :

"What shall I tell you about my life ? . . . I should like to describe to you the *spirit* of Pyatigorsk, but it is as difficult as it is to tell a stranger what Tula is . . . Pyatigorsk is also something of a Tula, but of a special kind—the Caucasian ; for instance, here the chief feature is some resident families and public places. Society consists of landowners (this is the technical term for all visitors) who look down upon the local civilization, and of officers, who look upon the local pleasures as the height of bliss. . . . There is a theatre and a club ; every year marriages, duels take place . . . in a word, it is quite a Parisian life. . . . The officers pretend they have come for treatment only, so they limp on crutches, wear slings and bandages, carouse, and tell stories about the Circassians. But at headquarters they will again relate how they were acquainted with resident families and had a glorious time."

—ED.

12.45. Read over to B . . .¹ what I had written about him, and, driven frantic, he rushed from the room.

June 25th.—Rose at 6, drank the waters, and lost my temper because a Guards' officer meddled with Bulka. Also, a veteran officer entered into conversation with me, and inquired whether I did not "*belong to the number of unfortunates.*"² Also, he put into my head the idea that I must order an artillery programme and books. Until dinner time did poor writing, and, after dinner, had a touch of toothache, and wrote worse than before. Drank the waters, took a bath, and suffered terribly from toothache, though now it is easier. Going to bed at 9.30. Vanyushka is better. B . . . is greatly upset, and I regret having so gratuitously and painfully offended him. At his age, and with his disposition, one could not have struck him a heavier blow.

June 26th.—All night did not sleep for toothache. This morning felt poorly all over, and had a scare. Received from Tatyana Alexandrovna a letter which grieved me. Drafted two myself—to her, and to Serezha. Also, must write to B . . . (?), to Nikolinka, and one on the subject of the programmes. Indulged in dreams concerning the question of my return to Russia. Fancies of this kind are not so delightful as they used to be.

June 27th.—Rose at 8, my health being better. Wrote letters to Alexeyev and Islavin (passably well), and sent off those to my aunt and Serezha. To-morrow must write to Aunt Yushkov and B . . . Read Hume, wrote to B . . . (?) and read Rousseau.³ Had some good

¹ It is possible that Tolstoy read to a comrade a fragment of his story *Incurion* which he was then writing, and in which is depicted Alanin, a naive young ensign, who probably had traits in common with "B" (*vide* footnotes on pp. 139 and 212).—Ed.

² That is to say, whether Tolstoy had not been deported to the Caucasus for some crime.—*Trans.*

³ Jean Jacques Rousseau (1712-1778), a celebrated French thinker. . . . Amongst his works are: *Confessions* and *Emile* (on education); the latter includes "Profession de Foi du Vicaire Savoyard." In his early youth Tolstoy was powerfully impressed by Rousseau, who left deep traces on his soul, and he often mentions and quotes

thoughts, all of which have escaped me. Was paid a visit by B . . . Learnt how to cut pens. *Petite partie d'un grand tout dont les bornes nous échappent, et que son auteur livre à nos folles disputes; nous sommes assez vains pour vouloir décider ce qu'est ce tout en lui-même, et ce que nous sommes par rapport à lui.*¹ Going to bed at 11.10.

June 28th.—Rose at 8, did much and good copying, drank the waters, went for a walk, and foolishly squandered 30 kopecks. Received a visit from Tsvilenyev,² who has been degraded. He asked for money, but I did not give him any, though I promised it, and will give him the same. Wrote to Aunt Pelageya Ilynishna.³ Going to bed at 20 minutes to 12.

June 29th.—Rose at 9, and was visited by the doctor. He is sending me to Zheleznovodsk. Copied latest chapters, dined, wrote, drank the waters, took a bath, and returned home very languid. Read *Profession de Foi du Vicaire Savoyard*.⁴ It is full of contradictions, of obscure,

him in the pages of his *Diary*. For many years he wore round his neck a locket containing the portrait of his favourite thinker. In later years Tolstoy wrote as follows to Bouvier of the French "Société de Rousseau" (March 17, 1905):

"Rousseau has been my teacher since I was 15 years old.

"Rousseau and the Gospels have been the two greatest and most beneficent influences in my life.

"Rousseau does not grow old. Quite recently I had occasion to read some of his works and I experienced the same feeling of spiritual exaltation and rapture as I experienced in my youth."

—ED.

¹ "A portion of the great Whole of which the limits escape us, and which its creator abandons to our insane disputes: we are sufficiently vain to attempt to decide what this whole is *per se*, and what we are in relation to it."—From Jean Jacques Rousseau's *Profession de Foi du Vicaire Savoyard*.—Trans.

² At that time there were two Tsvilenyevs: (1) Kondraty Kuzmich (1806-1880), who died as lieutenant-colonel in the reserve, and (2) Alexander Ivanovich (1817-1878), a captain. We were unable to secure more exact and detailed information.—ED.

³ Pelageya Ilynishna Yushkov (sister of Tolstoy's father), the second guardian of Tolstoy, his brothers and sister (*vide* footnote on p. 79).—ED.

⁴ *Profession de Foi du Vicaire Savoyard*, by J. J. Rousseau. In later years Tolstoy completely changed his opinion of this book and re-read it times and again with pleasure (in the French original).

abstract passages, and of exceptional beauty. The main point that I have borrowed thence is conviction of the non-immortality of the soul. If for the idea of immortality there is required the idea of recollection of a former existence, we are not immortal. But my intellect refuses to comprehend endlessness at one end. Someone has said that the sign of truth is clarity. One may dispute this, yet clarity remains the best token, and thereby one must always verify one's opinions. *Conscience* is our best and most reliable guide. But where are the signs which distinguish it as a voice from other voices? For vanity speaks with equal force; an example is an injury which remains unavenged. The man whose aim is the happiness of himself is a bad man; he whose aim is the opinion of others is weak; he whose aim is the happiness of others is virtuous; and he whose aim is God is great. But does the man whose aim is God find happiness therein? Rubbish! Yet I thought these such fine thoughts! I believe in goodness, and love it; but what points me to it I do not know. Is not absence of personal advantage a sign of goodness? On the other hand, I love goodness because it is agreeable. Hence it is useful. And that which is useful for me is useful for something else, and good merely because it is good and in conformity with myself.

This, then, is the token which distinguishes the voice of conscience from other voices. But does this subtle distinction of what is good and useful (to what place shall I allocate the agreeable?) hold within itself the token of truth—clarity? No. ~~It is better to do good unawares—how can I know it?—and to pay it no heed.~~ Involuntarily one concludes that the highest wisdom is knowledge that wisdom has no existence.

That is bad for me which is bad for others; that is good for me which is good for others. Thus does conscience always speak. Desire or action? Conscience reproaches

According to tales of those near and dear to him (his daughter-in-law, O. K. Tolstoy), "in 1909, when Tolstoy read this book aloud in his family circle, he shed tears of emotion."—ED.

me for actions committed with good intention, but attended by evil consequences. *The aim of life is goodness. It is a sentiment inherent in our soul. The means of good living is knowledge of good and evil.*

But will one's whole life suffice for this? And if one consecrates one's whole life thereto, may one not be erring, involuntarily doing evil?

We are good only when the whole of our forces are constantly directed towards this aim. It is possible to do good without full knowledge of what is good or evil.

Which is the immediate aim, however—study or action? And is absence of evil good? *Both inclination and fate point out the road which we must choose: but always must we labour with the aim of attainment of goodness.* Is, then, every diversion, every pleasure which brings no advantage to others an evil? I do not find conscience reproach me with such things, but, on the contrary, commend me for them. Hence the voice is not the voice of conscience. Early or late, conscience reproaches me for every moment not utilized to advantage (yes, even if no harm be done).

Variety of labour is pleasure. Going to bed at 10.45.

June 30th.—Rose at 8, took a bath, drank the waters indoors, reflected, and dined. Since Buem . . .¹ has lost at play, there is a chance for me to be useful to him. Drank the waters again, and went to the post. Received nothing, however. Kept a foolish promise by giving Tsvilenyev 2 roubles. Copied little, and badly.

All good, save good satisfactory to conscience, i.e. productive of good to my neighbour, is conditional, unintelligible, and independent of self. Which three conditions are combined in *goodness done for the benefit of my neighbour. Satisfaction of my personal needs is good only in proportion as it may contribute towards the good of my neighbour. It constitutes the means.* But wherein lies the good of my neighbour? That good is not unconditional, like personal good. Or good is what I conceive to be such according to my

¹ Dots in the copy; or should it read "Buel . . ." ?—ED.

ideas and inclination. Hence inclination and measure of reason exercise no influence upon a man's worth. The mercenary man is good if he distributes money, the wise man is good if he teaches, the lazy man is good if he labours for the sake of others. But it is a view subject to doubt, since it is an objective view: whereas relief of the sufferings of men is good of a subjective order. But where does the boundary between suffering and labour lie? Physical suffering is clear, yet conditioned by one's habits. I want to say that to do good is to afford others an opportunity of doing likewise—of removing all obstacles thereto, such as want, ignorance, and vice . . . But here, again, there is no clearness. Yesterday I was stopped by the question, "Are pleasures devoid of utility evil?" To-day I assert that they are. The man who understands true good will wish for no other. Never to lose for a single moment the possibility of learning to do good constitutes perfection. Never to seek the advantage of one's neighbour, to sacrifice it to one's own, constitutes evil. And between the one and the other, between the greater and the less measure of activity, lies the vast interval wherein the Creator has set humanity after giving it the power to choose. Going to bed at 11.

July 1st.—Rose late, for the weather was bad. Rode to the post, and received money and a letter giving particulars of Kopylov's¹ promissory notes, which have been presented to him. To-morrow will write to Andrey and Serezhenka. May lose Yasnaya; which, despite all philosophy, would be for me a terrible blow. Dined, wrote little and badly, and did nothing good. To-morrow shall conclude *Childhood*, and decide upon its fate. Going to bed at 11.30.

¹ In a letter from Moscow to Mme. T. A. Ergolsky, Tolstoy wrote as early as Dec. 9, 1852, as follows: "Kopylov played a nasty trick on me. He gave me an order addressed to his Moscow agent to pay bearer for 80 quarters of rye which I had sold him, and I have not yet been able to get the money: I am very displeased about this, for I had allowed him a discount of 50 copecks a quarter in order to get the money in advance. . . ." This indicates the nature of Tolstoy's relations with this man.—Ed.

July 2nd.—Rose at 5, and went for a walk. Finished *Childhood*, and corrected the same. Dined, read N. N., and wrote a draft letter to the Editor. *Equity is the extreme measure of virtue to which every man is bound. Above it lie stages towards perfection: below it lies vice.*

Is prayer necessary and useful? Only experience can give conviction of the fact. Does God fulfil our prayers? And is the tendency noticeable in all men? Here are two proofs of its utility, and none to the contrary: prayer is useful because it is non-harmful, and because it is moral solitude. Hour after 10, and I will stop now, and go to bed. My teeth, I think, will prevent my sleeping. Have considered the matter deeply, and dare assert that toothache increases the value of health.

July 3rd.—Rose at 7, went for a walk, corrected *Childhood*, half-wrote a letter to the Editor,¹ and received nice letters from Tatyana Alexandrovna, Nikolenka, and Fedurkin. Also a stupid one from M. and A., and an unpleasant one from V. Walked to the crater,² received

¹ "Letter to the Editor," i.e. to N. A. Nekrasov, editor of the *Sovremennik* magazine. Tolstoy had evidently dispatched this letter, together with Part I. of the story *Childhood*, signed only with the initials L. N. In a letter (dated July 3) Tolstoy writes, among other things:

"In reality this manuscript forms Part I. of a novel—Four Epochs of Development. The appearance of the following parts will depend upon the success of the first. If, owing to its size, it cannot be inserted in one issue, please divide it into three portions. . . ." At the end of the letter Tolstoy gives his address, "L. N., c/o (his brother), Lieutenant of Artillery Count N. N. Tolstoy, Starogladvskaya Stanitsa."

In the editorial notes to the book entitled, *Archives of the Village of Karabikha*, it is stated: "The letter is written in a small, careful hand, evidently that of a clerk. Nekrasov made a note at the top of the letter: 'The story *Childhood* was sent with this letter. Count Leo Tolstoy is the author.' In all probability Nekrasov added this note considerably later, for from his reply to Tolstoy, through his brother, N. N. Tolstoy, it does not transpire that he could, with certainty, name the author of the story at that time. Tolstoy's letter quoted here, as well as others adduced further on, were first published in the *Archives of the Village of Karabikha*.—Ed.

² On one of the promontories of the Mashuk mountain rising behind Pyatigorsk is a large crater of volcanic origin with a round opening at the top. It contains a sulphur spring which forms a

50 roubles from Alexeyev, drank tea at home, and had a chat with B . . . Corrected, and copied out, a letter to Valerian on the sale both of Vorotyinka and of Mostovaya and G. Ordered debts to be registered. Going to bed at 11. Nerves much unstrung.

July 4th.—Was awakened by Vanyushka after 4 ; whereupon I rose, finished correction, and wrote letters to Fedurkin (nicely), Kopylov (passably well), Tatyana Alexandrovna (a nice letter throughout), and Beersha¹ (with cleverness, but carelessly). Inscribed a power of attorney and the petition, and posted all rather carelessly. Dined, but did nothing else. Drank the waters. Looked with overmuch approval upon Kryuk . . ., and condescended to slander. Was incautious enough to finish a bottle of *kvas*. Consequently, have been belching, and am sweating.

The aim which I have discovered in life now occupies me less than it did. Can it be that it is not really a true and firm rule, but merely one of those thoughts which, under the influence of conceit, vanity, and pride, are born only to disappear? No, it is a true rule. My conscience tells me as much. Oh that, in consequence of this theory, my life would fare better, and more easily! The rule in question must be supported by deeds; then action will be justified by the rule in question. One must work. I am going to write to Nikolenka and Dyakov.

small lake inside the crater, the water of which is sky blue; the approach is through a tunnel. This spot is much frequented by tourists, and is a favourite walk for visitors.—ED.

¹ "Beersha": Natalia Andreyevna Beer (1809-1887). She was Tolstoy's great-aunt; he always called her "Beersha" although in 1857 she married Vladimir Konstantinovich Rzhnevsky (her second cousin). Her husband was afterwards a senator and was in charge of the Land Surveying Department. In the 'fifties and 'sixties he was known as a publicist and wrote for Katkov's *Russky Vestnik*; he died in 1885.

It is very regrettable that this part of the Beer family archives containing Tolstoy's letters to N. A. has been lost. Mme. N. A. Beer's letters to Tolstoy are probably in the Tolstoy archive in the Rummyantsev Museum, to which no access can be had. (Concerning Mme. N. A. and the Beer family, *vide* footnote on p. 60 . . .)—ED.

First, however, I must write *A Letter from the Caucasus*. Am very languid, and the warts refuse to disappear. Going to bed after 9. Have paid the doctor 15 roubles—for nothing at all.

July 5th.—Rose at 5. Went for a walk, and lost my temper with a lady who entered into conversation on the subject of Bulka. Called upon I. T., but failed to find him at home. Hilkovsky arrived. Of the fact I was very glad, for I like him. Dined, worked at *A Letter from the Caucasus*, began well, but finished carelessly, drank the waters, went for a walk, and underwent disillusionment concerning K . . . Was paid a visit by T . . . and a certain Shishk . . . Chatted with them with pleasure, but, in spite of my promise, shall not visit them to-morrow. There is nothing to go for. There is between us too little in common. The day has been spent anyhow, but I am satisfied with myself. To-morrow shall set out at 10. Going to bed at 10.

July 6th. Zheleznovodsk.—Rose at 6. All teeth aching, but I proceeded to Zheleznovodsk, and, despite terrible sufferings, uttered not a groan, nor lost my temper. Slept, chatted with . . . [*indecipherable*], and played at chess. Discussed with him the aim which I have discovered in life. Regret that I did so. Evidently do not greatly value this thought if I can decide to talk of, to demonstrate, it to others. However, it is the best thing of which I have yet thought or read. This is the truth. Am going to bed after 11.

July 7th.—Rose at 6. Teeth were aching, and I was conscious of great weakness. Drank the waters. The forest is delightful. Wrote to Tatyana Alexandrovna a letter which I shall not dispatch; also one to Nikolenka. Must make all possible haste to complete the satire of my *Letter from the Caucasus*; though satire is not natural to me. Drank the waters, took a bath, and again caught cold in my teeth, so that they are aching at this moment. Going to bed at 11.

July 8th.—Rose at 8, drank the waters, took a bath,

and worked passably well at *A Letter from the Caucasus*. Teeth ached, but I read with much pleasure the *Confessions*. Hilkovsky arrived, and Alexeyev. With the former discussed my artillery schemes, and he raised an objection which was to the point—that the position of wheels should not be horizontal. Am considering the point. B . . . joined in the conversation, and I offended him. Going to bed, with terrible toothache, after 10.

July 9th.—Rose at 8, and suffered through my teeth, though now they are better. Read the *Confessions* all day. The second part is wholly new to me. Alexeyev called to say that I must serve two years. That being so, I shall retire.—Failures are leading me to despise human opinion. For those failures I thank God. Going to bed at 11.

July 10th.—Rose late, and in the worst possible mood. Went for a walk—weakness and toothache. I sent B . . . to Pyatigorsk for news, and my mind was set at ease in advance. Went for a walk with Hilkovsky, who wearies me extremely. Took a bath, my teeth having ceased to ache. Alifer (?) called on me. He is a German. There occurred to me 2 ideas at once pleasant and feasible, though too good ever to be realized: namely (1) that we should live *à trois*—Nikolenka, Masha, and myself. Valerian, of course, would be in the way, but so agreeable are the other three that they would render him equally agreeable. (2) To surrender Yasnaya to Nikolinka and receive from him 600 roubles a year. This, if I remain to serve here, I shall do. Going to bed at 11.

July 11th.—Rose at 7. Read the *Confessions* all day, and did nothing else. B . . . has found nothing in the regulations concerning the right of leave extending to 6 months. I have spoken to Alexeyev, and will speak again to-morrow. Am resolved firmly upon one of two things: either to retire or to undergo examination. Teeth are aching, and I am indolent and distraught. Going to bed at 12.

July 12th.—Rose late, drank the waters, took a bath,

and did nothing for the rest of the day. I have loitered enough! To-morrow I will end the affair with A . . . and begin to occupy myself seriously. Read *My Childhood*—it is poor. Going to bed after 10.

July 13th.—Rose early, drank the waters, and took a bath. Began to write, but have no desire so to do. Dined, listened to B . . . 's reading of *My Childhood*, and suffered from toothache. Called upon Alifer,¹ and caught a cold. Since the morning have had a severe pain in my leg. Drank the waters. Saw Alexeyev, but said nothing about business. To-morrow, will describe all in a conclusive letter to Nikolinka. Finished *My Childhood*. It is a pity that G. is so audacious, and so arrogantly patriotic, not to mention the fact that he is limited. Teeth have been aching terribly. D . . . is treating me for it.

The desire of the flesh is personal good. The desire of the soul is the good of others. One cannot decline to admit the immortality of the soul, but one can decline to admit the soul's annihilation. Even if the body be distinct from the soul, and undergoes annihilation, what is there to prove annihilation also of the soul? Suicide is the most impressive expression and evidence of the soul; and the existence of the soul is a proof of its own immortality. I have seen that the body dies: hence I presume that my own will die. But there is nothing to show me that the soul dies: wherefore I say that it is immortal, according to my own ideas. The idea of eternity is a disease of the intellect. Going to bed after 10.

July 14th.—Wrote a letter to Nikolenka, drank the waters, bathed despite the rain, and did not catch cold—indeed, am in good health, and teeth are hardly aching at all. Read, and finished, *A Letter from the Caucasus*, in the rough. It needs much to be revised, yet still may turn out well. Will set about it to-morrow. Going to bed at 10.

¹ Alifer (*vide* previous entry for July 10). Possibly it is Second-Captain Olifer, one of the officers of the 4th brigade. As he had been "badly wounded" (a few years previously) we may assume he was amongst the officers who went to the watering-place on leave of absence.—ED.

July 15th.—Rose at 6, and said some rude things to B . . . The customary mode of life, health, and mental condition. The *Letter from the Caucasus* lies on the table, yet I cannot set to work upon it. Read Rousseau, and feel how far higher he stands in culture and in talent than myself, although lower in self-respect, in firmness, and in judgement. Going to bed after 10. Scepticism has brought me to an oppressive moral position. Walked to the forest with Hilkovsky, and was bored. To-morrow will go alone, if D. will allow me.

July 16th.—Rose late. The ordinary routine. My health is better. Went for a walk with Hilkovsky and R . . . , who wearies me to death. Visited Roger,¹ who was attentive, and has altered my regimen a little, while bidding me continue the baths. Have done nothing all day. My indolence is terrible. Going to bed at 11.

July 17th.—Rose at 6. The new regimen is not helping me. Legs are aching, and teeth, since dinner, have been doing the same. Later, called upon Roger, and showed him a pimple on my nose. He tried to reassure me. Sloth and ill-humour are winning the day completely. B. is so uncivil . . . that I shall have to part with him. Went to look at the sunset. Am much interested in the degraded and married Evreinov. Going to bed at 10.

July 18th.—Last night, through rheumatism and the moonlight, it was long before I could get to sleep. Sat at the window, and thought many things that were good. Rose late. Drank the waters, took a bath, made some acquaintances, went for a walk, chatted, and otherwise did nothing. Considering a scheme for a novel² of a Russian landowner, with a purpose. I pray thus: *O God, deliver me from evil*—i.e. *deliver me from the temptation to do evil, and dower me with good*—i.e. *with the possi-*

¹ Karl Christianovich Roger, doctor of medicine at Zheleznovodsk, a watering-place in the Caucasus.—Ed.

² This work apparently served afterwards as a basis for the story, *The Morning of a Landowner* . . . ; this "novel" is also mentioned in the entries for Oct. 19, Dec. 11 and 27, 1852.—Ed.

bility to do good. Am I to experience good or evil? Thy will be done.

Surely shall I never succeed in deriving an idea of God as clearly as I do the idea of virtue? Yet this has become my strongest wish. Punishment is injustice. It is not possible for man to determine retribution. He is too limited; he is too much man. And punishment, as a threat, is unjust, since man is ever ready to sacrifice a certain evil for a doubtful good. Removal, however, even death, is just. Death is not an evil, for it is an undoubted law of God. The idea of God comes of man's recognition of his own weakness. Going to bed at 9.30. My stay in Zheleznovodsk seems to be working in my brain, and preparing there much that is good (sensible, useful). What will come of this I do not know.

July 19th.—Rose at 6. The ordinary routine. My health has been good, though I caught a cold in the forest, and again felt pain in the legs and teeth. Am doing nothing at all, though comporting myself well, if only it is possible to comport oneself well while one remains idle; I feel dull. Enjoy neither thoughts nor energy. Or I enjoy no energy because I enjoy no thoughts. Going to bed at 12. Slept during the daytime. Read a book by Konradi.¹

July 20th.—Last night did not sleep, but rose at 6, drank the waters at home, and went to see Roger. Have moved into No. 8. Health would seem to be better, but I continue to do nothing. From to-day will not smoke. To-morrow will begin to recast *A Letter from the Caucasus*. Also, will substitute a volunteer for myself. Bed at 9.30.

July 21st.—Either the medical treatment or my indolence is preventing me from setting to work at anything. Cannot apply myself. Cannot even think of anything serious. However, am conducting myself well—am quite at ease, and almost wholly in good health. [6].

¹ *A Discourse on Artificial Mineral Waters, Supplemented by the Latest Information concerning the Mineral Springs of the Caucasus*, a work by F. Konradi, doctor and surgeon.—Ed.

I shall complete 5 baths ; then go straight home. Bed at 10.

July 22nd.—Rose at 6 ; the weather was abominable ; and drank the waters at home. [7].

God's will be done ! All is for the best. My ailments have brought me a distinct moral advantage ; and for this I thank Him. Once more have done nothing. Wrote a letter to Nikolenka to send with Ogolin (?), who is going to-morrow. Sitting down to play chess. It is after 11. Slept during the daytime.

July 23rd.—[7]. Am doing nothing. Also, am smoking. Shall go to bed at 11.

July 24th.—Again distraught, again idle. Have doubts about my health. Was visited by Sukhotin,¹ and had an agreeable talk concerning elections. Despite good-natured speeches, he seems to be a crafty, conceited, though well-intentioned, individual. Going to bed after 10.

July 25th.—Am roaming about. Health is neither one thing nor the other. However, have nothing with which to reproach myself. Going to bed at 10 minutes to 11.

July 26th.—[2]. Since dinner my teeth have been aching terribly, and still are doing so. Feel poorly, and shall go to bed, though not to sleep. It is after 10 o'clock.

July 27th.—Did not rise punctually. Have not been myself all day. R . . . has acted wisely, and has not yet come to any decision. Going to bed after 10. To-day is B.'s nameday.

July 28th.—In every respect the same. Received a letter from A . . . (?).

July 29th.—Roger has been here, but is not beginning

¹ This is undoubtedly another Sukhotin, not the one already mentioned (*vide* entry for May 12 and footnote on p. 159). Everything points to the fact that he was a visitor at the watering-place. Not long before Tolstoy posted this entry he wrote to Mme. T. A. Ergolsky (June 26, from Pyatigorsk): "Sukhotin is here but I have not seen him yet, as I scarcely leave the house. Although stupid, he is a living creature." Judging by this he would appear to be the same S. M. Sukhotin, landowner of Tula, whom Tolstoy, later on, often mentions in his *Letters to his Wife*.—ED.

a cure. Shall stay here until Thursday. Always the same routine.—It is all right.

July 30th.—The same as usual, but idleness beginning to weary me. Going to bed at 12.

July 31st.—The same. Seem to be very ill physically, and no doubt in a terrible moral condition.

August 1st. Pyatigorsk.—Have arrived at Pyatigorsk. My health as usual. But morally I am better. Roger is avaricious, yet I shall not give in to him. Will ask Alexeyev for money. Going to bed at 9.30.

August 2nd.—Uncertainty, idleness. Obtained money of Hilkovsky. In the morning read a little of the *Politique*,¹ and well.

August 3rd.—Rose early, [3]. Hilkovsky has departed. Frame of mind is excellent. Spent the day in the garden. Read the *Politique*. In my novel will demonstrate the evil of Russian administration; and, should I find the work satisfactory, will devote the rest of my life to drawing up a scheme for an aristocratic, selective union, with a monarchical administration on the basis of existing elections. I have there an aim for a virtuous life. I thank Thee, O Lord! Grant unto me strength.

August 4th.—Rose early, and visited the bazaar. Went for a walk with B . . . and chatted with him. How burdensome I find idleness! Visited Er. Sat on the Boulevard. Read. An expedition is in store for us. However, I wish to retire. Perhaps I shall go to-morrow.

August 5th.—Rose early. Visited Roger, and gave him 15 roubles for having done nothing. Got ready for the

¹ Perhaps Aristotle's *Politics*. Tolstoy's library at Yasnaya Polyana contains this book in French. In later years he re-read this work and mentions it in the entry for Feb. 29, 1897 (*vide Diary*, vol. i., p. 82, edited by V. G. Tchertkoff, published 1916, Moscow).

Aristotle, a Greek philosopher (384-322 B.C.). *Politics* contains a doctrine of law and education. Possibly it is Plato's *Politics*, for during this period Tolstoy was apparently reading this philosopher's works (*vide* the story *Childhood*, chapter on music). —Ed.

journey, and left at 2. All went well. *En route*¹ said my prayers aloud; and the presence of B . . . actually incited me to a true prayerfulness. Was there vanity even in this? Spending the night at Georgiyevskaya.

August 6th (1852).—The road, dreams, petty vexations, insipidity. Keep thinking and thinking of the expedition, but have failed to make up my mind to anything. Will consider the matter with my brother, and then I shall know it better. Futurity moves us to greater interest than does actuality. If we think of the futurity of the other world it is a good tendency. To live in the present, *i.e.* to act in the best possible fashion in the present, constitutes wisdom.

At Galagan. Have made the acquaintance of a certain Art (?) Kom. (?), and shall visit him at Kizlyar.

August 7th, 8th. *Starogladkovskaya*.—Arrived last night. Feel well, and have decided quietly to await officer's rank. Drill, discussions. Am retiring at 11. Have received a letter from Serezha; a letter which has saddened me.

August 9th.—Attended drill, and explained matters to Alexeyev for 6 hours. Teeth have been aching. Am satisfied with myself. . . .

August 10th.—Strolled about, and chatted. Am well.

August 11th.—Rose early, went for a walk, dined at home, slept, and again went for a walk. Lack both continence and activity and consistency. Have no desire even to think of anything. Nevertheless have nothing with which to reproach myself; and that is well. The routine of this place might cause one even to become something of a fool. Nikolenka is an example. Shall revert to my old method of determining occupations in advance. Hunting, a letter home to Serezha, reading of the *Contrat Social*.² After dinner, consideration of my scheme for Russian administration,³ a walk, and a ride.

¹ This is probably a slip of the pen and should read: "Before my departure."—Ed.

² Social Contract.—Ed.

³ Scheme for Russian administration (*vide* previous entry for May 23, 1852, and footnote on p. 163).—Ed.

August 12th.—Spent the time as usual. Walked a great deal, and in the evening ate overmuch melon, with the result that . . .

August 13th.—Fever and colic. Bore sufferings with impatience.

August 14th.—There has been no fever. Rested, meditated, read, and wrote to Tatyana Alexandrovna. Going to bed late.

August 15th.—Attended drill. Met Alexeyev, who continues to sulk. Went shooting with Nikolenka, who was very nice. My spiritual condition is good, but am sad I know not why.

August 15th.—A bad morning. Attended drill, and went for a ride. Chatted with Alexeyev. Hilkovsky Pak. . . (?) subjected me to temptation. Simplicity is the quality which, more than all others, I wish to acquire. To-morrow will see the Brigadier-General¹ here, and I have been appointed orderly.

August 16th.—Have been acting as orderly, and spending the day on colourless duties. Am very weary, and have learnt much which, though unnecessary, is novel.

August 17th.—Have been attending parade. The best thing that I can look for from the Service is to retire. On returning from parade, slept until 9 o'clock. My brain is very fresh. The causes of the decline of literature are that the reading of light works has become a habit, and their composition a pursuit. To write one good book in life is fully sufficient. And to read one. Discipline only is necessary for conquests.

For every man exists one particular road whereby every position becomes for him the true one. Nothing has so convinced me of the existence of God, of our relations with Him, as the thought that capabilities have been given all living creatures in conformity with demands which

¹ L. F. Levin, commander of the 20th field artillery brigade, which Tolstoy joined as a gunner. In Yanzhul's book we read: "At the end of 1851 Colonel Levin took over from Colonel Gramatin the command of the 20th artillery brigade."—Ed.

require to be satisfied. Nothing more, nothing less. But for what purpose has man been given the power of understanding such things as a cause, eternity, infinity, omnipotence? The position of which I speak (as to the existence of God) is a hypothesis supported by tokens. And faith, according to man's development, complements the correctitude of that hypothesis.

August 18th.—Four rules by which men are guided: (1) that of living for one's own happiness, (2) that of living for one's own happiness while doing the least possible harm to others, (3) that of doing for others what one desires others to do for oneself, and (4) that of living for the happiness of others.

Have been spending the whole day on duty, or with my brother and the officers. The scheme of my novel is beginning to take shape.

August 19th.—Have spent the time anyhow. Read trash of various sorts, and considered the scheme of my novel. Feel exceedingly well.

August 20th.—In the morning, went shooting with my brother; in the evening, with Sultanov. Shot 4 pheasants. Had a glorious day.

August 21st.—In the morning, went shooting. At night, had toothache until dawn.

August 22nd.—In the morning, felt languid. Friends arrived who, with Sultanov, created terrible disorder. Went shooting, and killed 2 pheasants. Out of spirits all day.

August 23rd.—Have been orderly for the day. My friends weary me. *Dans le doute abstiens-toi.*¹

August 24th.—Went shooting, and attended drill.

August 25th.—Killed a woodcock, and twice attended drill. No one can demand of himself the possibility of total non-culpability. How often has the human race departed from righteousness! Necessary is it to work

¹ "When in doubt restrain yourself" (French proverb). It is a saying ascribed to Pythagoras, of which Tolstoy was very fond all his life long.—ED.

mentally. That womenfolk are happier through being ignorant of that labour I am aware; but God has set me on a particular road, and I must follow it.

August 26th.—Shot 5 woodcock, and drill. [15]. As it were, I fear my thoughts, I strive to forget myself. Why should I force myself? Am happier thus than when I think fruitlessly.

August 27th.—Drill. Sport with greyhounds. Killed a partridge. [3].

August 28th.—Am now 24, yet have done nothing. I feel that not in vain have I for 8 years been struggling with doubt and my passions. For what am I destined? The future will reveal it. Killed 3 woodcock.

August 29th.—Went shooting with Nikolenka. Killed a pheasant and a hare. Slept, and received a letter from Islavin in Petersburg (a mean letter which I shall answer, not with sarcasm, as I felt inclined to do at first, but with the silence of genuine contempt); also, a letter from the Editor¹ which has gladdened me to the point of foolishness. Not a word of money. To-morrow must write to Nekrasov² and Buyemsky, and also do some composition.

August 30th.—Went shooting with Nikolenka. Saw a deer, and killed a pheasant. Dined, walked in the gardens, and hunted for woodcock. Strolled along the

¹ From N. A. Nekrasov, editor of the *Sovremennik*. It is quoted in Biryukov's *Life of Tolstoy*, vol. i., p. 218. This letter was in answer to one of Tolstoy's written on June 3rd, 1852 (*vide* entry for this date). In Biryukov's *Life* this letter is dated "Aug. 28," whereas in the copy of the *Diary* at the Editor's disposal this entry bears the date "Aug. 29th." Nekrasov's letter, which begins with the words: "I have read your manuscript" (*Childhood*), has appeared in print many times and, therefore, we do not quote it here. Nekrasov wrote to Turgenev concerning the author of the *History of My Childhood*: "This is a new light and apparently a reliable one." On the same date Tolstoy has the intention of writing to Nekrasov.—Ed.

² Nikolay Alekseyevich Nekrasov (1821-1877). He was a poet, a people's socialist and editor-publisher of the best progressive magazines of his time. At the end of 1846, together with Panayev, he acquired the *Sovremennik* from Pletnev and conducted it until its suppression in 1868. From 1868 till his death he edited the *Otechestvenniya Zapiski*.—Ed.

street, and treated P. (?) coolly. Nikolenka advises me to go to K. U. Will think it over.

September 1st.—Drill twice. Went shooting, and killed a woodcock. Did nothing else, but reflected to some advantage.

September 2nd.—Mounted drill. In the afternoon killed 3 pheasants. What a charm has *David Copperfield*¹!

September 3rd.—Sighted the moon on my left. The spirit's tendency is the good of one's neighbour; the tendency of the flesh is one's own personal good. In the hidden bond between the soul and the body lies the solution of opposing aspirations. Cannot have had my sleep out, for, on returning from drill, I was in ill humour. Intend to use the whole time that I may be forced to remain here for the purpose of becoming better, of preparing myself for the life which I have chosen.

September 3rd.—Drill and sport. Healthy, and at rest. Have written to Buyemsky.

September 4th.—Killed 3 pheasants. Tired myself very much, and also caught a cold. Lay down, and read for the rest of the time.

September 5th.—Spent the day at home. My throat is hurting me. Wrote a letter² to Nekrasov. Am too lazy to write anything else, though I should like to do so.

¹ We do not know whether Tolstoy read it in English or in a translation. In a letter to his brother S. N. Tolstoy, he writes: "If there should be an opportunity, or if you happen to be in Moscow yourself, buy me Dickens' *David Copperfield* in English and send me Sadler's English dictionary which is amongst my books." December 1853. Starogladovskaya Stanitsa.

Charles Dickens . . . is thoroughly national in his works, yet he depicts impartially both the positive and the negative traits of English types, chiefly of the middle and lower classes, portraying them with inimitable humour which was especially to Tolstoy's liking; from early childhood until the end of his days he re-read many times his favourite author . . . and never ceased to take delight in him.—ED.

² This letter is in all probability the one which was inserted in the book, *Archives of the Village of Karabikha*, and dated "Sept. 15, 1852." We do not know whether this is a misprint or whether Tolstoy himself sent off the letter on a later date than the one on which he wrote it. We are unable to verify it, but there is no

September 6th.—My throat is still hurting me, and I keep thinking of consumption. [3]. Read all day.

September 7th.—Ill and distraught.

September 8th.—Health worse than ever, but am brisker in spirit.

September 9th.—Health very bad.

September 10th. *Kizlyar.*—Arrived at Kizlyar. Health still worse.

September 11th.—Worse and worse. Have been bled.

September 12th.—Am recovering, and, morally, am very fresh.

September 13th.—Visited Sultanov, and spent the 14th, 15th, and 16th in his company. Ate too much, went out hunting, and found fault with Perepelitsyn, my medical attendant [?]. To-day received a letter from Nikolenka, who is resigning.

September 17th. *Starogl.*—Hunted between Kizlyar and Starogladkovskaya. It was very unwise.

September 19th.—Went shooting. The scheme of the new novel seems to have ripened sufficiently. If I do not set about it now, the fact will show that I am incorrigibly lazy.

September 20th.—Went shooting with Nikolenka, and killed a pheasant and a quail. Ushakov¹ called. [3]. doubt that it is in answer to Nekrasov's first letter, as can be seen from its contents:

"The good opinion you expressed about my novel pleased me very much, especially because it was the first that came to my notice and because it was from you. Nevertheless I repeat the request I addressed to you in my first letter—that you should put a price on the manuscript, send me the money you consider it to be worth, or say outright it has no worth.

"The autobiographical form which I adopted and which necessitates a connection between Part I. and the subsequent parts puts so much constraint on me that I often feel a desire to cease writing it, and to leave Part I. without a continuation."

As before, this letter was signed only with the initials "L. N."—Ed.

¹ Perhaps it is Sergey Petrovich Ushakov, 1828-1894, later a senator and governor of Tula. In Yanzhul's book, in the list of officers of the 20th artillery brigade, are the names: Ushakov I. and II. (no Christian names are given).—Ed.

With his *aplomb* he puts me out of countenance. Now, 5 o'clock, my teeth are aching terribly. The cocks have just crowed.

September 21st.—All day my teeth have been aching. Read for the sake of reading.

September 22nd.—On my teeth ceasing to ache, I sat down to write, but Tsezarkhan arrived, and hindered me. Went shooting with Sulimovsky (?), and killed 3 pheasants. Read the history of the war of '13. Only a sluggard or an incapable could say that he can find no occupation.—Must compose a true and just history of Europe of the present century. There I have an aim for all my life. Few epochs in history are so instructive as this one, or so little debated without prejudice, and with truth; the reason being that in these days we debate, rather, the histories of Egypt and Rome. Wealth, freshness of source, and historical impartiality are a perfection unknown to us.

Before it occurred to me to write the foregoing there had entered my head another condition of beauty whereof I had not previously thought—clear-cutness, distinctness of character.

September 23rd.—Went for a ride with the dogs, had a dull time, slept, killed a pheasant, considered the scheme of my novel, and began to write the same. Must make an effort to overcome indolence, and to-morrow write, well or ill.

September 24th.—Wrote lazily, and, though not very badly, far worse than I had thought to do. It cannot be compared with what it used to be, and I lack smoothness. I must write and write. So to do is the only method of developing manner and a style.

September 25th.—My throat has been hurting me; wherefore I have been unable to master myself—to force myself to write. Wrote a sensible business letter to Valerian.¹ Read various kinds of rubbish.

September 26th.—My throat is hurting me, but I have

¹ Count V. P. Valerian Tolstoy, his brother-in-law.—Ed.

written 1½ sections, and passably well, though they represent a digression. My malady seems to have come of intemperance and an upset of the stomach.

September 27th.—Am almost certain that my application will not succeed. Hence I will write to Piter,¹ so as finally to make sure of the point. My health is good. Wrote a little, chatted with Nikolenka, and altogether spent the day favourably. Among questions which I am seeking to decide in my novel, the question of insults is preoccupying, strongly embarrassing, me. Either I am too proud, or I have really been weak at such junctures. At all events, only when I remember them do I feel anything in the nature of repentance.

September 28th.—Last night I could not get to sleep before the second cock-crow, though I had splendid reveries and thoughts. To-day, studied geometry and English history, walked in the gardens, visited Nikolenka, and grew heated in a dispute—a thing which has not occurred for a long time past, and is a bad thing. Wrote passably well.

September 29th.—My teeth have been aching. Nikolenka lost his temper with me over a question of chemistry, and I did not know how to break off the conversation without feeling vexed. Wrote 3 letters to Islavin, Taleran, and Valerian . . . Read the new *Sovremennik*, which contains a good story²—one like my *Childhood*, but lacking solidity.

September 30th.—Am not well. One foot and my cheek-bones are rheumatic. Wrote a little, went shooting, and received a letter from Nekrasov.³ Praises, but no money.

¹ The term applied to St Petersburg by the common people.—*Trans.*

² All data tend to prove that the good story in the new *Sovremennik* resembling *Childhood* was *Yakov Yakovlevich*, a story bearing the signature Nikolay M . . . —Ed.

³ The "Letter from Nekrasov," dated Sept. 5, is inserted in P. I. Biryukov's *Life of Tolstoy* (vol. i., p. 219, second edition). Nekrasov writes as follows:

"After reading it carefully, this time not in manuscript but in proof form, I came to the conclusion that the novel is much better

October 1st.—Got through a good deal of work. Provided that I write so much per day, in a year I shall complete a good novel. Things are dull without Nikolenka, though I have arranged a routine.

October 2nd.—Rose early, and read at home. Nikolenka called, and I visited him before dinner. After dinner, slept, walked a little, wrote to Tatyana Alexandrovna, and admired Yan. Yan. Safa, the *Giddy*,¹ a Cossack dance with songs and shootings, also Al The night was splendid and starlit—it was splendid, and had a character of its own. Wrote half a ~~section~~, and wrote it well. At times I feel constrained in Nikolenka's company. The best method is to eschew constraint. If it is not agreeable to be in his company, it is best not to be with him.

October 3rd.—Went shooting. Teeth ached terribly all than it appeared to me at first. I can positively say that the author is a man of talent. It is most important for you yourself to be convinced of this now, when you are a beginner. The number of the *Souvenir* with your contribution in it will appear tomorrow in St Petersburg, but you will only get it in three weeks' time, not before. I will send it on to your address. I have omitted a few passages from your novel (very little however) . . . I have not added anything."

At the end of his letter Nekrasov again repeats his request that the author of the story should reveal his name. "Also in accordance with the regulations of the censorship it is necessary for me to know it."—Ed.

¹ "Giddy" probably "geldy," a Tartar word meaning, "hast come." We have succeeded in obtaining from Starogladkovskaya an explanation of this word and information to the effect that the natives of Daghestan have a roundelay of their own, the dancers of which sing as they dance, clapping their hands to mark the time: "Gyun, sen-geldy, sen-geldy—kyzyash . . ." etc. In the song the word "geldy" is several times repeated. The following is an attempt to render coherently a literal translation (made by an educated Kumyk, conversant with the Daghestan dialect) of the fragments of the song we were able to obtain: "Sun, thou hast come! Thou my girlie, hast come, thou, my tiny one, hast come. Thou hast recognized me, my pet!" The Kумыks who live on the right bank of the Terek, opposite Starogladkovskaya Stanitsa (situated on the left bank), have a similar song and dance. This is probably the dance borrowed by the Cossacks for their roundelay which Tolstoy had observed (according to information supplied by P. A. Tsyruльников).—Ed.

the time. Wrote nothing, but pondered on the conclusion of the novel.

October 4th.—Have decided the question of the conclusion of the novel: "*After the sequestration of the property, his unsuccessful service in the capital, his being half carried away by the brutish desire to find a mate, and his disappointment at the elections, Sukhotin's sister will hold him back. He, however, understands that his obsessions are not evil, but harmful; that one may do good and be happy while enduring evil.*" Killed 4 pheasants, and visited the baths and Alexeyev, who gave me leave from orderly duty.

October 5th.—Went out with borzois, but found nothing. Slept. [2]. Received visits from all the officers. Wrote nothing. Do not think that here, in the Caucasus, I shall be able to describe the life of the peasants. The fact perplexes me.

October 6th.—Attended drill as felt inclined, and Nikolenka came before dinner. After dinner, read, hunted pheasants, and read again. Am not seriously setting myself to write. Have no self-assurance.

October 7th.—Went hunting with harriers. Shot at a doe and a boar. Coolness was lacking. Received a letter from the new steward. Expenses have been enormous, and the bees sold, while the tillage is unsatisfactory. Concerning the chief point, they do not write, and I am in ignorance. If only I could be there, and at rest! I am paying dearly for my infatuations! Realize my aim, yet cannot attain it, cannot do that which is good. O God, help me!

October 8th.—Until evening spent the day in a strange mood of invincible apathy as to both reading and writing. Read some rubbish, and wrote 1½ sections. Must for ever abandon the idea of writing without correction. Even three or four times are insufficient . . . Last night sent Vanyushka to the barracks for insolence. More than ever have decided to go into retirement, no matter under what conditions. The Service hinders the only two vocations of which I have become conscious; especially the noblest,

the best, the chief vocation, and the one wherein I am most sure to find peace and happiness. Everything shall be decided by the fact of whether or no Brimmer¹ has put my name forward. Should he have done so, I will await Petersb. Should he not have done so, I will retire forthwith.

October 9th.—Rose, and wrote $\frac{1}{2}$ a section with perfect ease and excellence; was somewhat indolent. Went out, and killed 2 pheasants. Stomach completely upset. Which is the best means of training one to temperance. Wrote to Valerian and N. U.

October 10th.—Idled the whole day. Killed 2 partridges, and had a cheerful talk with Nikolenka.

October 11th.—Went out with the dogs, but caught nothing. Found the time dull. Gave away the dogs to Nikolenka. Felt tired. Visited the bath and Nikolenka, and went for a walk with Yapishka.

October 12th.—Rode shooting, went shooting. [6]. Set to work to write, but things made no progress. Tomorrow shall write well, and apply myself to mathematics. Must try the magnetism of races of which I have been reading in the *Sovremennik*. Also, must have vigour.

October 13th.—The post is torturing me with suspense. Went for a walk with Nikolenka; also, alone. Killed 2 pheasants, and wrote much. [5]. Intend to write some *Caucasian Sketches* for the formation of style, and for money.

October 14th.—Went shooting with Nikolenka, Hilkovsky, and S. Felt tired. All the party dined with me, and

¹ Edward Vladimirovich Brimmer (1797-1874), major-general, chief of the artillery department of the Caucasian corps; he lived at Tiflis. While serving in the Caucasus he came to the fore, owing to exceptional bravery and military talents. . . .

Tolstoy writes of him in his letter from Tiflis to Mme. T. A. Ergolsky (Nov. 12, 1851), as follows: "The following day I went to General Brimmer to submit to him the documents I had received from Tula as well as my own person. In spite of his German readiness and desire to oblige, he was compelled to give me a refusal because my papers were not in order and some documents were missing."—Ed.

chatted until night. Feel very well now, for my stomach has righted itself. [5].

October 15th.—Went shooting with Hilkovsky. Previously wrote a little. Of the rest of the day was deprived by messieurs the officers.

October 16th.—Die goldene Mitte¹ . . . Formerly I overforced myself. Now I am becoming too lax. [3]. Went shooting until evening, when I read and chatted.

October 17th.—From morning onwards set myself to write, but abandoned it [5]. After dinner Yanyshkevich (?) hindered me until evening. Visited Nikolenka, supped, and am going to bed. Help me, O Lord, to dispel my sloth, to grow accustomed to toil, and to love it!

October 18th.—Wrote well. After dinner visited Nikolenka and the baths. [2]. Am beginning to wish for campaigning. Read *The Niece*,² which is very good.

October 19th.—Simplicity is the first condition of moral beauty. *For readers to sympathize with a hero, they must recognize in him their weaknesses as well as their virtues; virtues which are possible; weaknesses which are inevitable.*

I have conceived the idea of taking up music. I hope that from to-morrow onwards I shall begin to work untiringly at either the one or the other. The idea of my novel is a happy one. It may not be perfection, but the book will always be good and useful. Hence I must toil at it without ceasing from such toil. If the letter from the Editor should stir me up to write sketches of the Caucasus, the following must be their synopsis:

(1) Manners, the people: (a) the history of Sal . . . , (b) the story of Balta, (c) the expedition to Mamakay-Yurt.

(2) The expedition to the sea: (a) the story of the German, (b) Armenian administration, (c) the journeyings of the foster-mother.

(3) War: (a) the march, (b) the movement, (c) what is valour?

¹ The golden mean.—ED.

² A novel by Mme. Eug. Tur . . . —ED.

Basis of a novel of a Russian landowner : (1) The hero seeks in rural life the realization of an ideal of happiness and justice. Not finding it, and disillusioned, he would seek it in the life of the family. But a friend of his suggests that happiness lies not in an ideal at all, but in constant labour of a life whose object is the happiness of others.

(2) Love does not exist. There exists the physical need for intercourse, and the rational need for a mate in life.

Proof of the immortality of the soul is seen in the soul's existence.

"Everything dies," I shall be told. No ; it is that everything undergoes change, and that that change we call death. But nothing disappears.

The essence of every being—matter, remains. And if we draw, further, a parallel with the soul, the essence of the soul is self-consciousness.

It may be that the soul changes with death ; but self-consciousness, i.e. the soul, can never die.

October 20th.—Wrote much (3 whole sections), and that fairly well. Until dusk stayed with Nikolenka. Chatted without restraint and with pleasure.

Work, work. Work is a great factor.

V. has been telling me of cures for fever : to kiss a mare on the head, to drink [1], to wash in water in which a crucifix has been dipped as the wizard and quack does (who lives at V.), to throw an egg over a gate, and, without answering any questions, to run at full speed and fall flat upon one's face, and so forth. The post is, unfortunately, torturing me. Have received a letter from Brimmer, who writes that the document confirming me cadet has been dispatched. However, it has not yet arrived.

October 21st.—Wrote little— $\frac{1}{2}$ of a section. In general, spent the day in ill-humour. After dinner Yapishka hindered me. Nevertheless his stories are wonderful.

*Sketches of the Caucasus*¹: (1) Yapishka's tales: (a)

¹ We can see by this entry that Tolstoy actually began his remarkable story at this period—perhaps under the vivid impres-

about sport, (b) about the Cossacks' ancient mode of life, (c) about his own position in the mountains.

October 22nd.—Wrote two sections badly. [3].

October 23rd.—Went shooting, but saw nothing. All day did not write. Read some rubbish. The post is causing me to lose patience.

October 24th.—Went shooting with Nikolenka. Killed a boar. My throat is hurting me. Wrote half a section.

Chuprun—a peasant woman's jacket.

October 25th.—My teeth ache day and night. At first bore it patiently—even wrote $\frac{1}{2}$ of a section; but later I could not stand it. Read *Histoire des Croisades*¹ with pleasure.

October 26th.—Throat and teeth have been aching. Read *Histoire des Croisades*.

October 27th.—Have not yet recovered, nor taken any care of myself. Visited Nikolenka. Read the 2nd volume of *Histoire des Croisades*. Wrote nothing at all.

October 28th² (1852).—Must again calculate the period of my exile from to-day. My papers have been returned me, and hence I cannot hope to return to Russia sooner than the middle of the month of July 1854, nor to retire sooner than 1855. By then I shall be 27. How old! Three more years of service! They must be employed to advantage. I must train myself to toil; I must write something good, and prepare myself for, i.e. frame rules for,

sion of Epishka's tales—a final version of which bears the title, *The Cossacks*, though it was at an earlier date that he first conceived these sketches, judging by his *Diary*. As we know, the story was not published until 1860; at any rate, the old Cossack Epishka was taking shape as the artistic image of "Eroshka"—exactly at that time.—Ed.

¹ *History of the Crusades*, probably by the French historian Joseph François Michaud (1767-1839), published at Paris during the years 1812-1822. . . . In his *Reminiscences of My Childhood* Tolstoy says of his father: "He collected a library in accordance with the period—consisting of French classics and historical works. . . . Though he was a great reader, it is difficult to believe that he mastered all these *Histoires des Croisades et des Papes* which he put in his library."—Ed.

² This date was underlined four times.—Ed.

living a life in the country. O God, help me! Written very little. Went shooting, and chatted at Nikolenka's. He is an egoist.

October 29th.—To-day the last word has come true. Yet it was foolish of me to take to heart his remark that he himself has very little money. Wrote Tatyana Alexandrovna¹ a sad letter. Went out with the dogs. Nikolenka came to my quarters, and read me his notes on shooting.² Though he possesses plenty of talent, his style is not good. He ought to abandon tales of shooting, and to pay attention, rather, to describing nature and manners, which are more varied, and go well in his hands. Neither read nor written.

October 30th.—Read *Histoire des Croisades*, went shoot-

¹ To Mme. T. A. Ergolsky. . . . In describing his infatuation for hunting and his unsatisfactory state of health Tolstoy adds: "Do not think I am concealing anything from you. I am strongly built but have always had weak health. . . . But it is an ill wind that blows nobody good: when I am not well I write more assiduously at the new novel I have begun. The story I sent to Petersburg has been published in the September number of the *Sovremennik*, 1852, under the title *Childhood*: I signed it L. N. and no one save Nikolenka knows who its author is, nor do I wish it to become known."—ED.

² *Notes on Shooting* were subsequently printed in the *Sovremennik*, under the title, *Shooting in the Caucasus*: "Narrative by N. N. T." On the title-page the author's name is given in full: "Narrative by Count Nikolay Nikolayevich Tolstoy."

Tolstoy looked upon his brother N. N. as one possessed of great talent and thought he might become a great writer; but he agreed with the words of Turgenev, who said that for this N. N. did not possess the chief failing needed: N. N. was not vain—he was quite indifferent to the opinion of others. Concerning this work Nekrasov wrote to Turgenev as follows (April 22, 1851): ". . . N. Tolstoy's narrative of shooting in the Caucasus. The Author is not to blame that this is not a story; the task he set himself has been splendidly performed and, in addition, he has revealed himself as a poet. I have no time to write or I would have pointed out some passages which are wonderfully fresh and poetical. Poetry is here in its right place and it gleams through as one reads. I do not know whether the author possesses the creative talent, but his talent of observation and description is great—the figure of the old Cossack at the beginning has been barely touched upon and, what is important, it has not been rendered petty. One sees love of nature itself and of birds, and not merely of the description

ing, slept after taking some *salamat*,¹ and visited Niko-linka. The hour is late, but I will write a little.

October 31st.—Last night and to-day wrote a little. One of my teeth is aching. Read over my story,² now mutilated to the last degree.

November 1st.—Went shooting with Nikolenka. Wrote nothing.

November 2nd.—Went shooting with Nikolenka, and, when darkness arrived, chatted with Yapishka.

November 3rd.—Rode and walked shooting. Did nothing. Felt tired, and drank much *chikhir*.³

November 4th.—Went shooting with Nikolenka and Hilkovsky, and killed a hare. Dined, went for a ride with the dogs, and saw a fox. Sat with Nikolenka. Sulimovsky angered me. Listened to Yapishka, and now am going to bed.

November 5th.—Received letters. Huge expenses have quite upset me. In the morning went shooting, killed a boar, and offended Yapishka. Everyone then sat in my quarters, and an incident with the new ens. (whom I like) made an impression upon me. Beersha's letter has forced me to reflect. Perhaps I shall write to her.

November 6th.—Rode from daybreak to sunset. Visited

of one and the other. It is a fine work. I do not know to what extent Leo N. has corrected the style, but it appears to me that the author has a firmer grasp of language than even L. N. himself. Being removed from literary circles also has its advantages. I am certain that the author, in writing, was not conscious of many features, which I, when reading, admire; this is not often met with. . . . It was not until after the death of his brother N. N. that Tolstoy wrote to his brother Sergey Nikolayevich, in September, 1860: "Two days prior to his death he read me his *Notes on Shooting*." Unfortunately it is not clear to us whether the notes mentioned in this letter are the same as those of which we read in the *Diary*; they were never published and remain unknown.—Ed.

¹ A Tartar word signifying a dish prepared from fruit juice thickened with starch.—Ed.

² Tolstoy had apparently just received the September number of the *Sovremennik* in which was inserted his first work, *Childhood*, signed L. N., with the title changed by the editor to *History of My Childhood*.—Ed.

³ A red Georgian wine.—Ed.

Ogolin,¹ and had a chat with Epishka.² Am lazy. Last night felt greatly depressed on the subject of Beersha's letter. Tried to write to her. To keep silence would be better, but saddening.

November 7th.—Spent the whole day in sport. Wounded a wild pig, which Yapishka subsequently dispatched. My throat is aching a little.

November 8th.—Opened my folio, but entered nothing. Wrote to the Editor a letter which calmed me, but which I shall not dispatch. Went hunting, to the baths, and to my brother's, and appear to have caught a cold.

November 9th.—Walked and rode shooting, and killed a pheasant. Health is good, and I feel inclined to write.

November 10th.—Went shooting with Nikolenka, and killed a wild cat (?). Dined, and sat with Hilkovsky. Yanovich arrived. I am glad.

November 11th.—Went shooting with Nikolenka, and killed a deer. Attended a wedding. *Etudes de mœurs*³ is not a success.

November 12th.—In the morning visited Ilyaska and Hilkovsky. Rode out with the dogs, and killed 4 pheasants and a wild duck. In the evening felt greatly depressed. Wrote Dyakov a letter which I shall not dispatch.

November 13th.—Drank a glassful; then went out with the dogs. Rode till nightfall, drank more *chikhir*, visited Hilkovsky to pay him some money, and sat with him for two hours. Nikolenka grieves me greatly. Neither does he love me nor does he understand me. The strangest point in him is the fact that a great duty⁴ and a kind heart have produced in him nothing good; he lacks a connecting bond between the two qualities. Well has

¹ Ogolin (?) should not be confused with Alexander Stepanovich Ogolin, public prosecutor and an old Kazan acquaintance of Tolstoy's. (*Vide* footnote on p. 78.)—ED.

² Spelt thus in this entry; elsewhere in the copy it is spelt "Yapishka."—ED.

³ A description of manners, probably of his milieu, which he evidently wished to depict in artistic form.—ED.

⁴ Thus in the copy; should it read "intellect"?—ED.

Yapishka said that I am, as it were, a man who cannot be loved. Certainly I am conscious of this—that I can be agreeable to no one, and that all men are wearisome to me. For, when discussing any given subject, involuntarily I let my eyes say things which would be pleasant for no one to hear, and make me feel ashamed of myself while saying them.

November 14th.—In the morning wrote passably well. Went for a ride. In the evening Yanushkevich paid me a visit, and, despite his meanness and stupidity, I chatted with him with too little reserve. This isolation is killing me. Travel teaches one to discern in oneself and in others qualities always and everywhere deserving of respect. Have drawn up a short formula of my creed; as follows:

"I believe in the one, good, and incomprehensible God, in the immortality of the soul, and in eternal recompense for our deeds. What though I do not understand the mysteries of the Trinity, and of the birth of the Son of God, I honour and do not reject the faith of my fathers."

November 15th.—Went shooting, and killed a boar. Bulka got hurt. Suspicion and resentment against my brother are gone.

November 16th.—Went out with M., and killed a pheasant and a partridge. [4]. Sat with my brother. Should like to write something. So until to-morrow.

November 17th.—Spent the day at home, and wrote a little. Everything written is too carelessly coloured, but I shall be able to recast a good deal. To-morrow am going to Shelkovaya. Once more have written to Dyakov and the Editor letters which I shall not dispatch. The one to the Editor¹ is too harsh, and Dyakov will fail to

¹ N. A. Nekrasov. We know that having received his story *Childhood* Tolstoy was dissatisfied that the title had been changed and considerable excisions made. Obviously he commenced several times to write to the "Editor," but could not make up his mind to dispatch his letter; he considered it too "harsh." Finally, on Nov. 27, he wrote in reply to a letter received the day before from Nekrasov (*vide* footnote on p. 210).—ED.

understand me. Must grow accustomed to no one ever understanding me. It is a fate which must be common to all men who are not easy to get on with.

November 18th. Paroboch.—Proceeded early to *Paroboch*,¹ to visit S. All was pleasant.

November 19th.—Had poor sport. Quarrelled with my brother.

Nov. 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th. Starogl.—Had very poor sport at *Paroboch* and *Shelkovaya*, but was in a good mood and was not bored. I chanced to have a talk with *Nikolenka*, in which I partially unfolded to him a part of the scheme of my life. Also I discussed metaphysics with N. S.

Metaphysics are the science of thoughts which do not admit of expression in words.

To-day I arrived home, and the stupid *Sviridov* called upon me. Last night wrote a little, passably well; read a *critique* of my story² with unusual pleasure, and told *Ogolin* of the story.

¹ *Parboch*. In the copy at the Editor's disposal stands the word "Nareb," evidently not deciphered by the copyist. . . .—ED.

² At that time Tolstoy used to read the *Biblioteka dlya Chteniya* and the *Sovremennik*, but as he was in communication with Moscow and Petersburg in all probability he also read the *Moskvityanin* and the *Otechestvenniya Zapiski*. Of the magazines enumerated above only the *Moskvityanin* and the *Otechestvenniya Zapiski* published reviews of that issue of the *Sovremennik* in which Tolstoy's first work appeared; only in these could he have read reviews of his story. In view of the significant interest attached to the two first opinions of Tolstoy's talent we quote the following extracts:

(1) In the October number of the *Moskvityanin* published by the academician M. P. Pogodin (vol. i., No. 19, Part I., October 1852), in the Review section is inserted the article: "*The Sovremennik*, Nos. viii. and ix.," signed with the initials "B. A." The article commenced as follows (p. 106): "What has come over Russian literature? It seems to be improving; we again see pleasing signs; concoctions bearing the stamp of the natural school appear with less and less frequency, while new literary workers, possessed of fresh strength and a healthy tendency, keep coming to the fore. Some of the better known writers are forsaking their false trend and entering upon the right path: in a word, there is a harvest in literature (and at the right time). What we have said of literature in general applies to the *Sovremennik* in particular, especially to its two last issues which we intend to survey here. In these

two issues which contain splendid articles we have read the *History of Ulyana Terentyevna*, by Mr Nikolay M., and the *History of My Childhood*, by Mr L. N. . . ., etc., and all these articles made a very good impression upon us."

On p. 130 we read:

"We were much pleased with *The History of My Childhood*. Many traits of childhood are vividly portrayed. The story is permeated with warm feeling. . . . We cannot help rejoicing that latterly many novels and stories depicting childhood have commenced to appear. The observations gathered by the writers concerning impressions of childhood can be made use of by psychology and even pedagogy."

We have ascertained that Boris Nikolayevich Almazov (1827-1876) was the author of the article in the *Moskvityanin*; he was fairly well known in his time as a publicist, poet, and a collaborator of the *Moskvityanin* until the end of the 'forties when it was suppressed. . . . By the way, he is the author of the poem "Truth," with which, at the end of the 'eighties, Tolstoy was much pleased. (*Vide the Tolstoy Annual*, 1913, *Tolstoy's Letters to V. G. Tcherthoff*, p. 51.)

(2) In the October issue of the *Otechestvenniya Zapiski*, a literary and scientific magazine published by A. A. Krayevsky, (vol. lxxxiv., No 10, 1852) in section vi., "Reviews," is inserted an unsigned article which mentions (on p. 84), amongst other things, a "remarkable article" which had appeared in No. 9 of the *Sovremennik*, entitled, *History of My Childhood*, by Mr L. N. We quote the following extract from this article by an unknown writer:

"For long we have had no occasion to read a work which gives one such an impression of having been lived through, which is so nobly written, so permeated with sympathy and with those phenomena of reality which the author undertook to portray. The contents of the story are very simple: it describes that distant period which each of us recalls with a feeling of veneration, the period of childhood with all its bright joys and mild griefs—the period when we were still *im werden* (to use Goethe's expression). We would have liked to acquaint our readers with Mr L. N.'s work by quoting from it the best passage; but there is no best in it: from beginning to end it is all truly beautiful. Let us read the first page that catches the eye." Here follows an extract beginning with the words: "The next day (after the mother's death) late in the evening . . ." and ending with the words: ". . . This selfish feeling more than anything else drowned the real grief within me" (*vide* chap. xvii., "Grief").

Further on we read (p. 85):

"How true are all the features in this fragment, and with what deep feeling the whole is permeated! We would like to quote here the whole chapter, the beginning of which we have adduced: but we refer the reader to the *History of My Childhood* itself. If this is Mr L. N.'s first work we cannot refrain from congratulating Russian literature on the appearance of a new, remarkable talent."

—Ed.

November 26th.—Went shooting with Ogolin, and sat with my brother. After dinner made a good start with writing, and received a letter from Nekrasov.¹ Am to be paid 50 roubles a section. Without further procrastination I intend to write a story which I began upon to-day. I am too ambitious to write badly and I doubt whether I am capable of writing another good work. [14].

November 27th.—Rose late, visited Nikolenka, and attended drill. Ogolin angered me with his stupidity. Went shooting with Hilkovsky, and wounded a hare. The Caucasian tale is making no progress. Wrote to Nekrasov,² and feel reassured in that regard. I will set to work without haste upon something.

¹ The letter mentioned by Tolstoy in his *Diary* has been inserted *in toto* in Biryukov's *Life* (vol. i., pp. 219-221). In this letter Nekrasov replies, on Oct. 30th, to Tolstoy's question about money (*vide* footnote on p. 197) as follows:

"Our best magazines have long made it a habit not to pay for the first story to a beginner who is being introduced to the public," and he offers Tolstoy the same conditions, promising to allow him a "better rate of pay" for further work, such as was given only to the "best-known writers of belles-lettres, that is to say, fifty roubles for every sixteen printed pages." Then Nekrasov adds: "We are obliged to know the name of every author. . . . If it be your desire, no one but ourselves need know it." At the end Nekrasov repeats the request: "Send us something in the nature of a story, novel, or tale."—Ed.

² "Have written to N." It is evidently this letter of Tolstoy's to Nekrasov which is published in the book, *The Archives of the Village of Karabikha* (pp. 187-189) wrongly inscribed by the editor of the *Archives*: "Beginning of November 1852" (it should read "End of November"). The letter is also mentioned in the Notes to the *Archives* (p. 299). In view of the considerable interest attached to this letter we quote nearly the whole, especially as it is little known to the public:

"I much regret that I am unable to comply with your request to send you something else for publication in your magazine, especially as I find the conditions you offer me advantageous to myself and entirely agree to them. Although I have completed a few things I am unable to send you anything at present, firstly, because the certain degree of success of my first work has fired in me my author's ambition, and it is my desire that my subsequent works should not be inferior to the first. Secondly, the censor's excisions in *Childhood* compelled me to recast many passages so as to avoid a similar recurrence. Without mentioning small changes I shall note two which struck me most disagreeably.

November 28th.—Had a horrible dream concerning Tatyana Alexandrovna. Rode out with Yapishka, caught nothing, visited my brother, and tried to write, though without success. For me to trifle my time away seems to be a thing of the past. Write without aim, and without hope of advantage, I cannot. [6].

November 29th.—Went shooting field-duck. Visited the baths and Nikolenka. Received a letter from Yasnaya enclosing 100 roubles. Will set about polishing *A Description of War*¹ and *Boyhood*.² The book will take its course.

November 30th.—Have reflected much, but done nothing. To-morrow mornings shall set about recasting *A Description of War*, and, in the evening, *Boyhood*, which I have finally decided to continue. The 4 epochs of life constitute a

They were the omission of the story of Natalia Savvishna's love which, to a certain extent, portrayed the life of olden times and its character and rendered her life-like, and the change in the title. The title *Childhood* and a few words in the short preface explained the idea of the work; whereas the title, *History of My Childhood*, contradicts it. Who wants to be bothered with a history of my childhood! The alteration is especially disagreeable to me because, as I wrote you in my first letter, I wished *Childhood* to constitute the first part of a novel, the subsequent parts of which should be: "Boyhood," "Youth," and "Young Days." I must ask you, dear Sir, to give me your word with regard to future works, that you make no alterations at all, should it please you to insert them in your magazine. I hope you will not give me a refusal. For my own part, I repeat my promise to send you the first work I consider worthy of publication. I sign my name, but please let it be known to none but the editors."

This is the first letter signed in full by the author: "Count L. N. Tolstoy."

(The "Preface" mentioned in this letter was first published in Sytin's "Complete Works of L. N. Tolstoy," edited by P. I. Biryukov, vol. i., Moscow, 1913.)

In his *Reminiscences* Tolstoy says of "Natalia Savvishna" (vide *Childhood*, chap. xiii.): "I have given a fairly accurate description of Praskovya Isayevna in *Childhood* under the name of Natalia Savvishna. All I wrote of her is true. P. I. was a venerable personality, a housekeeper. . . ." In his letters Tolstoy referred to her as "Pashenka."—ED.

¹ A series of sketches and tales of the Caucasus, the final version of one of which is entitled *IncurSION*. We shall refer to it later on.—ED.

² Part II. of a large novel he had conceived, Part I. of which is *Childhood*.—ED.

novel of *myself* up to the period of Tiflis. I can write of it, for it stands far removed from me; and, as the novel of a man intelligent, sensitive, and erring, it will be instructive. Yet it will not be dogmatically so: whereas the novel of a Russian landowner shall be dogmatic. I am beginning to regret that I have given up my solitude, which was very sweet. Once upon a time my brother's influence did me good; but now it is harmful, for it is rendering me unused both to activity and to thoughtfulness. All, however, is for the best. I recognize this in my life. Great God, I thank Thee! Abandon me not.

December 1st.—All day worked at *A Description of War*. Anything satirical I dislike; and since the whole is written in a satirical spirit, the whole will have to be recast. Received a report: expenditure of 140 roubles has again been incurred. Have written Valerian on the subject.

December 2nd.—Went shooting with my brother. Chatted with him, and read him *A Description of War*. Wrote a little, copied out a letter, and sent it with Aleshka and some other purchases. What a happy man I should have been if always I had been in as good a humour as to-day! The rule which one ought to follow for happiness in life is to *avoid everything that upsets one*.

December 3rd.—Wrote much. The work will, I think, be good, and devoid of sarcasm. Some inner sense in me cries out against sarcasm. Even to describe the evil aspects of a given class of persons, let alone of a personality; I find unpleasant. Kochkin and Bus. . . . [Buyem. ?]¹ are going on campaign.

[15]. I thank Thee, O God! Abandon me not.

¹ "Kochkin and Busl.," perhaps Buyemsky. In Yanzhul's *History of the 20th Artillery Brigade*, amongst the officers enumerated as having taken part in the above-mentioned campaign are mentioned: Second-Captain Kochkin of the 4th battery, and Ensign Buyemsky of the 5th battery. This confirms from a fresh aspect the assumption that Ensign Buyemsky is meant by the initial "B," the more so that no other officer whose name commences with "B" is mentioned in the list of participators in the campaign.—ED.

December 4th.—Have written $\frac{1}{2}$ a section. Am composing the tale with some diffidence. Went hunting, and sent back the dogs. Abilez called, and I entrusted him with the training of a hawk, I know not why.

December 5th.—Rode with s . . . ¹ to fish. Wrote $\frac{1}{2}$ a section. The tale will be passable. Received a nice letter from Serezha which I have answered.

December 6th.—Attended mass. Settling accounts with Nikolenka made me cross. Remained indoors, and wrote about 2 sections. Drank hot punch, porter, and champagne, and played at cards. Admired the respect cherished by the officers for Nikolenka, and the manner in which they make him an intermediary.

December 7th.—Rose late and rode out for foolish, futile sport with Sulimovsky, who called at my quarters. Could not write more than $\frac{1}{4}$ of a section. All that I have written seems to me very poor. If I recast it, it will issue better, yet far from what I intended it to be.

December 8th.—Went shooting, and fired 3 shots at a deer. Wrote a little, but without zest. The work is so poor that I shall try to finish it to-morrow, that I may undertake something else.

December 9th.—Went shooting. Snow fell. Wrote 2 sections. Hope to finish the work to-morrow.

December 10th.—Spent the day indoors, and finished the story. But shall have to recast it yet again. Visited Nikolenka. Maslov was there. Surprising how untoward is his every choice of friends! Nevertheless Maslov ² possesses a talent for telling things. Wrote to Serezha, and dispatched a letter to Dyakov.

December 11th.—Attended Levin's ³ review. Went for a ride. Feel decidedly ashamed of attending to such follies as my tales when I have begun upon such a splendid thing

¹ Dots in the copy.—Ed.

² Maslov. In Yanzhul's book, in the list of officers in 1853, is included Second-Captain Maslov, officer in charge of the remount of the second mountain battery.—Ed.

³ Brigadier L. F. Levin, who took over the command of the 20th brigade at the end of 1851. . . .—Ed.

as *The Novel of a Landowner*.¹ What use is money, or a foolish literary notoriety? Better with conviction and absorption, to write something good and useful. Never will one grow weary of such work: and when I finish, provided I have life and virtue, there will be other work to do.

December 12th.—Killed a boar. Rose early, and aroused everyone else. Was in excellent humour, despite Sulimovsky or Perep. or L . . .²

December 13th.—Went shooting with Perep., and killed a wild pig and two woodcock. Spent the day to no purpose. Hence to-morrow I shall continue *the novel* industriously.

December 14th.—Visited Alexeyev in order to talk of the expedition; also my brother's quarters, where were P. and A. and S., with whom I went shooting field-duck. Spent the evening in dreaming and reflecting. Felt sad and oppressed, and was unhappy. My position is indeed a difficult one. Yet how can I not thank God for having permitted me to learn of the real happiness contained in the approval of conscience? At the same time, one must not rely upon that happiness as upon a happiness of the flesh. It is comprehensible only for him who has experienced it—*i.e.* for him who constantly does good, and is on the way to meet it. Not to mention slight diversions from the path of goodness, I am doing evil in going campaigning. This may do more than all else to destroy the true happiness which I should experience. Yet so complicated have circumstances become as to convey the impression that Providence so wishes. I beseech Thee, O Lord, to reveal to me Thy will! To be *happy*, one must constantly strive towards this happiness, and understand it. Not upon circumstances, but upon oneself, does it depend.

December 16th.—I have omitted yesterday, which,

¹ Probably *The Morning of a Landowner* (vide entries for July 18, and Oct. 19, 1852, and footnote on p. 186).—Ed.

² In the copy both surnames are illegibly written.—Ed.

by-the-way, was a day in no way remarkable, save that I have been struggling with my stupid tale, and also been out shooting. Hilkovsky seems a poor hand at copying. At all events, if the tale is to be decent, I must copy it out once more myself.

December 17th.—Went with Nikolenka in search of field-duck. Hilkovsky cannot copy, yet foolishly I was ashamed to tell him so. Am slothful, but must finish and dispatch the tale before the campaign begins.

December 18th.—Began to write, but some officers arrived and hindered me. Went for a walk with them before dinner, and felt out of spirits. After dinner slept until dusk. Did some copying, and found that all will have to be recopied. Was foolish enough to give Glushkov 5 roubles 15 kopecks, and not to put off Hilkovsky.

December 19th.—Copied all day. Put off Hilkovsky. Glushkov is out of temper with me. I think that I have fever.

December 20th.—Wrote. In the morning was hindered by Nikolenka and Sulimovsky. At dinner, as well as after dinner, Ladyzhensky,¹ a bath, and Ladyzhensky again. Copied the whole of the second part, which seems good.—Received documents on the subject of Kopylov's debt. *I promise myself to lend money to no one, save in case of dire physical necessity.*

December 21st.—Spent the day shooting. Saw nothing. Read a good article by Senkowski.²

¹ There were two Ladyzhenskys in the 4th battery where Tolstoy served. Lieutenant Ladyzhensky is mentioned several times in Yanzhul's book, once in connection with the action of Feb. 18, to which Tolstoy refers in his entry of Feb. 28, 1852.—ED.

² Osip Julian Ivanovich Senkowski (1800-1858), orientalist, critic, and journalist. He was editor of the *Biblioteka dlya Chteniya* and wrote under the *noms-de-plume* "Baron Brambeus" and "Tyutyundji-ogly." His articles enjoyed great popularity in their time and the *Biblioteka dlya Chteniya* had a large circulation. Though a Pole by birth, he had no sympathies for Poland and was a cosmopolite. Some of his articles are interesting and evince talent, but most of them are distinguished for their frivolity and witticisms devoid of principle. Vide *Biographical Notes* by his wife, St Petersburg, 1858. The Editor has been unable to ascertain which of Senkowski's articles Tolstoy had been reading.—ED.

December 22nd.—Spent the day shooting. Am for ever quarrelling with Nikolenka. Copied out the beginning.

December 23rd.—Went shooting, and killed a wild pig, a wild cat, and a hare. Throughout the evening friends disported themselves at my place.

December 24th.—Christmas Eve. Finished the tale. It is not bad.

December 25th.—Visited Hrip, Alexeyev, and Hilkovsky—who has been promoted lieutenant-colonel. Spent the day in striving to kill time.

December 26th.—Read Lermontov¹ for the third day. Visited Nikolenka. Saw Alexeyev. We are beginning to grow reconciled. Nevertheless, I was conscious of shyness. When shall I always, and in all circumstances, be completely free? Have written nothing, but shall begin to-morrow without fail. Met, late, a Cossack hugging some Cossack women, and recalled with pleasure my carousals [[2]].—Especially the morning when one is taking

¹ Michael Yur. Lermontov, poet (1814-1841). We have reason to suppose that Tolstoy, on the days mentioned, was reading the novel *Hero of Our Time*, and was evidently deeply engrossed therein, as shown by this entry which he underlined. Later, on July 11, 1854, he notes down: "Re-read *Hero of Our Time*." He had apparently read this work before and, most probably, for the first time in 1852. In Biryukov's *Life of Tolstoy* (vol. i., p. 148) is adduced a list of the works of various authors made out by Tolstoy himself as works which had greatly impressed him. Amongst these are: "Lermontov, *Hero of Our Time*, *Taman*, (impression) *very great*" (the italics are the Editor's). As we know, Tolstoy was not, as a rule, fascinated by poetry and evidently treated Lermontov's poems with more or less indifference. At about the same time (July, 1854) we come across the remark that he has read *The Dying Gladiator* and also a drama by Lermontov, but he expresses no opinion on these works. In his *Life Biryukov* quotes an extract from an article by Nazaryev (fellow-student of Tolstoy's): "Having noticed that I was reading Lermontov's *Demon* Tolstoy spoke sarcastically of poetry in general. . . ." The novel, *Hero of Our Time*, appeared in book form in St Petersburg in 1840. *Demon* was first published in Russia at St Petersburg, in Lermontov's "Complete Works," 1860, edited by Dudyskin; it had already appeared in Germany in 1857 (*vide* Brockhaus, *Encyclopædia*); for this reason we presume there is a mistake in Nazaryev's reminiscences.—ED.

one's departure. Dispatched the story¹ with Sulimovsky, and confided the secret to him.

December 27th.—Slept long; then set to work at the *Novel*. Some of the officers hindered me. Went for a ride, and, on returning, read and wrote some verses.² They came pretty easily, and will, I think, prove very useful for formation of style. I cannot refrain from work, thank God! But literature is rubbish, and I should have liked to have set down here some rules and a scheme of estate-management.

December 28th.—Went shooting with Nikolenka. Heard 2 boars. My bad luck is astounding. Did nothing save drink with Yapishka. Am coming more and more to dislike Ogolin.³

¹ Probably the story *Incursion* (*vide* entries for Nov. 30, Dec. 1, and following). Tolstoy wrote concerning it to N. A. Nekrasov (Dec. 26, 1852): "I am sending you a short story; if you are willing to publish it on the conditions I have laid down, will you have the kindness to comply also with the requests I am about to make: neither omit, add, nor, above all, alter anything. Should there be anything to which you take so much exception that you could not decide on publishing it without alteration, it would be preferable to put off publication and to discuss the matter with me. If, contrary to expectation, the censor should blot out too much of this story, please do not print it in its mutilated form but return it to me. . . . Please excuse the manuscript being badly and untidily written; as it is, it cost me an awful lot of labour! Awaiting your answer and your opinion of this story, I have the honour to remain, with profound respect, your obedient servant, Count L. Tolstoy. . . ."

Later, in May, Tolstoy wrote to his brother, Count S. N. Tolstoy: "*Childhood* has been ruined by the censor. All that was good in it has been either cut out or mutilated. . . ." *Incursion*, the story of a volunteer, signed "L. N.," was published in No. 3 of the *Sovremennik* in 1853.—Ed.

² Unfortunately no poems by Tolstoy of this period seem to have been preserved. We know of a small poem of a lyrical character, entered by him in his *Diary* at the end of 1854 (*vide* vol. ii., *Diary*, "Youth"), two Sebastopol soldiers' songs, and several humorous poems written at different times.—Ed.

³ Ogolin should read Agalin (*vide* footnote on p. 206). This entry confirms our conjecture that this person was one of Tolstoy's new Caucasian acquaintances, and that the opinion expressed cannot refer to his old friend Alexander Stepanovich Ogolin, whom Tolstoy had known well ever since he was a student (*vide*

December 29th.—Went shooting, and drank, but did not get drunk. A foolish life!

December 30th.—In the morning some officers visited me. Had drinks all round in connection with the sale of Sultan, the horse. In the evening I wrote 30 stanzas passably well.

December 31st.—From morning onwards there began a carousal at Hilkovsky's which continued in various places till 2 o'clock in the morning.

footnote on p. 78). About three weeks later, in his entries for the following year, Tolstoy changes his opinion of this Caucasian acquaintance with whom he gradually becomes more intimate; he posts the following entry: "I am getting to like Ogolin very much" (*vide* entry for Jan. 20, 1853, vol. ii., *Diary*, "Youth").

In addition, in Tolstoy's examination report, when he was promoted from gunner to officer, in 1854, amongst the three officers who signed this document there stands the name, "Lieutenant Agalin" (in this connection *vide* vol. ii., *Diary*, "Youth").—ED.

APPENDIX I

ON MUSIC¹

(Fundamental Principles of Music, and Rules for its Study.)

July 14, 1850.

Definition of Music.

Music is a combination of sounds differing, first, in regard to space, secondly, in regard to time. The space between two or more sounds I call the degree of rapidity at which the air vibrates, in consequence of some cause which cleaves it. The cause of the conception of space is movement; movement necessitates the conception of points, or moments.

In a musical interval these two points are the higher and the lower notes, octaves, etc.—from do to re, from re to re, etc. One can imagine an endless interval, hence one can also imagine an endless number of octaves. In reality this interval is limited in various ways: partly by the construction of the human ear, partly by the construction of the instrument; the flute, for instance, has five octaves; the violin and the violoncello from six to nine; the pianoforte, according to its construction, from four to nine.

¹ L. N. Tolstoy's note was first published in the *Tolstoy Annual*, 1913, p. 12, with the following editorial note: "From L. N. Tolstoy's notebooks. Printed from the copy made by the Countess S. A. Tolstoy, the original of which is in the Historical Museum at Moscow. The note was written by Tolstoy during the years when he was strongly fascinated by music and was receiving instruction from a man named Rudolf."—Ed.

The time between two or more sounds I call the measure of their duration . . . ¹ To indicate an interval the conception of movement from one point to another is required, as well as a conception of these two points. In a musical relation these two points will be the beginning and the end of some musical thought. One can also imagine time as endless, as one can space. In reality, time is limited partly by the property of one's fantasy and partly by the construction of the instrument. The duration of a sound depends upon the player, in the case of stringed instruments and in that of wind instruments.

But in the case of instruments which emit sound in consequence of being struck by the finger or by some implement, such as the pianoforte, the dulcimer, cymbals, etc., the sound depends not on the player but on the quality of the instrument.

Definition of Music.

Music is a combination of sounds which strike the ear in three different ways: (1) in regard to space, (2) in regard to time, (3) in regard to force.

Dec. 17th.—The word "music" has three meanings: (1) It denotes a fact, and, in this case, the above definition applies; (2) Music is a science, and, in this case, it means certain laws according to which sounds combine in three different ways; (3) Music is an art by means of which sounds combine in these three different ways. Music has a fourth meaning—a musical meaning. Music in this sense is the means of exciting certain feelings and of transmitting them through the medium of sounds.

MUSICAL ANALYSIS

For a real study of music I find it necessary that the student, after having studied the first rules of music, i.e. of notes and intervals, of time and accentuation, should

¹ Undecipherable.—ED.

analyze music. That is to say, he should regard a musical composition in the light of certain rules, of science, in accordance with the part of music he has been through. He who has been through the whole course of the science of music should analyze music as follows: (1) in regard to space—each sound separately, *i.e.* what interval constitutes one sound with the tonic; (2) in regard to time—each sound separately in connection with the whole bar, *i.e.* as to what part of the whole bar the sound constitutes; (3) in regard to force—as to what is the degree of each sound in relation to the force fixed for the whole piece. Will this constitute, so to say, the inferior meaning? ¹

The next stage in the analysis: the course of the combination of sounds, *i.e.* of chords, is to be examined *in relation to space*, whilst observing the rules and divisions adopted in the chord. In this analysis one should only examine the motif, and if several motifs have been combined, then each one separately.

In relation to time, the mutual connection between sounds and time is to be examined. There exists no rule for this.

In regard to force, the mutual connection between sounds in regard to force is to be examined. There exist no rules for this.

The higher stage in the analysis is that which examines all the periods from one tonic to another, from one tempo to another, from one accentuation to another. For each kind of accentuation I have invented not verbal expressions but signs which will constitute a translation for people who practise, so that in order to translate they will have to understand what they translate . . .

¹ The point of interrogation has been crossed out in the original.—Ed.

APPENDIX II

CONCERNING L. N. TOLSTOY'S TESTAMENTARY DISPOSITIONS

During the years which have elapsed since Leo Nikolayevich Tolstoy's death there have arisen so many distorted, even invented, tales concerning his directions with regard to the publication of documents extant at his decease that the public will have formed a very wrong—or, at all events, a confused—idea of the matter. So far I have, unless compelled, forborne to contradict singly the malicious inventions of all kinds which have been sedulously propagated both orally and in the press, in the belief that at the proper time, when the actual facts should come to be made known on the basis of existent material, the truth would prevail; but, now that I am entering upon the publication of Tolstoy's *Diary*, which he entrusted to my care, I consider that maintenance of silence with regard to certain facts is no longer possible, but that I must impart to the reading public, in general outline, the instructions and credentials with which Tolstoy furnished me and on the basis of which I am now acting. Nevertheless, being desirous of obviating any polemical discussion, I will confine myself solely to such items as are necessary for explaining both Tolstoy's testamentary directions and the occurrences which, after his death, took place with regard to them.

From the period when, in the early eighties, Tolstoy revised his views of life, and changed his attitude towards literary property, he more than once expressed certain wishes, and gave certain directions, concerning the rights, both life and posthumous, vested in publication of his writings.

For instance, on September 16th, 1891, he addressed to the editor of the *Russkiya Vedomosti* the following letter :

"Dear sir, in consequence of frequent inquiries concerning my permission to publish, translate, and stage my works, I beg of you to accord a place in the journal over which you preside to the following declaration :

"Herewith I confer upon all who may desire to possess the same the right to publish gratis, both in Russia and abroad, both in the Russian language and in translation, and also to present on the stage, not only such of my works as have been written since the year 1881, and printed in volume xii. published this year (1891), but also such of my works as, not yet published in Russia, may there be issued hereafter.

L. TOLSTOY."

Later, in personal conversation with me, as well as in his *Diary* and private letters, Tolstoy made further allusions to the posthumous disposal of his writings.

Already the press has published a pertinent extract from his *Diary* for March 27th, 1895,¹ and, in the same connection, Tolstoy has written in his *Diary* for February 4th, 1909: "Herewith I request that, after my death, my heirs shall present the land to the peasantry and surrender my works—not merely those of them which I myself have so surrendered, but all, without exception—to the public use. Or, should the same my heirs decide to omit fulfilment of both these posthumous requests, at least let them fulfil the first. Though it will be better—even for them—that the requests should in each case be fulfilled."

In neither of these entries does Tolstoy express his wishes with regard to his writings of the first period in the form of a categorical injunction. Rather, he states those wishes and no more, while adding to the first extract a clause merely expressing his request, but not framed in the form of an express testamentary command. On the other hand, he never ceased to insist emphatically

¹ *Vide* at the end of this Appendix, under A, the complete text of this entry, which was first published in the *Tolstoyan Annual* for 1912.

upon the press declaration (regarding his writings of the second period) to which I have referred above ; and further testimony is borne to this by the following entry in the *Diary* for March 8th, 1909 : " In confirmation of what I wrote in this *Diary* on February 4th of the present year, to the effect that I desire that after my death my heirs shall surrender my works to the public use, I herewith explain, for the avoidance of any misunderstandings, that the works indicated therein are those my works which were published before the year 1881, and that everything since written, or already written but not published, before the said year 1881, has been surrendered to the public use by myself in perpetuity, and that my heirs will therefore not be at liberty to exercise any proprietorship or control over the same."

From these two entries it is clear that, in connection with his writings, Tolstoy's prime care was to insure that, after his death, his heirs should be debarred from asserting any copyright in his works, and compelled to make of the same common property ; also, that his posthumous works, and more especially his *Diary*, should be published only after such a careful editorial revision as should insure that, as he himself once expressed it, there should be preserved nothing which ought not to be retained, and there should be rejected nothing the retention of which was necessary.

These factors led Tolstoy to decide to appoint as his " literary executor " some person whom he could without misgiving empower to examine, to edit, and to publish any such documents as might be extant at his death.

On February 28th, 1900, therefore, he wrote to me in England : " I know that no one maintains towards my spiritual life and its manifestations such an attitude of almost exaggerated love and respect as is maintained by yourself. This I never fail both to say and to write ; and I have included mention of it also in a note which, as formulative of my posthumous wishes, requests you,

and none but you, to undertake the sifting of my papers."

In 1904—seven years after my previous meeting with Tolstoy, and when I was residing in England, during the period of my exile from Russia—I received the subjoined letter; and though its contents are of a nature to render their publication a trifle embarrassing to me, I feel that, owing to the fullness and consecutiveness of what was therein stated for my information, I have no choice in the matter.

" May 13/26, 1904.

" MY DEAR FRIEND VLADIMIR GRIGORYEVICH,

" In 1895 I wrote something in the nature of a will. That is to say, I expressed to my friends about me my wishes concerning the manner in which they should treat anything which might survive my death. And in the same document I stated that I requested my wife, Strakhov, and yourself, to sort and to scrutinize all my papers, and that this request I made of yourself in particular for the reason that I knew both your great love for me and the moral delicacy which would indicate to you what ought to be rejected, and what ought to be retained, and the best time and place and form of publication. To this I might have added that I reposed in you the more confidence in that previously I had realized your sound judgment and conscientiousness in such labour, and above all things, our complete agreement as regards the religious understanding of life.

" At the time I intimated to you not a word of this; but now, some nine years later, when Strakhov is no more, and my own death cannot be very far off, I feel that the omission ought to be repaired, and personal expression made to you of what I then wrote, with a repetition of the fact that I beg of you to undertake the labour of examining and sorting such papers as shall be extant at my decease, and, in co-operation with my wife, to deal with them as you may think best.

" Certain papers you have already in your possession ;

while as regards those which you do not possess, I feel sure that my wife—or, should she predecease yourself; my children—will not refuse to fulfil my wish by communicating to you the remaining documents, and joining you in deciding what should be done with them.

“To tell you the truth, to none of these papers (save only to the *Diary* for my later years) do I attribute the least importance; I look upon any use which may be made of them as a matter quite indifferent to me; but the *Diary* (provided that in the meanwhile I shall not succeed in expressing what I have written therein more clearly and exactly) may be of some importance, if only for the fragmentary reflections which I have set forth therein. And therefore its publication, if first you will excise anything of a nature either casual or superfluous or obscure, may prove of use to men. That you will carry out this commission with the same ability as hitherto you have displayed when making extracts from unpublished writings of mine I both hope and request.

“I thank you for your past labours in connection with my writings, and also, in anticipation, for the manner in which, as I well know, you will treat any documents which may survive me. The unity existent between us has constituted one of the greatest joys of my life’s closing years.
LEO TOLSTOY.”

A few years later, however, Tolstoy found it necessary to secure fulfilment of his will by framing dispositions more definite in character; and in that direction he took the first step in the summer of 1909, when to his kinsman, Ivan Vasilyevich Denisenko, president of the Assize Court of Novocherkask (who happened to be visiting Yasnaya Polyana at the time), he addressed a request that Denisenko should draw up for him a document designed to devote the right of publication of all his works, without exception, to the public use. That such a document would have no legal binding force upon Tolstoy’s heirs I. V. Denisenko clearly foresaw; but nevertheless he consented to assist him.

When, in Tolstoy's letter to me of May 13th, 1904, quoted above, as also in his *Diary* for March 27th, 1895, he entrusted the posthumous disposal of his papers to his wife and myself, it was in the belief that she and her children (whom also he mentioned) would afford me the necessary assistance in the task of examining and sorting the documents in question; but during the next few years there came to his knowledge circumstances which convinced him that it would be better to entrust the disposal of his documents after his death exclusively to a person who should in every way share his views regarding literary ownership, and at the same time be free from any partiality of a personal or family character. Hence Tolstoy decided to have recourse to a will of the following tenour:

"MY WILL.

"Herewith I declare that I desire those of my compositions, literary productions, and writings of every kind, whether published or unpublished, which have been written, or have attained first publication, since the first day of January 1881, as also those of them which were written previously thereto, but have not yet attained publication, to constitute, after my death, no person's private property, but to be freely publishable and republishable by all who may desire so to use them. I desire that all manuscripts and documents extant at the time of my death shall be handed to Vladimir Grigoryevich Tchertkoff, to the end that, after my decease, he may dispose of them as heretofore, and that they may be freely accessible to all who may desire to make use of them for publication. I request Vladimir Grigoryevich Tchertkoff to select such person or persons as, in the event of his decease, he may entrust with the fulfilment of these my behests. LEO NIKOLAYEVICH TOLSTOY, Krekshino, September 18th, 1909."

"On the occasion of the signing of the above there were present, and do certify that, during the composition

thereof, Leo Nikolayevich Tolstoy was in his right mind and in the full enjoyment of his faculties, Alexander Borisovich Goldenweiser, artist, Alexis Petrovich Sergeyenko, burgess, and Alexander Vasilyevich Kalachev, burgess."

"The foregoing was inscribed by Alexandra Tolstoy."

This will, too, proved unsatisfactory, both in substance and in form. It was desirable to frame the will, from the juridical point of view, in such a way as to forestall, as far as possible, any occasion of legal suit. And the more so because, according to Russian law, property is bequeathable to none save a specified juridical personage, whereas Tolstoy's will which expressed the wish that his writings should after his death constitute "no person's private property" failed to succeed in its purpose. Moreover, even the wording of the above was not such as to satisfy all the necessary formalities.

Hence Tolstoy had to choose between two courses: to rest content with the will which he had made—a course practically certain to give rise to legal proceedings against the persons to whom he had entrusted the execution of his will, and likely even to cause the dispositions themselves to prove of no effect, or to commission experts to frame his dispositions in such a manner as to render the will even juridically unassailable.

Naturally, recourse to the external formulary of an official testament was distasteful to Tolstoy; yet he feared lest, by making pedantic display of aversion to that formulary, he should run the risk of having his writings prevented from becoming public property after his death. Also, inasmuch as the juridical formulary was, in this case, required not to facilitate suits and legal proceedings, but rather, to obviate them, this last consideration finally decided Tolstoy (to whom, for all his radical views, petty pedantry was in no way natural) to indite such a will as should satisfy every external requirement of officialdom.

On the fresh will being drafted, there was made, at my request, an alteration, in that, without declining the re-

sponsible charge which Tolstoy had laid upon me—the charge that after his death I should act as trustee of his writings—I had no desire to assume the position of the “juridical” heir. Hence I begged of him to choose for the purpose such members of his family as he could best trust in the matter. This unwillingness of mine to figure as the juridical heir was due, I may say, to more than one consideration. I felt certain that Tolstoy’s wife and children would not like to see a non-member of their family made the official legatee; I also foresaw some complicated negotiations with the family in the matter of Tolstoy’s desiderated redemption of the Yasnaya Polyana estate for transference to the local peasantry; I knew that these negotiations with the owners of the land could be most conveniently conducted by a representative of the family; and, lastly, I was influenced by motives of a purely personal character.

Therefore, in the final version of the will, Tolstoy named as his official heir his youngest daughter, the Countess Alexandra Lvovna Tolstoy, whom he trusted completely, and to whom he could entrust the task of protecting his literary bequest from any attempt to convert it into an exclusive property. Indeed, all three of us looked upon the arrangement as destined to confine Countess Alexandra’s task to that of securing to me unhindered disposal of Tolstoy’s literary legacy according to the directions which I had received from him in that respect; and under the same conditions it was that Tolstoy now indited the “domestic will” which has more than once made its appearance in print.¹

At the same time Tolstoy also requested me to draw up a private explanatory document which should both define his actual relation towards his “juridical” will and formulate directions for our—for Countess Alexandra’s and my own—guidance. Wherefore I drafted this document also in accordance with instructions then given me by Tolstoy, and handed it to him on the same day that

¹ Its text is inserted at the end of this Appendix, under B.

the testament likewise was composed. After carefully reading it through, he handed it me back for final inscription, with a request that I should add a couple of corrections which he indicated.¹ Indeed, so great was the importance which he attached to this supplementary statement of his actual dispositions concerning the posthumous disposal of his writings that during the next few days he more than once reminded me of the document, and begged of me to hasten its final transcription.²

In charging me to compose the document in question according to his personal instructions, Tolstoy took it for granted that its wording would be framed in the first person, and therefore prepared to copy it out with his own hand; but inasmuch as, under the circumstances, the third person appeared to me more natural, I ventured to adopt the latter form of inditement. Also, I was influenced by a desire to save Tolstoy (who had already made three autograph copies of the official will) the superfluous labour of fair-copying also the supplementary document. I was aware that, even as a juridically framed will demands the most exact fulfilment of its conditions, so, or to a still greater degree, does any definitely expressed disposition which happens to be founded solely upon personal delegation: yet I looked upon it as a matter of indifference what hand should execute, or what form should rule, the declaration, so long as its contents were supported by Tolstoy's own signature. Since its directions had been drawn up for the guidance only of Countess Alexandra and myself, Tolstoy, for his part, felt quite certain that, even in this form, we should religiously observe his last will and testament, and never permit ourselves the least departure from its provisions.

¹ One of these corrections was a statement that he bequeathed to the public use everything which he had ever written; not merely what he had written subsequently to 1881, as I had formulated in my rough draft of the document.

² For instance, on July 29, I received a note from the Countess Alexandra in which she wrote:

"My father requests you to get ready the document in which he entrusts you with the disposal of his unpublished works."

I will quote in full this unpublished *explanatory note* to Tolstoy's will:

"Inasmuch as L. N. Tolstoy has indited a testament whereby he bequeathes the whole of his writings to the 'possession' of his daughter Alexandra Lvovna Tolstoy, or, in the event of her predeceasing him, to that of Tatyana Lvovna Sukhotin, it is necessary herewith to state, firstly, the reason which has prompted him, while not recognizing property of any kind, to compose such a will, and, secondly, the manner in which he desires his writings to be treated after his death.

"The reason of his resorting to a 'formal' will of juridical force is, not a desire to affirm any sort of property in his writings, but, on the contrary, a desire to forestall any possibility of those writings being converted, after his death, into private property.

"If the persons to whom Tolstoy has entrusted the disposal of his writings, according to his instructions, are to be safeguarded from the possibility of being deprived of the writings in question in virtue of the laws of inheritance, there lies open to L. N. only one resource: the resource of inditing a juridically framed testament in favour of those persons, in that he feels sure that to his instructions with regard to the disposal of his writings they will accord precise performance. Therefore the sole purpose of the 'formal' will framed by him is to prevent any claim to a juridical right in L. N.'s compositions being put forward by any member of his family, should any such member, in contempt of L. N.'s wishes with regard to his literary compositions, seek to convert the same into his or her personal property.

"L. N.'s wishes with regard to his writings are as follows:

"(1) That his compositions, literary productions, and writings of every kind, published or unpublished, shall, after his death, constitute *the private property of no person whatsoever*, but remain publishable and republishable by all who may desire to use them for the purpose.

" (2) That all manuscripts and papers (including diaries, rough drafts, letters, etc., etc.), which shall be extant at the time of his death shall be handed to V. G. Tchertkoff, in order that, after the death of L. N., V. G. Tchertkoff may set himself to examine such documents, and to publish that in them which he may consider suitable. As regards the material aspect, L. N. requests the said V. G. Tchertkoff to transact all business in connection with the same on the principles on which he has before published writings of L. N.'s, during the lifetime of the latter.¹

" (3) That V. G. Tchertkoff shall select a person or persons to whom, in the event of his decease, he may delegate power to act in his stead ; and that, with a view to their own decease, the said person or persons shall do likewise ; and so on until the need shall no longer exist.

" (4) That the persons to whom L. N. has bequeathed ' formal ' property in his writings shall re-bequeath that property to persons selected in agreement either with V. G. Tchertkoff or with such his delegates as may succeed to his powers. And the same until the need shall no longer exist."

To the original of the foregoing Tolstoy himself added :

" With the contents of this declaration, which has been drafted at my request, and which precisely expresses my wishes, I am wholly in agreement. LEO TOLSTOY, July 31st, 1910."

This " juridical " will of July 22nd, 1910, proved successful in so far as that the instrument encountered no protest. Owing to the fact that Tolstoy's legatee, in consequence, was enabled soon after his death to take steps in regard to the legacy, all L. N.'s published writings have become the property of mankind in general, while at

¹ By these words, dictated by L. N. himself, in order to safeguard me in the future from any insinuating remarks—as he put it to his friends—he meant that, when disposing of the profits derived from future publications, I should apply them as I did during his lifetime, to objects with which he was in sympathy.—*Vide* A. P. Sergeyenko's *Reminiscences* : " How L. N. Tolstoy wrote his Will."

the same time, the peasantry of Yasnaya Polyana have been admitted to possession of the lands allotted them under the will, and redeemed from Tolstoy's heirs through the income derived from publication of Tolstoy's literary productions.

Unfortunately, however, there has not yet been fulfilled one of the will's most essential provisions: namely, that all papers extant at Tolstoy's death, *no matter wheresoever or by whomsoever preserved*, should be handed to his daughter, the Countess A. L. Tolstoy. Among these papers are included certain documents which Countess Sophia Andreyevna Tolstoy abstracted during her husband's lifetime, for lodgment and *preservation* in the Historical Museum at Moscow; wherefore, to circumvent L. N.'s directions, there became set on foot a mendacious assertion that the diaries and other papers thus preserved in the Historical Museum—certain originals of the diary, and others—*had presumably been given* by Tolstoy to his wife. Thanks to this assertion, the opponents of Tolstoy's wishes gained an artificial excuse for juridical cavilling. When the Countess Alexandra made application successively to the Director of the Museum, to the Ministry of Popular Instruction, and, finally, to his Imperial Majesty himself, for surrender of the documents bequeathed to her by her father, she was in each case informed that they could not be surrendered, in that her mother claimed a similar right in the same; while also it was intimated to her that no decision in the disputed question could be arrived at save through the medium of a court of arbitration, mutual agreement between the parties, or a judicial procedure of the ordinary kind. Accordingly Countess Alexandra first proposed a court of arbitration, but was met by her mother with a refusal. Next, she proposed mutual agreement, while offering to forego all rights of property in the *originals* of the Museum documents, so long as she could have *photographic copies* of them; but this likewise was refused. Lastly remained only the method pointed out to Countess Alexandra of

bringing a legal suit against her mother, but this was a resource to which, for moral reasons, Countess Alexandra was reluctant to resort, while, in addition, it would have contradicted the fundamental purpose, indicated above, for which her father had framed his will in juridical form.

Meanwhile the Senate, to which, for her part, Tolstoy's widow had appealed against a similar rebuff on the part of the Ministry of Popular Instruction, found that the Historical Museum had exceeded its powers in undertaking to preserve papers lodged with it by a private individual ; also that those papers could be returned to none but their depositor. But this Senatorial decree only touched upon the formal question of who should be *the custodian* of the documents until a decision should be attained through legal process ; while there was left altogether untouched—at all events in essence—the question of who, under Tolstoy's will, was the *owner* of the documents.¹ Hence certain statements which have since appeared in the press, to the effect that, for all intents and purposes, the Senate decided the question of right of ownership in the documents in favour of the Countess Sophia, have been sheer inventions ; for it is a question which could only be decided by a legal suit wherein the circumstances of the case would unavoidably be made public and the public would learn both the fact that the documents preserved in the Historical Museum were really bequeathed to the Countess Alexandra by her father and the reason why Tolstoy had deemed it necessary to deal with them in such a manner. But if respect for her father's memory deterred the Countess Alexandra from resorting to a legal suit, this in no way alters

¹ In the official explanation of Jan. 8, 1915, which we received it is stated that "the decision of a plenary sitting of the governing Senate . . . does not touch upon the question of the right of the parties to Count L. N. Tolstoy's manuscripts, but has been given as an administrative order in consequence of Countess S. A. Tolstoy's petition concerning the action of the administration of the Imperial Russian Historical Museum"; and that "the Countess A. L. Tolstoy is still at liberty to take the course indicated by His Imperial Majesty for settling the dispute with her mother," i.e. that of appealing to a court of law.

the fact that the documents, though still in the hands of the Countess Sophia, belong, under Tolstoy's will, to the Countess Alexandra, and that the Countess Alexandra in still greater degree possesses the right of publishing the documents—a right which no one has ever disputed.

The foregoing will make it clear that, in entrusting substantiation of his last wishes to his youngest daughter and myself, Tolstoy explicitly and expressly indicated what were to be our respective rôles after his death. To his daughter he delegated the position of "juridical" heir, in that he looked upon her as the most suitable person to whom he could entrust protection of his literary heritage from its conversion into private property; to myself he committed the scrutiny and revision of any surviving documents, and also their publication "on the principles" whereon I had published his writings during his lifetime.

Thus, the alterations which Tolstoy made in his testamentary dispositions at different times render it clear that never at any time did his mind conceive a substantial doubt in this connection; that, on the contrary, we see these alterations to have flowed naturally and inevitably from a fixed intention to accomplish the task confronting him. Which aim—an absolutely definite one—was to secure that, after his death, his writings should become public property, as well as that first publication of his hitherto unpublished works should be carried through in accordance with instructions which he had given. Hence on changes of circumstances taking place, and new and unlooked-for obstacles to the substantiation of his aim revealing themselves, he, naturally, found himself forced to alter his dispositions to meet the external situation by seeking to forestall any future infringement of his dispositions.

Also, besides the written dispositions which I have quoted, Tolstoy on many occasions furnished me, scriptionally and by word of mouth, with certain instructions concerning the posthumous publication of his unpublished

writings, as well as expressed certain definite wishes which, I need hardly say, I shall carry out to the letter during fulfilment of the task bequeathed to me.

The foregoing, then, is a statement, in general outline, of the dispositions, directions, and powers with which L. N. Tolstoy authorized me to the course which I am pursuing, together with some of the obstacles which I have encountered during substantiation of his desires.

V. TCHERTKOFF

A.

TOLSTOY'S WILL ACCORDING TO THE ENTRY IN THE DIARY FOR MARCH 27TH, 1895.

I should frame my testament approximately thus (unless in the meanwhile I should write another one, it would run precisely as follows):

(1) I desire to be buried wheresoever I may die, and in the cheapest possible burial ground (if my death should occur in a town), and in the cheapest possible coffin, such as is used for paupers. And I desire no flowers or wreaths to be laid upon me, and no speeches to be recited. And, if possible, let there be neither priest nor requiem. But if the latter course should offend those who arrange for my funeral, then let me be buried in the ordinary way, with a requiem—though, even then, as simply and cheaply as possible.

(2) I desire no notices of my death to be printed in the papers, nor any obituaries to be composed.

(3) I request that all my papers may, for revision and assortment, be handed to my wife, to (VI. Gr.) Tchertkoff, to Strakhov [and to my daughters Tanya and Masha],¹ (what has been crossed through I have crossed through myself. It is better that my daughters should take no part in this matter), or to such of the persons named as shall then be alive. I exclude my sons from this charge,

¹ In the original the words enclosed in square brackets were erased —ED.

not because I have failed to love them (indeed, of latter days, I have, glory be to God, come to love them more and more), and to know that my love is returned, but because they are not fully conversant with my ideas, nor have kept pace with them, and may hold ideas of their own which might lead them to preserve what had best not be preserved, and to reject what ought to be preserved. As for the diaries of my bachelor life, I desire that there shall be extracted thence anything that may be worthy, and that the diaries themselves shall be destroyed ; while as regards the diaries of my married life, I desire the destruction of everything in them of which the publication might give pain to any person whatsoever.

This service Tchertkoff has already, during my lifetime, promised to perform : and, in view of his great, as well as unmerited, love for me, as also of his great moral sensibility, I feel sure that the service will be excellently performed.

I pray that the Diary of my single life be destroyed not because I wish to hide my bad life from men—my life was the habitual worthless life of young men devoid of principles ; but I express this wish because my Diary, in which I have entered only that which tormented me with a consciousness of sin, produces a false, one-sided impression, and represents . . . Well, never mind ; let the Diary remain as it is. It will show at least that, in spite of all the banality and vileness of my youth I was not deserted of God, and that, in my old age, I have, at least to a certain extent, come to comprehend Him and to love Him.

All this I write, not for the purpose of attributing to my papers any great measure of importance, indeed any importance whatever, but because in advance I know that in the years immediately following my death, my works will be published and criticized and deemed important: Should this be the case, my writings should at least do men no harm.

As regards the remainder of my papers, I beg those

persons who may do the sifting of the same to publish them not in their entirety, but in such part thereof as may be of use to men.

(4) With regard to the right of publishing former works of mine—those contained in the ten volumes and in the "Reader" — I herewith request you, my heirs, to transfer that right to the community, *i.e.* to renounce your author's right in the same.¹ But this I only request, I do not formulate it as a testamentary injunction. It would be well to carry it out; it would be also good for you; it would concern yourselves and no one else, should you not carry it out. It would mean that you were not ready to carry it out. The fact that my works have for ten years past been sold has constituted the most oppressive factor of my existence.

(5) Above all I do request everyone, near to me or remote, to refrain from lauding me (though I know that this will be done, seeing that it has even been done, and in most unseemly fashion, during my lifetime), but, if persons should wish to occupy themselves with my works, let them reflect on such passages wherein the might of God has, I know, spoken through me, and to utilize the same towards their own lives. For there have been times when I have felt myself to be the exponent of God's will; and though at many of those times I have been so impure, so charged with personal passion, as to overshadow the light of truth with my own darkness, the way of truth has occasionally lain through me, and rendered those moments the happiest of my life. May God grant that truth's passage through myself may have brought no defilement upon truth, that in spite of a petty and unclean character it may have acquired from me, man may be nourished thereby.

¹ Tolstoy is referring only to the works of his first period—works written before the year 1881, because during his lifetime for the publication of these he had accorded his wife a temporary warrant; but with regard to works written since the year 1881 he had, prior to this (in 1891), put the same through a press declaration (*vide* "Appendix II.") at the disposal of the general public.

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So herein alone lies the significance of my writings.
Wherefore it is blame that I deserve for them, not praise.
That is all. Signature.

B.

*The Text of Tolstoy's Autograph Will, as
Admitted to Probate by the District Court of Tula
on November 16th, 1910.*

In the year one thousand nine hundred and ten. On the twenty-second (22nd) day of July, I, the undersigned, being of sound mind and assured memory, do, against my decease, make the following disposition. My literary productions, whether heretofore written or to be written before my death, whether published or unpublished, whether artistic or otherwise, whether finished or unfinished, whether dramatic or cast in any other form, together with any translations, revisions, diaries, private letters, rough drafts, detached notes and reflections, and, in brief, anything, without exception, that I shall have written previous to the day of my death, no matter where it may then be located, or by whom it may be preserved, or whether it be in manuscript, or whether it be in print, together with the right of literary property in all my productions, without exception, and the manuscripts themselves, and all and sundry such documents as may be extant on my decease—these I do bequeath in their entirety into the full possession of my daughter Alexandra Lvovna Tolstoy, or, if the said daughter Alexandra Lvovna Tolstoy should predecease myself, into the full possession of my daughter Tatyana Lvovna Sukhotin.

LEO NIKOLAYEVICH TOLSTOY

Herewith I do testify that the above testament was actually composed, inscribed, and signed by Count Leo

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Nikolayevich Tolstoy while of sound mind and assured memory. Alexander Borisovich Goldenweiser, Artist.

Herewith I do testify the same. Alexis Petrovich Sergeyenko, burgess.

Herewith I do testify the same. Anatoly Dionisyevich Radynsky, son of a Lieutenant-colonel.

APPENDIX III

A BRIEF SURVEY OF TOLSTOY'S LIFE DURING THE YEARS 1844-1852

I.

A General Survey.

The present volume, Tolstoy's *Diary of His Youth*, covers the years 1847-1852. In order to make clear some fragmentary entries of the *Diary* we adduce a short survey of some of the chief events of Tolstoy's life during this period.

In the autumn of 1844, when sixteen years of age, Tolstoy entered the faculty of Oriental languages at the University of Kazan (the faculty of Arabic-Turkish literature, as it was then called), with a diplomatic career in view. Owing to his dissipated and fashionable mode of life (or, perhaps, because the study of Oriental languages held no attractions for him), Tolstoy was not successful in his studies. He failed in the examination for passing from Course I. to Course II., and would have had to go through the former again. Having no wish to do this, he asked to have his name transferred to the juridical faculty, and his request was granted (in 1845). Tolstoy passed the examination from Course I. to Course II., but he left the University in the spring of 1847, whilst following Course II. Tolstoy's petition, addressed to the rector of the Kazan University, read as follows:

"Petition to His Excellency the rector of the Kazan University, Councillor of State and Knight, Ivan Mikhailovich Simonov, from Count Leo Nikolayevich

Tolstoy, extern student, Course II. of the juridical faculty.

"Owing to bad health and domestic circumstances I no longer wish to continue my course of study at the University and, hence, humbly petition your Excellency to consent to my name being struck off the roll of students and all my documents being returned to me. To this petition I, Count Leo Tolstoy, student, sign my name. April 12, 1874." (A facsimile of this petition was printed in a *Collection of Tolstoy's Letters*, compiled by P. A. Sergeyenko and published by "Okto" in 1912.) . . .

In the document issued by the administration of the University and signed by Kazem-Bek, one of the Deans, in April, 1847, it is stated: "The administration of the University, having struck Count Leo Tolstoy, extern student of Course II. of the juridical faculty, off the roll of students in accordance with his petition, owing to domestic circumstances, brings this fact to the notice of the faculty" (*Archives of the Kazan University*, 1847. No. 3).

Tolstoy's premature departure from the University is often assigned to his dissipated habits and worldly life. It would, however, be unjust and one-sided to suppose that this was the only cause of his leaving the University, for it is certain that this was to a great extent brought about by the fact that Tolstoy was disappointed in the science taught at the University as well as in its representatives. We adduce an episode from the reminiscences of V. N. Nazaryev, a fellow-student of Tolstoy, as it is of undoubted biographical interest. It points already at that time to the future ruthless critic of privileged science promoted by the Government:

"After entering the dark cell (where M. Nazaryev was confined at the time) Leo Nikolayevich . . . began . . . a conversation with me in which he made a fierce onslaught upon the science taught at the University. 'You and I have a right to expect,' said Count L. N. Tolstoy with fervour, 'that we shall leave this institute as useful and

intelligent men. . . . But what are we going to take with us from the University? Think over this and give yourself an honest reply. What are we going to take with us when we leave this sanctum and return to the country? Of what use shall we be to anyone and who will need us? . . . ' ' ("Men and Life of the Past," the *Istorichesky Vestnik*, No 11, 1890).

In his student days Tolstoy was no less critical of historical science as it was then taught at the University. "History," he said, "is nothing but a collection of fables and of useless detail, interspersed with a multitude of useless figures and proper names."¹

According to Tolstoy's² own testimony, the reason he left the University was that the latter did not satisfy his craving for enlightenment—what the professors lectured upon had but little interest for him.

In 1909, in reply to a question put by a St Petersburg student as to what was his view of "law" Tolstoy, while explaining his negative attitude towards what is called "law," recalled his University pursuits of sixty-three years before: "I myself was a student of jurisprudence," he wrote, "and I remember that when in Course II. I was interested in the theory of jurisprudence, and began to study it not only to pass my examination but also in the belief that it would explain to me that which seemed strange and vague in the organization of the life of men. But I remember that the more I reflected upon the meaning of the theory of jurisprudence, the more I became convinced that either there was something wrong in this science or that I was incapable of comprehending it: to put it more simply, it gradually dawned upon me that one of us must be a fool: either Nevolin, author of the *Encyclopædia of Jurisprudence*, which I was studying, or I, since I was incapable of understanding the wisdom of this science. I was eighteen at the time and could not help

¹ "Men and Life of the Past," Nazaryev.

² *Vide* P. Biryukov, *Life of L. N. Tolstoy*, vol. i., p. 131, published by the "Posrednik," Moscow, 1906.

feeling it must be I who was stupid; therefore I decided that jurisprudence was beyond my intellectual capacity and abandoned the study of it."

An episode which one would have thought likely to induce Tolstoy to continue his studies at the University hastened, on the contrary, his departure. Meyer, professor of Civil Law, apart from the usual University subjects, set him a theme: to compare Montesquieu's *Esprit des Lois* with Catherine II.'s *Nakaz*. According to Tolstoy's own testimony he took a liking to this work. It revealed to him a "new realm of independent intellectual labour, whereas the University with its demands only hindered such work."¹

Young Tolstoy was disappointed in official science, but had not lost all desire for scientific study in general, as we see by entries in this *Diary*. And if we take into consideration his long stay at the hospital, enforced inactivity, absence of bustle and his sincere desire to live a well-ordered life, we can understand his wishing to take up "serious reading."

His examination of the *Nakaz* begins in the *Diary* on March 18, 1847, and is interesting not only owing to the boldness and keenness of thought in a youth of eighteen, such as Tolstoy was at that time, but also owing to the fact that we encounter thoughts therein which constitute, in embryo, Tolstoy's subsequent opinions concerning the present organization of life. In the *Diary* of this period one also encounters thoughts expressed in a primitive way, which betray Tolstoy's later religious views. Such, for instance, is the following remarkable thought:

"The reason of the individual human being is a portion of everything else existent, and a portion cannot disorganize the whole. Yet the whole can annul a portion; wherefore fashion your reason so as to conform with the whole, the source of all things, and not with the mere portion represented by human society. That done, your

¹ These words were inserted by Tolstoy when revising vol. i. of *Biryukov's Life*. *Vide* p. 138.

reason will fuse with the whole, and society, the portion, will be powerless to exercise upon you influence."

This very thought, that true life consists in the coalescence of one's will with the will of the Source of life, the Cause of all, subsequently became the basis of Tolstoy's religious conception of life.

On leaving the University, Tolstoy went to live in the country. After leaving Kazan (end of April, 1847), the *Diary* breaks off for nearly two months, and in the next entry, on June 14, 1847, Tolstoy complains of the bad influences by which he is surrounded, and two days later he writes that the ideal which he would like to attain consists in "being independent of external circumstances." These entries indicate that he strove seriously after that moral perfection which, some decades later, he put as the chief aim of his life.

After the entry for June 16, 1847, there is a break of three years in the *Diary*, and the next entry is posted on June 14, 1850. In all probability during these three years Tolstoy more than once started a diary, as is indicated by the entry for June 14, 1850: "Again I betake myself to my Diary—again, and with fresh ardour and a fresh purpose. But for the what-th time? I do not remember." These Diaries have probably not been preserved, though, of course, there is the possibility that the entry quoted refers to the *Diary* of the year 1847.

These three years Tolstoy spent partly at Yasnaya Polyana, and partly at St Petersburg and Moscow. He was unsettled both as regards his physical and his spiritual life. He began managing his estate on new principles and studied for a graduate's examination at the St Petersburg University, successfully passing two of these. He then left again for the country, undecided as to whether to enter the Civil Service or the Army.

As we know, on November 23, 1849, Tolstoy was given an appointment in connection with the Tula Assembly of Deputies of the Nobility; on December 30, 1850, he acquired the rank of a "college-registrator," and

held the appointment until November, 1851 (V. P. Fedorov's *Leo Nikolayevich Tolstoy in Military Service*, 1910).

At the beginning of the new *Diary* the thought is expressed that certain practical rules should be compiled and strictly adhered to. Tolstoy was evidently tired of the dissipated, disorderly mode of life he was leading, and he conceived the desire to live a natural, rational, regular and healthy life. But six days after this the *Diary* breaks off again and is renewed only six months later at Moscow, on December 8, 1850. Although Tolstoy was leading a life of dissipation such as was in vogue with fashionable people, he drew up a list of certain rules which he tried to follow, posting in his *Diary* all actions of his with which he was displeased. At times his dissatisfaction with himself was very great; for instance, on December 29, 1850, he noted down: "I am leading the life of a brute, a life practically to no purpose, for I have abandoned nearly all my pursuits and am feeling out of spirits."

Many years later, after a change had already taken place in his soul, when recalling his youth Tolstoy wrote: "With all my heart I wished to be good, but I was young and passionate. I was alone, quite alone, when I sought what was good. Each time I tried to express what constituted my inmost desire—the fact that I wished to be morally good—I was met with contempt and sneers; but as soon as I gave myself up to base passions I was praised and encouraged."¹

On April 2, 1851, Tolstoy left Moscow for Yasnaya Polyana, where he stayed but less than three weeks, for his brother Nikolay Nikolayevich, who served as a gunner in the Caucasus, induced him to go to the Caucasus. Tolstoy was glad to change his mode of life. He and his brother drove as far as Saratov, making a halt at Moscow and Kazan, and from Saratov they sailed down the Volga to Astrakhan. This journey left a poetic impression upon Tolstoy's mind: "A whole book could be written

¹ Vide *Confession*, Tolstoy's Complete Works, vol. xv., p. 7.

about it," he said to P. I. Biryukov, in 1894 (D. P. Makovitsky's *Memoirs*).

According to the testimony of S. A. Bers, who heard it direct from Tolstoy himself, the journey was accomplished thus: "They travelled in a *tarantas* from Kazan along the bank of the River Volga, accompanied by their servants. When they grew tired of driving they acquired a large boat, placed their *tarantas* in it and let the boat drift with the current. They occupied themselves with reading and admiring nature. In three weeks they arrived at Astrakhan. On the lower Volga, when they hove to, they often encountered half-savage Calmucks who were invariably seated round a fire, for at that time the bulk of them were fireworshippers. . . ." ¹

With the entry for June 3, 1851, Tolstoy begins his *Diary* in the Caucasus. At first he stayed at the Starogladkovskaya Stanitsa, where his brother Nikolay Nikolayevich was serving. A week later his brother was sent to Stary Yurt camp which had been fortified for the protection of the sick at Goryachevodsk, and Tolstoy went with him. From this date poetical descriptions of nature and of his own mental state make their appearance in his *Diary*, indicating that the author was already possessed of a creative talent of high order. We come across attempts to note down descriptions of certain personalities, to relate in detail certain episodes, and so on—attempts which betrayed a tendency towards artistic work.

Soon after he reached the Caucasus, Tolstoy took part in a raid against the mountaineers, and, following Prince Baryatinsky's advice, he at once decided to hand in his petition concerning admission to the Service. For this purpose Tolstoy set out for Tiflis, where he arrived on November 1. On December 31 he signed a petition to the effect that he be enrolled in the 20th Field Artillery Brigade. . . .

On January 14, 1852, Tolstoy again settled down at the

¹ S. A. Bers' *Recollections of L. N. Tolstoy*, pp. 8-9. Smolensk, 1893.

Starogladkovskaya Stanitsa, where the 4th battery of the 20th Field Artillery Brigade was stationed; he was enrolled as a gunner of the 4th class.

After September 4, 1851, there is again a break of five months in the *Diary*, the latter not being resumed till February 5, 1852.

When leaving for a campaign, Tolstoy notes down that he is "indifferent to life, in which he has experienced too little happiness to love it" and that, therefore, he does not fear death. From the official record of Tolstoy's service (1856), we can see that he took part in the following military actions (in 1852):

"On February 17, the detachment moved in the direction of Geldigen. A successful action was fought in the Humkhulu valley, villages were destroyed. . . . On February 18th the detachment joined that of Colonel Baklanov. A fierce and brilliant action was fought by the detachment against the enemy in his position on the Michik. The enemy was defeated, the river was crossed, and the detachment reached Kurinsky."¹

There was no delay concerning his enrolment, but it was coupled with unavoidable formalities, one of which was a test in science. The examination report shows that the learned board which tested Tolstoy's knowledge consisted of three lieutenants and one second-lieutenant. The examination took place on January 3, 1852, at the headquarters of the Caucasian Artillery Brigade at Mukhrovan, on the borders of the Government of Tiflis. It is stated in the report that Leo Nikolayevich Tolstoy, "college registrator," aged 23, was tested in his knowledge of arithmetic, the first four rules of algebra, elementary principles of geometry, rules of Russian grammar as applied to composition, history, geography, and languages. He received, of course, the highest mark—10—in each subject.

The following entry, February 28, 1852, was posted

¹ V. P. Fedorov, *Leo Nikolayevich Tolstoy in Military Service*. (The Military Journal *Bratskaya Pomoshch*, No. 12, 1910.)

when he was campaigning. Next follows a long entry for March 20, 1852, in which Tolstoy surveys his material and spiritual life for the previous seven months. He finds that he is under the influence of three principal passions which prevent his advancing towards perfection; he tries to define their causes and to find the means of combating them.

From March 20 to the end of the year 1852 Tolstoy posted entries almost daily in his *Diary*. After noting down briefly how he had spent the day, he continues to write down in his *Diary*, though with less detail than before, all the thoughts, sentiments, and actions of the day with which he was dissatisfied. While thus continuing to work at himself Tolstoy was, at the same time, reflecting more profoundly and seriously on the most important questions of human life, at the solution of which the wisest men of all times and all nations have worked, such as: questions of God, of immortality, of good and evil. The thoughts on these questions noted down in the *Diary*, at which he had evidently arrived through his own effort, are especially remarkable, in that many of them correspond fully to his later religious conception of life (*vide* entries for July 12, 18, and 22, and December 14, 1852).

The following remarkable passages in the *Diary* also express a vague consciousness of his special calling whose purpose was not clear to him at the time:

"There is in me something which forces me to believe that I was not born to be what other men are" (March 29).

On August 28, 1852, his birthday, Tolstoy notes down:

"Am now 24, yet have done nothing. I feel that it is not in vain that for eight years I have been struggling with doubt and my passions. For what am I destined? The future will reveal it."

Of the external events of Tolstoy's life during this period the most important was that at the end of 1851 he began his first literary work—the story *Childhood*,

at which he worked, with some interruptions, during the first half of 1852. The future indefatigable worker in the realm of religio-philosophic thought and of artistic creation did not hesitate to recast his works dozens of times in order to bring his thought to the highest degree of exactitude, clearness, and force of expression; this is shown by the fact that his story *Childhood* was recopied three times. That he actually felt the incidents he created is shown by the fact that on May 22, 1852, he noted down in his *Diary* that he "wept from his very heart" when writing the chapter in his story describing the impression produced upon children by the death of their mother.

Childhood appeared in Nekrasov's *Sovremennik* in December, 1852. Encouraged by Nekrasov's opinion of his first work, Tolstoy soon started another story, *Incursion*, which he also sent to the editor of the *Sovremennik* (*vide* entry for December 27).

By degrees Tolstoy became more and more fascinated by literary work, and military service began to pall upon him: it did not agree with the aims he had set himself in life. He harboured thoughts of leaving the Service and of returning to Yasnaya Polyana. . . .

But three more years of tumultuous military life passed before he succeeded in realizing his aim—that of devoting himself completely to his calling.

N. GUSEV

2.

The Labour of Thought as Reflected in the Diary of his Youth, Vol. I.

Tolstoy's constant, intense work of making clear to himself the meaning and the object of his life, runs like a coloured thread through all the Diaries, beginning with his youth and continuing down to the hour of his death. This inner work which continually impelled him in one and the same direction, in spite of all the distractions of

life and of fascination for personal and social interests unites Tolstoy's personality into one whole during the various periods of his life.

Tolstoy—student, officer, landowner, father of a family, school teacher, celebrated writer of belles-lettres and later, in his old age, thinker on moral and religious questions, and preacher calling upon mankind to embark upon a new life of brotherhood—remains essentially the same. From beginning to end he was a seeker of God and of His truth here on earth and, firstly, in his own soul; he laboured with unbounded sincerity and a fervent, impassioned desire to cleanse his soul from faults and vices, which he ruthlessly lays bare, whilst accusing himself mercilessly.

In his youth, maturity, and old age he is possessed of one and the same deeply sincere striving after that ideal of perfection which he put before himself at different periods in his life.

Amongst entries—remarkable for their sincerity—dealing with the empty life of fashionable circles or with his moral falls (for which he never fails to scourge himself), and with his ambitious desires, are scattered thoughts surprising for their profundity and beauty as emanating from a youth.

To this category belong thoughts which he conceives when striving after perfection, thoughts on *solitude* as being helpful to elucidate one's conception of things, also thoughts on *life, death, immortality, good and evil* and the natural *striving of the human soul after what is good* (*vide* March and April, 1847, June and the remainder of the year 1851). Along with this he notes down *Rules for Conduct*, which he works out with the object of facilitating the struggle with his failings and for which he keeps a "Franklin Journal of his Failings" (these entries commence in March, 1847, and continue, with some interruptions, during the whole of 1850 and 1851; they are frequently and diligently posted in June and December, 1850, and still more frequently and with greater consistency from January to the end of May, 1851, *i.e.* up to the time of

his departure for the Caucasus). At one time, thinking that the "Franklin table" was constraining the freedom of his soul, he ceased making definite rules, but, later, he again found them useful (August, 1851).

On the pages of the whole *Diary* we find thoughts concerning various abstract subjects which express his profound and persistent effort of trying to cognate himself. He himself defines the chief object of a diary as follows: "At every point in the *Diary* there is visible one leading idea and desire: namely, that I should be delivered from the vanity which was crushing and marring all my pleasures; that I should discover some means of delivering myself from the same" (pp. 126-127).

These entries are posted almost without interruption from the day of his arrival in the Caucasus (June, 1851) and continue for three or four months. The *Diary* breaks off in the autumn of 1851, but is continued in February, 1852, when Tolstoy commences working at his inner, spiritual self (the whole of March). In his subsequent entries, evidently led away by the empty life of officers and by military exploits, alternating with hard work at his artistic literary productions, Tolstoy returns less frequently to meditation and serious subjects. Now - and then, however, beautiful thoughts are found concerning his soul's striving after what is good, after immortality, and so on (August, 1852). In the autumn of 1852 he was dissatisfied with himself and found that military service interfered with the two callings which he thought would bring him peace and happiness, no doubt meaning the calling of a writer and that of a man in the best and most complete sense of the word, as he understood it at the time. Some entries reflect his religious and prayerful frame of mind. Entries of this kind he posted soon after his arrival in the Caucasus (June, 1852), as well as later, when he again found his true self and noted down a brief "confession" after a period of exciting military life (November, 1852), which had satisfied him at the time. Later, in December, he notes down: "I beseech Thee, O

Lord, to reveal to me Thy will. To be happy one must constantly strive towards this happiness and understand it. Not upon circumstances but upon oneself it depends" (p. 214). Many years later this thought became a firm conviction, which Tolstoy often expressed briefly in the words of Syutayev, a peasant he loved: *Everything is in Thee.*

A. TCHERTKOFF

3.

What L. N. Tolstoy Wrote during the Years 1847-1852.

A. Belles-lettres :

1. The story *Childhood* forms Part I. of a large work in which the author proposed to depict the *four periods of life* (concerning this literary production he posts entries in March, July, September, October and November, 1852). It was published in the *Sovremennik* for September, 1852. In the same month he continued to work on Part II. of this work, to which he himself gave the title *Boyhood*, and at which he worked much during the following year (*vide* vol. ii., *Diary of His Youth*).

2. The story *Incursion* (in November and during the latter part of December, 1852). At the end of December he sent this story to Nekrasov for publication in the *Sovremennik*.

3. At the same time he was engrossed in the writing of *The Novel of a Landowner*. In the autumn of 1852 he notes down a detailed scheme for this novel (*vide* p. 202, entry in italics), "Basis for the *Novel of a Russian Landowner*" . . . He also says (entry for Dec. 11th, 1852) : "I have begun upon such a splendid thing, *The Novel of a Landowner*." No doubt it was this work which appeared later, under the title *The Morning of a Landowner*, and which, as we know, has an autobiographical value, apart from its great artistic merit.

B. Sketches.

As to the sketches with which L. N. Tolstoy was

occupied in his youth, when he first felt that literature was his calling, mention is made in the pages of the present *Diary* of the following artistic works he had conceived (stated in chronological order): the *Story of Gipsy Life* (December, 1850); *Story of Mi . . .* (January, 1851); *Life of T. A.* (March, 1851); *Dream* (April, 1851); *Story of a Day of Sport* (April, 1851); *Lukashka* (August, 1851); *Dzhemy* (April, 1852); *Letter from the Caucasus* (May-July, 1852); *Sketches of the Caucasus* (October, November, 1852); *Etudes des mœurs* (November, 1852); Plan of the *Novel of a Russian Landowner* (July, September-December, 1852); *My Romance — Four Periods* (November, 1852).

The *Letter from the Caucasus* is mentioned several times during the first half of 1852, but in the second half of the same year it is referred to as *Caucasian Sketches*, or *Sketches of the Caucasus*. In October, 1852, Tolstoy writes down a detailed synopsis of the sketches he has conceived (*vide* p. 161), which no doubt finally issued as the sketch entitled *IncurSION*. Amongst other things he plans to note down the tales of Yapishka—the prototype of “Eroshka” in the story to which, later, he gave the title *Cossacks* (in his *Diary* Tolstoy calls this old Cossack “Yapishka,” whereas his name was “Epishka”). Some of the sketches mentioned as subjects are: *Dzhemy*—*The Story of a Family*, and *the Story of Sal* (unfortunately the Editor does not know the full title of the latter). They were evidently never finished, perhaps not even begun; some of these subjects he derived from the surrounding life or from the tales of his Chechenian friends.

Prior to and at about this time he was attracted by subjects of a different character; thus he notes down: “I may write a good book, *A Life of T. A.*,” *i.e.* his favourite aunt, Tatyana Alexandrovna Ergolsky (p. 69). Fifty years later, on December 19, 1903, Tolstoy notes down in his *Diary*: “A truly chaste woman who gives up the whole force of a mother’s self-sacrifice to the service of God,—of men, is the best and happiest human

being (Aunty T. A.)." At another place he says: "To write a *History of Mi . . .*" (p. 55). Unfortunately the word had not been deciphered in the copy at the Editor's disposal. In the Caucasus he is also attracted by the type of the Cossack Lukashka, a droll fellow, whom they have nicknamed "Mark" in the village. He posts the following entry concerning Lukashka: "The personality of Mark is so interesting and typically Cossack that some attention may well be paid to it (p. 114). No doubt he also observed and noted down characteristic traits of the officers in order to make use of the material in his future artistic work. Such, for instance, is a detailed description of Knorring (July 4, 1851). At one time he thought of writing a book giving an account of the officers' milieu in which he lived; he called the work *Etudes des mœurs*, but was not satisfied and soon abandoned it (p. 206).

Some entries in the *Diary*, which contain touching and beautiful descriptions of nature, are expressive of his lyrical frame of mind and should be regarded as a product of his artistic creative genius (June 11, July 3, and August 10, 1851).

C. Besides artistic subjects Tolstoy was also attracted by other interesting themes. The first entries in the *Diary* show him to be interested in a serious examination of Catherine's *Nakaz* (March 18-26, 1847). In 1851 he is about to write some "sermons" (April, 1851). In the same year he reads also many foreign books from which he quotes (June and July), and he translates Sterne and Lamartine. Later he has conceived a vast *Project (or Plan) of Russian Administration* (May, August, 1852) which should, in his opinion, be based on monarchical rule, combined with an aristocratic electoral system (p. 189). Then he thought of writing a *History of Europe*: "Must compose a true and just history of Europe of the present century. I have there an aim for all my life" (September 22, 1852).

A. TCHERTKOFF

TABLE OF ENTRIES IN THE "DIARY"

Year.	Day of the Month.	Place.	No. of Entries
1846 ?-47	March 17-April 19	Kazan	14
1847	June 18-16 . .	Yasnaya Polyana . .	3
1850	June 14-19 . .	" "	6
"	Dec. 8-30 . .	Moscow	18
"	Dec. 31	Yasnaya Polyana . .	1
1851	Jan. 1-2	" "	2
"	Jan. 12-April 2 .	Moscow	34
"	April 3-8	Yasnaya Polyana . .	6
"	April 9-14 . . .	Between Yasnaya Polyana and Moscow, <i>en route</i> . .	1
"	April 14-20 . .	Yasnaya Polyana . .	7
"	May 20	<i>En route</i>	1
"	June 3-9	Starogladkovskaya . .	2
"	June 11-July 4 .	Stary Yurt	5
1851-53	" 1-9	Undated	9
"	June 2-4	Starogladkovskaya . .	2
"	July 8-Aug. 10 .	Stary Yurt	2
"	Aug. 22-25 . . .	Stary Yurt or Staroglad- kovskaya	3
"	Aug. 26-Sept. 4 .	Starogladkovskaya . .	2
1852	Feb. 5	Nikolayevka (with the de- tachment)	1
"	" 28	Teplik (with the detach- ment)	1
"	March 20-April 13	Starogladkovskaya . .	25
"	April 14-20 . . .	Kizlyar	7
"	" 21	Oreshinka Stanitsa . .	1
"	" 22-23	Port Shandrakovsky . .	2
"	" 24	Kizlyar	1
"	" 25-May 12 . .	Starogladkovskaya . .	11
"	May 13-14 . . .	<i>En route</i> (Mozdok) . .	2
"	" 16-July 5 . . .	Pyatigorsk	50
"	July 6-31	Zheleznovodsk	26
"	Aug. 1-6	Pyatigorsk	6
"	" 8-Sept. 9 . . .	Starogladkovskaya . .	34
"	Sept. 10-13 . . .	Kizlyar	4
"	" 17-Nov. 17 . .	Starogladkovskaya . .	56
"	Nov. 18-19 . . .	Paroboch	2
"	" 25-Dec. 31 . .	Starogladkovskaya . .	41
Total			836

The object of this Table of Entries is to enable the reader to fix more easily the place where Tolstoy happened to be on the day on which any particular entry was posted in his *Diary*. To avoid overloading the text with additional insertions, we have inserted the name of the place only where the author mentions that he is removing to another locality, without having noted the fact at the head of the entry.

A. TCHERTKOFF

APPENDIX IV

*Genealogy of the Tolstoy.*¹

According to a Chernigov historian, Indris, who had come to Chernigov from Germany in 1353 with two sons and a bodyguard 3000 strong, was the founder of the Tolstoy family. They all embraced the Greek-Orthodox faith, and Indris was given the name of Leonty.

1. Indris (Leonty).
2. Constantine Leontyevich.
3. Hariton Constantinovich.
4. Andrey Haritonovich, called Tolstoy.
5. Karp Andreyevich Tolstoy.
6. Theodore the Bigger Karpovich Tolstoy.
7. Evstafy Fedorovich Tolstoy.
8. Andrey Evstafyevich Tolstoy.
9. Vasily Andreyevich Tolstoy.
10. Michael Vasilyevich Tolstoy.
11. Andrey Mikhailovich Tolstoy.
12. Yakov Andreyevich Tolstoy.
13. Vasily Yakovlevich Tolstoy.
14. Andrey Vasilyevich Tolstoy. *Ob.* 1688. Married a daughter of Michael Miloslavsky as his second wife. Of this marriage was born :
 15. Peter Andreyevich Tolstoy (1645-1729), afterwards created Count Tolstoy, from whom the Tolstoy family were descended.
 16. Ivan Petrovich Tolstoy (*obit* 1728), president of a court. Married Princess P. I. Troyekurov (*obit* 1748).

¹ *Vide* the *Book of Russian Genealogies*, published in four parts by Prince Dolgorukov, 1854-1857. St. P.—Ed.

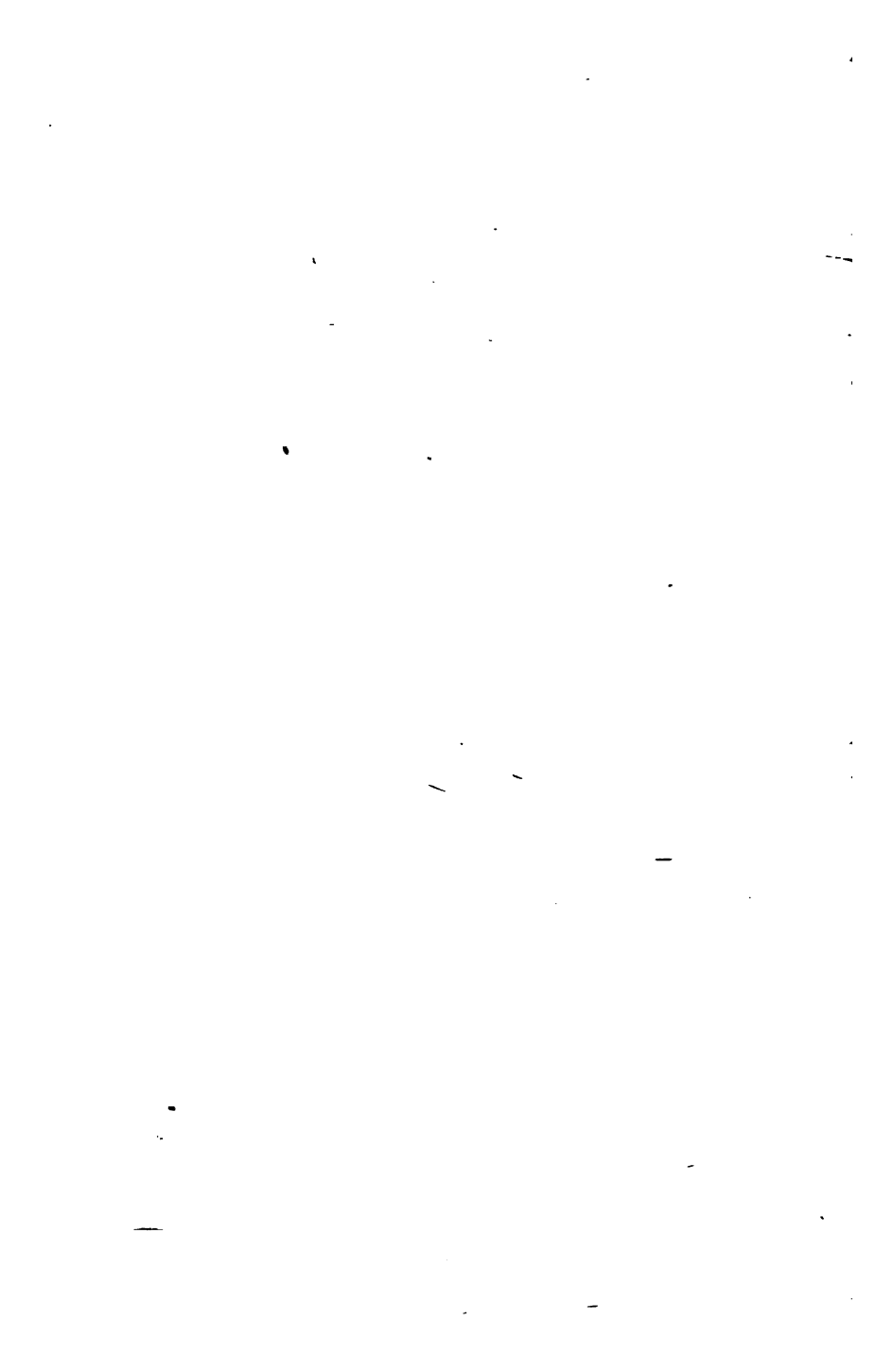
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17. Andrey Ivanovich Tolstoy (1721-1803). Married Princess A. I. Shchetinin (*obit* 1811).

18. Ilya Andreyevich (1757-1820), Governor of Kazan. Married Princess P. N. Gorchakov (1762-1838).

19. Nikolay Ilyich (1797-1837). Married Princess Maria N. Volkonsky (1790-1830).

20. *Leo Nikolayevich Tolstoy* (Aug. 28, 1828-Nov. 7, 1910).



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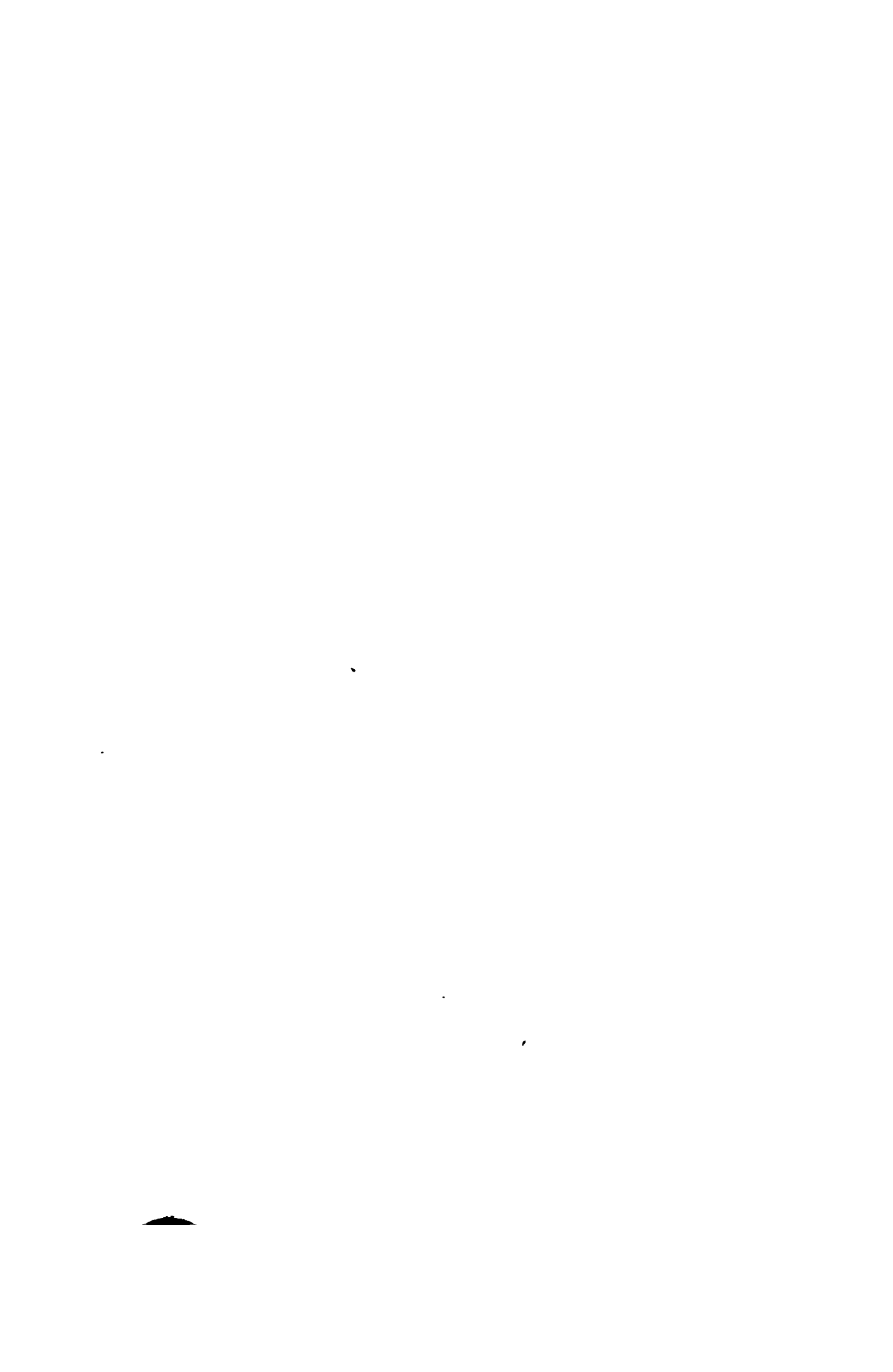
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